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A MAP OF
THE ALBERT NYANZA
AND OF THE ROUTES
LEADING TO ITS DISCOVERY
IN 1864
BY SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, ESQ.
BERRI
LATOOKA
ARKARA
OBBO
GANGGO
KOSHI
MADI
LIRA
MURULI
MAKKARIKA
CHOPI
LANGO
MALLEGGA
KIDI
UGANDA
NKOLE
UNYORO
KARAGWE
UZIGO
KISHAKKA
UKHANGA
USUI
URUNDI
Ugogo
Usambiro
Uyanyembe
VICTORIA NYANZA

THE

ALBERT N'YANZA,

GREAT BASIN OF THE NILE,

AND

EXPLORATIONS OF THE NILE SOURCES.

BY

SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, M.A. F.R.G.S.

GOLD MEDALLIST OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

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ac.

WITH MAPS, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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To Her Most Gracious Majesty

THE QUEEN

I DEDICATE, WITH HER PERMISSION,

THIS BOOK,

CONTAINING THE STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT LAKE

FROM WHICH THE NILE ULTIMATELY FLOWS,

AND WHICH,

AS CONNECTED SO INTIMATELY,

AS A NILE SOURCE, WITH THE VICTORIA LAKE,

I HAVE VENTURED TO NAME

"*THE ALBERT N'YANZA,*"

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE ILLUSTRIOUS AND LAMENTED

PRINCE CONSORT.

PREFACE.

In the history of the Nile there was a void: its Sources were a mystery. The Ancients devoted much attention to this problem; but in vain. The Emperor Nero sent an expedition under the command of two centurions, as described by Seneca. Even Roman energy failed to break the spell that guarded these secret fountains. The expedition sent by Mehemet Ali Pasha, the celebrated Viceroy of Egypt, closed a long term of unsuccessful search.

The work has now been accomplished. Three English parties, and only three, have at various periods started upon this obscure mission: each has gained its end.

Bruce won the source of the Blue Nile; Speke and

Grant won the Victoria source of the great White Nile; and I have been permitted to succeed in completing the Nile Sources by the discovery of the great reservoir of the equatorial waters, the ALBERT N'YANZA, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile.

Having thus completed the work after nearly five years passed in Africa, there still remains a task before me. I must take the reader of these volumes by the hand, and lead him step by step along my rough path from the beginning to the end; through scorching deserts and thirsty sands; through swamp, and jungle, and interminable morass; through difficulties, fatigues, and sickness, until I bring him, faint with the wearying journey, to that high cliff where the great prize shall burst upon his view—from which he shall look down upon the vast ALBERT LAKE, and drink with me from the Sources of the Nile!

I have written "HE!" How can I lead the more tender sex through dangers and fatigues, and passages of savage life? A veil shall be thrown over many scenes of brutality that I was forced to witness, but

which I will not force upon the reader; neither will I intrude anything that is not actually necessary in the description of scenes that unfortunately must be passed through in the journey now before us. Should anything offend the sensitive mind, and suggest the unfitness of the situation for a woman's presence, I must beseech my fair readers to reflect, that the pilgrim's wife followed him, weary and footsore, through all his difficulties, led, not by choice, but by devotion; and that in times of misery and sickness her tender care saved his life and prospered the expedition.

"O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

In the journey now before us I must request some exercise of patience during geographical details that may be wearisome; at all events, I will adhere to facts, and avoid theory as much as possible.

The Botanist will have ample opportunities of stray-

ing from our path to examine plants with which I confess a limited acquaintance. The Ethnologist shall have precisely the same experience that I enjoyed, and he may either be enlightened or confounded. The Geologist will find himself throughout the journey in Central Africa among primitive rocks. The Naturalist will travel through a grass jungle that conceals much that is difficult to obtain: both he and the Sportsman will, I trust, accompany me on a future occasion through the "Nile tributaries from Abyssinia," which country is prolific in all that is interesting. The Philanthropist,—what shall I promise to induce him to accompany me? I will exhibit a picture of savage man precisely as he is; as I saw him; and as I judged him, free from prejudice: painting also, in true colours, a picture of the abomination that has been the curse of the African race, the *slave trade;* trusting that not only the philanthropist, but every civilized being will join in the endeavour to erase that stain from disfigured human nature, and thus open the path now closed to civilization and missionary enterprise. To the Missionary,—that noble, self-exiled labourer

toiling too often in a barren field,—I must add the word of caution, "Wait!" There can be no hope of success until the slave trade shall have ceased to exist.

The journey is long, the countries savage; there are no ancient histories to charm the present with memories of the past; all is wild and brutal, hard and unfeeling, devoid of that holy instinct instilled by nature into the heart of man—the belief in a Supreme Being. In that remote wilderness in Central Equatorial Africa are the Sources of the Nile.

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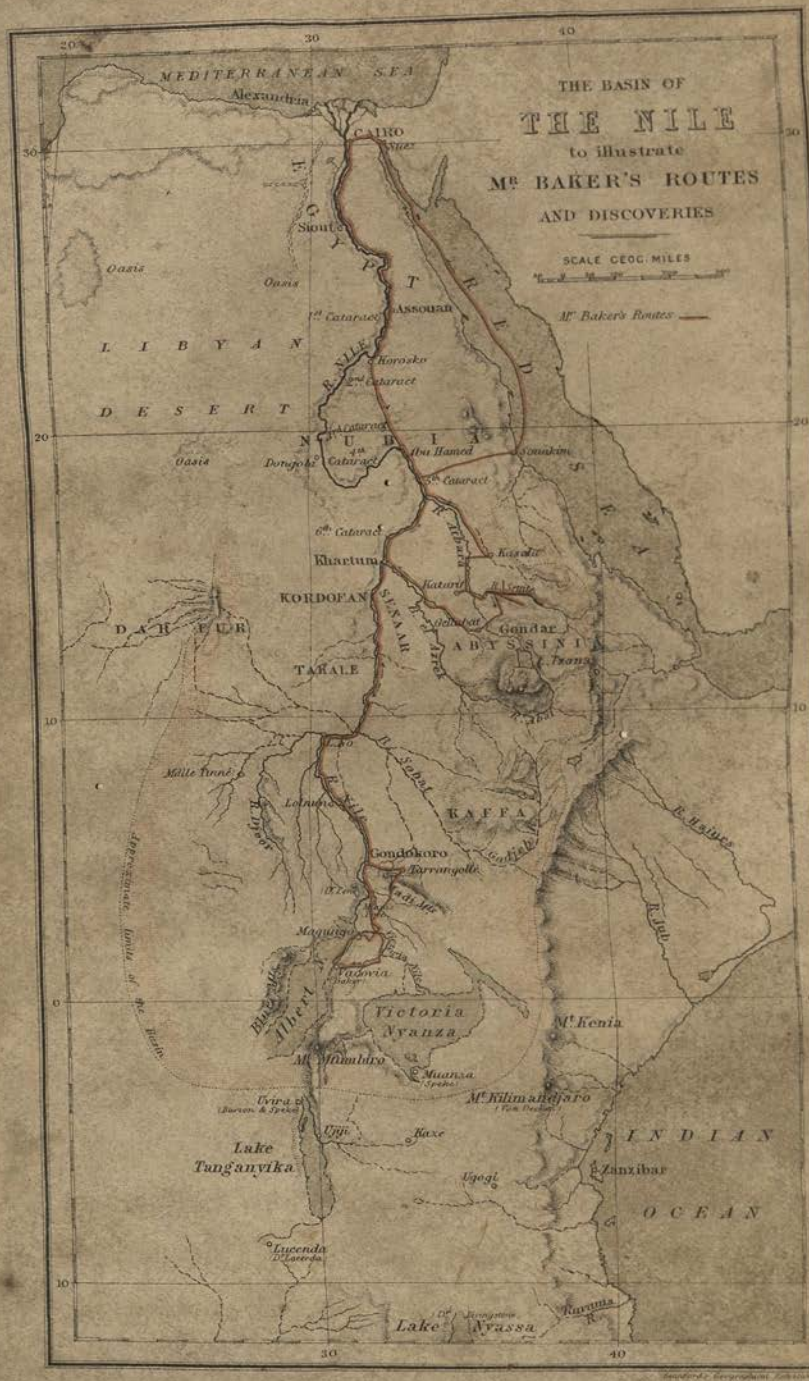

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INTRODUCTION.

THE primary object of geographical exploration is the opening to general intercourse such portions of the earth as may become serviceable to the human race. The explorer is the precursor of the colonist; and the colonist is the human instrument by which the great work must be constructed—that greatest and most difficult of all undertakings—the civilization of the world.

The progress of civilization depends upon geographical position. The surface of the earth presents certain facilities and obstacles to general access; those points that are easily attainable must always enjoy a superior civilization to those that are remote from association with the world.

We may thus assume that the advance of civilization is dependent upon facility of transport. Countries naturally excluded from communication may, through

the ingenuity of man, be rendered accessible; the natural productions of those lands may be transported to the sea-coast in exchange for foreign commodities; and commerce, thus instituted, becomes the pioneer of civilization.

England, the great chief of the commercial world, possesses a power that enforces a grave responsibility. She has the force to civilize. She is the natural colonizer of the world. In the short space of three centuries, America, sprung from her loins, has become a giant offspring, a new era in the history of the human race, a new birth whose future must be overwhelming. Of later date, and still more rapid in development, Australia rises, a triumphant proof of England's power to rescue wild lands from barrenness; to wrest from utter savagedom those mighty tracts of the earth's surface wasted from the creation of the world,—a darkness to be enlightened by English colonization. Before the advancing steps of civilization the savage inhabitants of dreary wastes retreated: regions hitherto lain hidden, and counting as nothing in the world's great total, have risen to take the lead in the world's great future.

Thus England's seed cast upon the earth's surface germinates upon soils destined to reproduce her race. The energy and industry of the mother country become the natural instincts of her descendants in localities adapted for their development; and wherever Nature has endowed a land with agricultural capabilities, and favourable geographical position, slowly but surely that land will become a centre of civilization.

True Christianity cannot exist apart from civilization; thus, the spread of Christianity must depend upon the extension of civilization; and that extension depends upon commerce.

The philanthropist and the missionary will expend their noble energies in vain in struggling against the obtuseness of savage hordes, until the first steps towards their gradual enlightenment shall have been made by commerce. The savage must learn to *want*; he must learn to be ambitious; and to covet more than the mere animal necessities of food and drink. This can alone be taught by a communication with civilized beings: the sight of men well clothed will induce the naked savage to covet clothing, and will create a *want*; the supply of this demand will be the first

step towards commerce. To obtain the supply, the savage must produce some article in return as a medium of barter, some natural production of his country adapted to the trader's wants. His wants will increase as his ideas expand by communication with Europeans: thus, his productions must increase in due proportion, and he must become industrious; industry being the first grand stride towards civilization.

The natural energy of all countries is influenced by climate; and civilization being dependent upon industry, or energy, must accordingly vary in its degrees according to geographical position. The natives of tropical countries do not progress: enervated by intense heat, they incline rather to repose and amusement than to labour. Free from the rigour of winters, and the excitement of changes in the seasons, the native character assumes the monotony of their country's temperature. They have no natural difficulties to contend with,—no struggle with adverse storms and icy winds and frost-bound soil; but an everlasting summer, and fertile ground producing with little tillage, excite no enterprise; and the human mind, unexercised by difficulties, sinks into languor and decay. There are

a lack of industry, a want of intensity of character, a love of ease and luxury, which leads to a devotion to sensuality,—to a plurality of wives, which lowers the character and position of woman. Woman, reduced to that false position, ceases to exercise her proper influence upon man; she becomes the mere slave of passion, and, instead of holding her sphere as the emblem of civilization, she becomes its barrier. The absence of real love, engendered by a plurality of wives, is an absolute bar to progress; and so long as polygamy exists, an extension of civilization is impossible. In all tropical countries polygamy is the prevailing evil: this is the greatest obstacle to Christianity. The Mahommedan religion, planned carefully for Eastern habits, allowed a plurality of wives, and prospered. The savage can be taught the existence of a Deity, and become a Mussulman; but to him the hateful law of fidelity to one wife is a bar to Christianity. Thus, in tropical climates there will always be a slower advance of civilization than in more temperate zones.

The highest civilization was originally confined to the small portion of the globe comprised between Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Italy. In those countries

was concentrated the world's earliest history; and although changed in special importance, they preserve their geographical significance to the present day.

The power and intelligence of man will have their highest development within certain latitudes, and the natural passions and characters of races will be governed by locality and the temperature of climate.

There are certain attractions in localities that induce first settlements of man; even as peculiar conditions of country attract both birds and animals. The first want of man and beast is food: thus fertile soil and abundant pasture, combined with good climate and water communication, always ensure the settlement of man; while natural seed-bearing grasses, forests, and prairies attract both birds and beasts. The earth offers special advantages in various positions to both man and beast; and such localities are, with few exceptions, naturally inhabited. From the earliest creation there have been spots so peculiarly favoured by nature, by geographical position, climate, and fertility, that man has striven for their occupation, and they have become scenes of contention for possession. Such countries have had a powerful influence in the world's

history, and such will be the great pulses of civilization,—the sources from which in a future, however distant, will flow the civilization of the world. Egypt is the land whose peculiar capabilities have thus attracted the desires of conquest, and with whom the world's earliest history is intimately connected.

Egypt has been an extraordinary instance of the actual formation of a country by alluvial deposit; it has been *created* by a single river. The great Sahara, that frightful desert of interminable scorching sand, stretching from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, is cleft by one solitary thread of water. Ages before man could have existed in that inhospitable land, that thread of water was at its silent work: through countless years it flooded and fell, depositing a rich legacy of soil upon the barren sand until the delta was created; and man, at so remote a period that we have no clue to an approximate date, occupied the fertile soil thus born of the river Nile, and that corner of savage Africa, rescued from its barrenness, became Egypt, and took the first rank in the earth's history.

For that extraordinary land the world has ever contended, and will yet contend.

From the Persian conquest to the present day, although the scene of continual strife, Egypt has been an example of almost uninterrupted productiveness. Its geographical position afforded peculiar advantages for commercial enterprise. Bounded on the east by the Red Sea, on the north by the Mediterranean, while the fertilizing Nile afforded inland communication, Egypt became the most prosperous and civilized country of the earth. Egypt was not only created by the Nile, but the very existence of its inhabitants depended upon the annual inundation of that river: thus all that related to the Nile was of vital importance to the people; it was the hand that fed them.

Egypt depending so entirely upon the river, it was natural that the origin of those mysterious waters should have absorbed the attention of thinking men. It was unlike all other rivers. In July and August, when European streams were at their lowest in the summer heat, the Nile was at the flood! In Egypt there was no rainfall—not even a drop of dew in those parched deserts through which, for 860 miles of latitude, the glorious river flowed without a tributary. Licked up by the burning sun, and gulped by the

exhausting sand of Nubian deserts, supporting all losses by evaporation and absorption, the noble flood shed its annual blessings upon Egypt. An anomaly among rivers; flooding in the driest season; everlasting in sandy deserts; where was its hidden origin? where were the sources of the Nile?

This was from the earliest period the great geographical question to be solved.

In the advanced stage of civilization of the present era, we look with regret at the possession by the Moslem of the fairest portions of the world,—of countries so favoured by climate and by geographical position, that, in the early days of the earth's history, they were, the spots most coveted; and that such favoured places should, through the Moslem rule, be barred from the advancement that has attended lands less adapted by nature for development. There are no countries of the earth so valuable, or that would occupy so important a position in the family of nations, as Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, and Egypt, under a civilized and Christian government.

As the great highway to India, Egypt is the most interesting country to the English. The extraordinary

fertility being due entirely to the Nile, I trust that I may have added my mite to the treasury of scientific knowledge by completing the discovery of the sources of that wonderful river, and thereby to have opened a way to the heart of Africa, which, though dark in our limited perspective, may, at some future period, be the path to civilization.

I offer to the world my narrative of many years of hardships and difficulties, happily not vainly spent in this great enterprise: should some un-ambitious spirits reflect, that the results are hardly worth the sacrifice of the best years of life thus devoted to exile and suffering, let them remember that "we are placed on earth for a certain period, to fulfil according to our several conditions and degrees of mind, those duties by which the earth's history is carried on." *

* E. L. Bulwer's "Life, Literature, and Manners."

ARMS AND INSTRUMENTS OF VARIOUS TRIBES.

THE

ALBERT N'YANZA.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPEDITION.

In March, 1861, I commenced an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, with the hope of meeting the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, that had been sent by the English Government from the South, *viâ* Zanzibar, for that object. I had not the presumption to publish my intention, as the sources of the Nile had hitherto defied all explorers, but I had inwardly determined to accomplish this difficult task or to die in the attempt. From my youth I had been inured to hardships and endurance in wild sports in tropical climates, and when I gazed upon the map of Africa I had a wild hope, mingled with humility, that, even as the insignificant worm bores through the hardest oak, I might by perseverance reach the heart of Africa.

I could not conceive that anything in this world had power to resist a determined will, so long as health and life remained. The failure of every former attempt to reach the Nile source did not astonish me, as the expeditions had consisted of parties, which, when difficulties occur, generally end in difference of opinion and retreat: I therefore determined to proceed alone, trusting in the guidance of a Divine Providence and the good fortune that sometimes attends a tenacity of purpose. I weighed carefully the chances of the undertaking. Before me—untrodden Africa; against me—the obstacles that had defeated the world since its creation; on my side—a somewhat tough constitution, perfect independence, a long experience in savage life, and both time and means which I intended to devote to the object without limit. England had never sent an expedition to the Nile sources previous to that under the command of Speke and Grant. Bruce, ninety years ago, had succeeded in tracing the source of the Blue or Lesser Nile: thus the honour of that discovery belonged to Great Britain; Speke was on his road from the South; and I felt confident that my gallant friend would leave his bones upon the path rather than submit to failure. I trusted that England would not be beaten; and although I hardly dared to hope that I could succeed where others

greater than I had failed, I determined to sacrifice all in the attempt. Had I been alone it would have been no hard lot to die upon the untrodden path before me, but there was one who, although my greatest comfort, was also my greatest care; one whose life yet dawned at so early an age that womanhood was still a future. I shuddered at the prospect for her, should she be left alone in savage lands at my death; and gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa. It was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they really would be: she was resolved, with woman's constancy and devotion, to share all dangers and to follow me through each rough footstep of the wild life before me. "And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Thus accompanied by my wife, on the 15th April, 1861, I sailed up the Nile from Cairo. The wind blew fair and strong from the north, and we flew towards the south against the stream, watching those myste-

rious waters with a firm resolve to track them to their distant fountain.

On arrival at Korosko in lat. 22° 44′ in twenty-six days from Cairo we started across the Nubian desert, thus cutting off the western bend of the Nile, and in seven days' forced camel march we again reached the river at Aboù Hamed. The journey through that desert is most fatiguing, as the march averages fifteen hours a day through a wilderness of scorching sand and glowing basalt rocks. The simoom was in full force at that season (May), and the thermometer, placed in the shade by the water skins, stood at 114° Fahr.

No drinkable water was procurable on the route: thus our supply was nearly expended upon reaching the welcome Nile. After eight days' march on the margin of the river from Aboù Hamed through desert, but in view of the palm trees that bordered the river, we arrived at Berbèr, a considerable town in lat. 17° 58′ on the banks of the Nile.

Berbèr is eight days' camel march from Khartoum (at the junction of the White and Blue Niles, in lat. 15° 30), and is the regular caravan route between that town and Cairo.

From the slight experience I had gained in the journey to Berbèr, I felt convinced that success in my Nile expedition would be impossible without a know-

ledge of Arabic. My dragoman had me completely in his power, and I resolved to become independent of all interpreters as soon as possible. I therefore arranged a plan of exploration for the first year to embrace the affluents to the Nile from the Abyssinian range of mountains, intending to follow up the Atbara river from its junction with the Nile in lat. 17° 37′ (twenty miles south of Berbèr), and to examine all the Nile tributaries from the south-east as far as the Blue Nile, which river I hoped ultimately to descend to Khartoum. I imagined that twelve months would be sufficient to complete such an exploration, by which time I should have gained a sufficient knowledge of Arabic to enable me to start from Khartoum for my White Nile expedition. Accordingly I left Berbèr on the 11th June, 1861, and arrived at the Atbara junction with the Nile on the 13th.

There is no portion of the Nile so great in its volume as that part situated at the Atbara junction. The river Atbara is about 450 yards in average width, and from twenty-five to thirty feet deep during the rainy season. It brings down the entire drainage of Eastern Abyssinia, receiving as affluents into its main stream the great rivers Taccazy (or Settite), in addition to the Salaam and Angrab. The junction of the Atbara in lat. 17° 37′ N. is thus, in a direct line from

Alexandria, about 840 geographical miles of latitude, and, including the westerly bend of the Nile, its bed will be about eleven hundred miles in length, from the mouth of its last tributary the Atbara until it meets the sea. Thus, eleven hundred miles of absorption and evaporation through sandy deserts and the delta must be sustained by the river between the Atbara junction and the Mediterranean: accordingly there is an immense loss of water; and the grandest volume of the Nile must be just below the Atbara junction.

It is not my intention in the present work to enter into the details of my first year's exploration on the Abyssinian frontier; that being so extensive and so completely isolated from the grand White Nile expedition, that an amalgamation of the two would create confusion. I shall therefore reserve the exploration of the Abyssinian tributaries for a future publication, and confine my present description of the Abyssinian rivers to a general outline of the Atbara and Blue Nile, showing the origin of their floods and their effect upon the inundations in Lower Egypt.

I followed the banks of the Atbara to the junction of the Settite or Taccazy river; I then followed the latter grand stream into the Abyssinian mountains in the Basé country. From thence I crossed over to the

rivers Salaam and Angrab, at the foot of the magnificent range of mountains from which they flow direct into the Atbara. Having explored those rivers I passed through an extensive and beautiful tract of country forming a portion of Abyssinia on the south bank of the river Salaam; and again crossing the Atbara, I arrived at the frontier town of Gellabat; known by Bruce as "Ras el Feel." Marching due west from that point I arrived at the river Rahad in about lat. 12° 30′; descending its banks I crossed over a narrow strip of country to the west, arriving at the river Dinder, and following these streams to their junction with the Blue Nile, I descended that grand river to Khartoum, having been exactly twelve months from the day I had left Berbèr.

The whole of the above-mentioned rivers, *i. e.* the Atbara, Settite, Salaam, Angrab, Rahad, Dinder, and Blue Nile, are the great drains of Abyssinia, all having a uniform course from south-east to north-west, and meeting the main Nile in two mouths; by the Blue Nile at Khartoum, 15° 30′, and by the Atbara, in lat. 17° 37′. The Blue Nile during the dry season is so reduced that there is not sufficient water for the small vessels engaged in transporting produce from Sennaar to Khartoum; at that time the water is beautifully clear, and, reflecting the cloudless sky, its colour

has given it the well-known name of Bahr el Azrak, or Blue River. No water is more delicious than that of the Blue Nile; in great contrast to that of the White river, which is never clear, and has a disagreeable taste of vegetation. This difference in the quality of the waters is a distinguishing characteristic of the two rivers: the one, the Blue Nile, is a rapid mountain stream, rising and falling with great rapidity; the other is of lake origin, flowing through vast marshes. The course of the Blue Nile is through fertile soil; thus there is a trifling loss by absorption, and during the heavy rains a vast amount of earthy matter of a red colour is contributed by its waters to the general fertilizing deposit of the Nile in Lower Egypt.

The Atbara, although so important a river in the rainy season of Abyssinia, is perfectly dry for several months during the year, and at the time I first saw it, June 13, 1861, it was a mere sheet of glaring sand; in fact a portion of the desert through which it flowed. For upwards of one hundred and fifty miles from its junction with the Nile, it is perfectly dry from the beginning of March to June. At intervals of a few miles there are pools or ponds of water left in the deep holes below the general average of the river's bed. In these pools, some of which may be a mile in length, are congregated all the inhabitants of the river, who as

the stream disappears are forced to close quarters in these narrow asylums; thus, crocodiles, hippopotami, fish, and large turtle are crowded in extraordinary numbers, until the commencement of the rains in Abyssinia once more sets them at liberty by sending down a fresh volume to the river. The rainy season commences in Abyssinia in the middle of May, but the country being parched by the summer heat, the first rains are absorbed by the soil, and the torrents *do not fill* until the middle of June. From June to the middle of September the storms are terrific; every ravine becomes a raging torrent; trees are rooted up by the mountain streams swollen above their banks, and the Atbara becomes a vast river, bringing down with an overwhelming current the total drainage of four large rivers—the Settite, Royân, Salaam, and Angrab, in addition to its own original volume. Its waters are dense with soil washed from most fertile lands far from its point of junction with the Nile; masses of bamboo and driftwood, together with large trees, and frequently the dead bodies of elephants and buffaloes, are hurled along its muddy waters in wild confusion, bringing a rich harvest to the Arabs on its banks, who are ever on the look-out for the river's treasures of fuel and timber.

The Blue Nile and the Atbara receiving the entire drainage of Abyssinia, at the same time pour their

floods into the main Nile in the middle of June. At that season the White Nile is at a considerable level, although not at its *highest;* and the sudden rush of water descending from Abyssinia into the main channel already at a fair level from the White Nile, causes the annual inundation in Lower Egypt.

During the year that I passed in the northern portion of Abyssinia and its frontiers, the rains continued with great violence for three months, the last shower falling on the 16th September, from which date there was neither dew nor rain until the following May. The great rivers expended, and the mountain-torrents dried up; the Atbara disappeared, and once more became a sheet of glaring sand. The rivers Settite, Salaam, and Angrab, although much reduced, are nevertheless perennial streams, flowing into the Atbara from the lofty Abyssinian mountains, but the parched, sandy bed of the latter river absorbs the entire supply, nor does one drop of water reach the Nile from the Atbara during the dry season. The wonderful absorption by the sand of that river is an illustration of the impotence of the Blue Nile to contend unaided with the Nubian deserts, which, were it not for the steady volume of the White Nile, would drink every drop of water before the river could pass the 25th degree of latitude.

The principal affluents of the Blue Nile are the Rahad and Dinder, flowing, like all others, from Abyssinia. The Rahad is entirely dry during the dry season, and the Dinder is reduced to a succession of deep pools, divided by sandbanks, the bed of the river being exposed. These pools are the resort of numerous hippopotami and the natural inhabitants of the river.

Having completed the exploration of the various affluents to the Nile from Abyssinia, passing through the Basé country and the portion of Abyssinia occupied by Mek Nimmur, I arrived at Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan provinces, on the 11th June, 1862.

Khartoum is situated in lat. 15° 29′, on a point of land forming the angle between the White and Blue Niles at their junction. A more miserable, filthy, and unhealthy spot can hardly be imagined. Far as the eye can reach, upon all sides, is a sandy desert. The town, chiefly composed of huts of unburnt brick, extends over a flat hardly above the level of the river at high-water, and is occasionally flooded. Although containing about 30,000 inhabitants, and densely crowded, there are neither drains nor cesspools: the streets are redolent with inconceivable nuisances; should animals die, they remain where they fall, to create pestilence and disgust. There are, nevertheless,

a few respectable houses, occupied by the traders of the country, a small proportion of whom are Italians, French, and Germans, the European population numbering about thirty. Greeks, Syrians, Copts, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians, form the motley inhabitants of Khartoum.

There are consuls for France, Austria, and America, and with much pleasure I acknowledge many kind attentions, and assistance received from the two former, M. Thibaut and Herr Hansall.

Khartoum is the seat of government, the Soudan provinces being under the control of a Governor-general, with despotic power. In 1861, there were about six thousand troops quartered in the town; a portion of these were Egyptians; other regiments were composed of blacks from Kordofan, and from the White and Blue Niles, with one regiment of Arnouts, and a battery of artillery. These troops are the curse of the country: as in the case of most Turkish and Egyptian officials, the receipt of pay is most irregular, and accordingly the soldiers are under loose discipline. Foraging and plunder is the business of the Egyptian soldier, and the miserable natives must submit to insult and ill-treatment at the will of the brutes who pillage them *ad libitum*.

In 1862, Moosa Pasha was the Governor-general of

the Soudan. This man was a rather exaggerated specimen of Turkish authorities in general, combining the worst of Oriental failings with the brutality of a wild animal.

During his administration the Soudan became utterly ruined; governed by military force, the revenue was unequal to the expenditure, and fresh taxes were levied upon the inhabitants to an extent that paralysed the entire country. The Turk never improves. There is an Arab proverb that "the grass never grows in the footprint of a Turk," and nothing can be more aptly expressive of the character of the nation than this simple adage. Misgovernment, monopoly, extortion, and oppression, are the certain accompaniments of Turkish administration. At a great distance from all civilization, and separated from Lower Egypt by the Nubian deserts, Khartoum affords a wide field for the development of Egyptian official character. Every official plunders; the Governor-general extorts from all sides; he fills his private pockets by throwing every conceivable obstacle in the way of progress, and embarrasses every commercial movement in order to extort bribes from individuals. Following the general rule of his predecessors, a new governor upon arrival exhibits a spasmodic energy. Attended by cavasses and soldiers, he rides through every street of Khartoum,

abusing the underlings for past neglect, ordering the streets to be swept, and the town to be thoroughly cleansed; he visits the market-place, examines the quality of the bread at the bakers' stalls, and the meat at the butchers'. He tests the accuracy of the weights and scales; fines and imprisons the impostors, and institutes a complete reform, concluding his sanitary and philanthropic arrangements by the imposition of some local taxes.

The town is comparatively sweet; the bread is of fair weight and size, and the new governor, like a new broom, has swept all clean. A few weeks glide away, and the nose again recalls the savoury old times when streets were never swept, and filth once more reigns paramount. The town relapses into its former state, again the false weights usurp the place of honest measures, and the only permanent and visible sign of the new administration is the *local tax.*

From the highest to the lowest official, dishonesty and deceit are the rule—and each robs in proportion to his grade in the Government employ—the onus of extortion falling upon the natives; thus, exorbitant taxes are levied upon the agriculturists, and the industry of the inhabitants is disheartened by oppression. The taxes are collected by the soldiery, who naturally extort by violence an excess of the actual

impost; accordingly the Arabs limit their cultivation to their bare necessities, fearing that a productive farm would entail an extortionate demand. The heaviest and most unjust tax is that upon the "sageer," or water-wheel, by which the farmer irrigates his otherwise barren soil.

The erection of the sageer is the first step necessary to cultivation. On the borders of the river there is much land available for agriculture; but from an almost total want of rain the ground must be constantly irrigated by artificial means. No sooner does an enterprising fellow erect a water-wheel, than he is taxed, not only for his wheel, but he brings upon himself a perfect curse, as the soldiers employed for the collection of taxes fasten upon his garden, and insist upon a variety of extras in the shape of butter, corn, vegetables, sheep, &c. for themselves, which almost ruin the proprietor. Any government but that of Egypt and Turkey would offer a bonus for the erection of irrigating machinery that would give a stimulus to cultivation, and multiply the produce of the country; but the only rule without an exception, is that of Turkish extortion. I have never met with any Turkish official who would take the slightest interest in plans for the *improvement* of the country, unless he discovered a means of filling his private purse. Thus in a country

where nature has been hard in her measure dealt to the inhabitants, they are still more reduced by oppression. The Arabs fly from their villages on the approach of the brutal tax-gatherers, driving their flocks and herds with them to distant countries, and leaving their standing crops to the mercy of the soldiery. No one can conceive the suffering of the country.

The general aspect of the Soudan is that of misery; nor is there a single feature of attraction to recompense a European for the drawbacks of pestilential climate and brutal associations. To a stranger it appears a superlative folly that the Egyptian Government should have retained a possession, the occupation of which is wholly unprofitable; the receipts being far below the expenditure, "malgré" the increased taxation. At so great a distance from the sea-coast and hemmed in by immense deserts, there is a difficulty of transport that must nullify all commercial transactions on an extended scale.

The great and most important article of commerce as an export from the Soudan, is gum arabic—this is produced by several species of mimosa, the finest quality being a product of Kordofan; the other natural productions exported are senna, hides, and ivory. All merchandise both to and from the Soudan must be transported upon camels, no other animals being

adapted to the deserts. The cataracts of the Nile between Assouan and Khartoum rendering the navigation next to impossible, the camel is the only medium of transport, and the uncertainty of procuring them without great delay is the trader's greatest difficulty. The entire country is subject to droughts that occasion a total desolation, and the want of pasture entails starvation upon both cattle and camels, rendering it at certain seasons impossible to transport the productions of the country, and thus stagnating all enterprise. Upon existing conditions the Soudan is worthless, having neither natural capabilities nor political importance; but there is, nevertheless, a reason that first prompted its occupation by the Egyptians, and that is in force to the present day. *The Soudan supplies slaves.*

Without the White Nile trade Khartoum would almost cease to exist; and that trade is kidnapping and murder. The character of the Khartoumers needs no further comment. The amount of ivory brought down from the White Nile is a mere bagatelle as an export, the annual value being about £40,000.

The people for the most part engaged in the nefarious traffic of the White Nile are Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and some few *Europeans*. So closely connected with the difficulties of my expedition

is that accursed slave-trade, that the so-called ivory trade of the White Nile requires an explanation.

Throughout the Soudan money is exceedingly scarce and the rate of interest exorbitant, varying, according to the securities, from thirty-six to eighty per cent.; this fact proves general poverty and dishonesty, and acts as a preventive to all improvement. So high and fatal a rate deters all honest enterprise, and the country must lie in ruin under such a system. The wild speculator borrows upon such terms, to rise suddenly like a rocket, or to fall like its exhausted stick. Thus, honest enterprise being impossible, dishonesty takes the lead, and a successful expedition to the White Nile is supposed to overcome all charges. There are two classes of White Nile traders, the one possessing capital, the other being penniless adventurers; the same system of operations is pursued by both, but that of the former will be evident from the description of the latter.

A man without means forms an expedition, and borrows money for this purpose at 100 per cent. after this fashion. He agrees to repay the lender in ivory at one-half its market value. Having obtained the required sum, he hires several vessels and engages from 100 to 300 men, composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries, who have found an

asylum from justice in the obscurity of Khartoum. He purchases guns and large quantities of ammunition for his men, together with a few hundred pounds of glass beads. The piratical expedition being complete, he pays his men five months' wages in advance, at the rate of forty-five piastres (nine shillings) per month, and agrees to give them eighty piastres per month for any period exceeding the five months advanced. His men receive their advance partly in cash and partly in cotton stuffs for clothes at an exorbitant price. Every man has a strip of paper, upon which is written by the clerk of the expedition the amount he has received both in goods and money, and this paper he must produce at the final settlement.

The vessels sail about December, and on arrival at the desired locality, the party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy. Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges, the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbour. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village doomed to an attack about half an hour before break of day. The time arrives, and quietly surrounding the

village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. The herds of cattle, still within their kraal or "zareeba," are easily disposed of, and are driven off with great rejoicing, as the prize of victory. The women and children are then fastened together, the former secured in an instrument called a shéba, made of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitting into the fork, secured by a cross piece lashed behind, while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the head-quarters in company with the captured herds.

This is the commencement of business: should there be ivory in any of the huts not destroyed by the fire, it is appropriated; a general plunder takes place. The trader's party dig up the floors of the huts to search for iron hoes, which are generally thus concealed, as the greatest treasure of the negroes; the granaries are

overturned and wantonly destroyed, and the hands are cut off the bodies of the slain, the more easily to detach the copper or iron bracelets that are usually worn. With this booty the *traders* return to their negro ally: they have thrashed and discomfited his enemy, which delights him; they present him with thirty or forty head of cattle, which intoxicates him with joy, and a present of a pretty little captive girl of about fourteen completes his happiness.

But business only commenced. The negro covets cattle, and the trader has now captured perhaps 2,000 head. They are to be had for ivory, and shortly the tusks appear. Ivory is daily brought into camp in exchange for cattle, a tusk for a cow, according to size—a profitable business, as the cows have cost nothing. The trade proves brisk; but still there remain some little customs to be observed—some slight formalities, well understood by the White Nile trade. The slaves and two-thirds of the captured cattle belong to the trader, but his men claim as their perquisite one-third of the stolen animals. These having been divided, the slaves are put up to public auction among the men, who purchase such as they require; the amount being entered on the papers (serki) of the purchasers, to be reckoned against their wages. To avoid the exposure, should the document fall into the

hands of the Government or European consuls, the amount is not entered as for the purchase of a slave, but is divided for fictitious supplies—thus, should a slave be purchased for 1000 piastres, that amount would appear on the document somewhat as follows:—

Soap	50	Piastres.
Tarboash (cap)	100	
Araki	500	
Shoes	200	
Cotton Cloth	150	
	1,000	

The slaves sold to the men are constantly being changed and resold among themselves; but should the relatives of the kidnapped women and children wish to ransom them, the trader takes them from his men, cancels the amount of purchase, and restores them to their relations for a certain number of elephants' tusks, as may be agreed upon. Should any slave attempt to escape, she is punished either by brutal flogging, or shot or hanged, as a warning to others.

An attack or razzia, such as described, generally leads to a quarrel with the negro ally, who in his turn is murdered and plundered by the trader—his women and children naturally becoming slaves.

A good season for a party of a hundred and fifty

men should produce about two hundred cantars (20,000 lbs.) of ivory, valued at Khartoum at £4,000. The men being paid in slaves, the wages should be *nil*, and there should be a surplus of four or five hundred slaves for the trader's own profit—worth on an average five to six pounds each.

The boats are accordingly packed with a human cargo, and a portion of the trader's men accompany them to the Soudan, while the remainder of the party form a camp or settlement in the country they have adopted, and industriously plunder, massacre, and enslave, until their master's return with boats from Khartoum in the following season, by which time they are supposed to have a cargo of slaves and ivory ready for shipment. The business thus thoroughly established, the slaves are landed at various points within a few days' journey of Khartoum, at which places are agents, or purchasers, waiting to receive them with dollars prepared for cash payments. The purchasers and dealers are, for the most part, Arabs. The slaves are then marched across the country to different places; many to Sennaar, where they are sold to other dealers, who sell them to the Arabs and to the Turks. Others are taken immense distances to ports on the Red Sea, Souakim, and Masowa, there to be shipped for Arabia and Persia. Many

are sent to Cairo, and in fact they are disseminated throughout the slave-dealing East, the White Nile being the great nursery for the supply.

The amiable trader returns from the White Nile to Khartoum; hands over to his creditor sufficient ivory to liquidate the original loan of £1,000, and, already a man of capital, he commences as an independent trader.

Such was the White Nile trade when I prepared to start from Khartoum on my expedition to the Nile sources. Every one in Khartoum, with the exception of a few Europeans, was in favour of the slave-trade, and looked with jealous eyes upon a stranger venturing within the precincts of their holy land; a land sacred to slavery and to every abomination and villany that man can commit.

The Turkish officials pretended to discountenance slavery: at the same time every house in Khartoum was full of slaves, and the Egyptian officers had been in the habit of receiving a portion of their pay in slaves, precisely as the men employed on the White Nile were paid by their employers. The Egyptian authorities looked upon the exploration of the White Nile by a European traveller as an infringement of their slave territory that resulted from *espionage*, and every obstacle was thrown in my way.

Foreseeing many difficulties, I had been supplied, before leaving Egypt, with a firman from H. E. Said Pasha the Viceroy, by the request of H. B. M. agent, Sir R. Colquhoun; but this document was ignored by the Governor-general of the Soudan, Moosa Pasha, under the miserable prevarication that the firman was for the Pasha's dominions and for the Nile; whereas the White Nile was not accepted as the *Nile*, but was known as the White *River*. I was thus refused boats, and in fact all assistance.

To organize an enterprise so difficult that it had hitherto defeated the whole world required a careful selection of attendants, and I looked with despair at the prospect before me. The only men procurable for escort were the miserable cut-throats of Khartoum, accustomed to murder and pillage in the White Nile trade, and excited not by the love of adventure but by the desire for plunder: to start with such men appeared mere insanity. There was a still greater difficulty in connexion with the White Nile. For years the infernal traffic in slaves and its attendant horrors had existed like a pestilence in the negro countries, and had so exasperated the tribes, that people, who in former times were friendly, had become hostile to all comers. An exploration to the Nile sources was thus a march through an enemy's coun-

try, and required a powerful force of well-armed men. For the traders there was no great difficulty, as they took the initiative in hostilities and had fixed camps as "points d'appui," but for an explorer there was no alternative but a direct forward march without any communications with the rear. I had but slight hope of success without assistance from the authorities in the shape of men accustomed to discipline; I accordingly wrote to the British consul at Alexandria, and requested him to apply for a few soldiers and boats to aid me in so difficult an enterprise. After some months' delay, owing to the great distance from Khartoum, I received a reply, inclosing a letter from Ismael Pasha (the present Viceroy), the regent during the absence of Said Pasha, *refusing* the application.

I confess to the enjoyment of a real difficulty. From the first I had observed that the Egyptian authorities did not wish to encourage English explorations of the slave-producing districts, as such examinations would be detrimental to the traffic, and would lead to reports to the European governments that would ultimately prohibit the trade; it was perfectly clear that the utmost would be done to prevent my expedition from starting. This opposition gave a piquancy to the undertaking, and I resolved that nothing should thwart my plans. Accordingly I set

to work in earnest. I had taken the precaution to obtain an order upon the Treasury at Khartoum for what money I required, and as ready cash performs wonders in that country of credit and delay, I was within a few weeks ready to start. I engaged three vessels, including two large noggurs or sailing barges, and a good decked vessel with comfortable cabins, known by all Nile tourists as a diahbiah.

The preparations for such a voyage are no trifles. I required forty-five armed men as escort, forty men as sailors, which, with servants, &c. raised my party to ninety-six. The voyage to Gondokoro, the navigable limit of the Nile, was reported to be from forty-five to fifty days from Khartoum, but provisions were necessary for four months, as the boatmen would return to Khartoum with the vessels, after landing me and my party. In the hope of meeting Speke and Grant's party, I loaded the boats with an extra quantity of corn, making a total of a hundred urdeps (rather exceeding 400 bushels). I had arranged the boats to carry twenty-one donkeys, four camels, and four horses; which I hoped would render me independent of porters, the want of transport being the great difficulty. The saddles, packs, and pads, were all made under my own superintendance; nor was the slightest trifle neglected in the necessary arrangements for

success. In all the detail, I was much assisted by a most excellent man whom I had engaged to accompany me as my head man, a German carpenter, Johann Schmidt. I had formerly met him hunting on the banks of the Settite river, in the Basé country, where he was purchasing living animals from the Arabs, for a contractor to a menagerie in Europe; he was an excellent sportsman, and an energetic and courageous fellow; perfectly sober and honest. Alas! "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," and a hollow cough, and emaciation, attended with hurried respiration, suggested disease of the lungs. Day after day he faded gradually, and I endeavoured to persuade him not to venture upon such a perilous journey as that before me: nothing would persuade him that he was in danger, and he had an idea that the climate of Khartoum was more injurious than the White Nile, and that the voyage would improve his health. Full of good feeling, and a wish to please, he persisted in working and perfecting the various arrangements, when he should have been saving his strength for a severer trial. Meanwhile my preparations progressed. I had clothed my men all in uniform, and had armed them with double-barrelled guns and rifles. I had explained to them thoroughly the object of my journey, and that implicit obedience would be enforced, so long as they

were in my service; that no plunder would be permitted, and that their names were to be registered at the public Divan before they started. They promised fidelity and devotion, but a greater set of scoundrels in physiognomy I never encountered. Each man received five months' wages in advance, and I gave them an entertainment with abundance to eat and drink, to enable them to start in good humour.

We were just ready to start; the supplies were all on board, the donkeys and horses were shipped, when an officer arrived from the Divan, to demand from me the poll-tax that Moosa Pasha, the Governor-general, had recently levied upon the inhabitants; and to inform me, that in the event of my refusing to pay the said tax for each of my men, amounting to one month's wages per head, he should detain my boats. I ordered my captain to hoist the British flag upon each of the three boats, and sent my compliments to the government official, telling him that I was neither a Turkish subject nor a trader, but an English explorer; that I was not responsible for the tax, and that if any Turkish official should board my boat, under the British flag, I should take the liberty of throwing him overboard. This announcement appeared so practical, that the official hurriedly departed, while I marched my men on board, and ordered the boatmen to get ready to

start. Just at that moment, a government vessel, by the merest chance, came swiftly down the river under sail, and in the clumsiest manner crashed right into us. The oars being lashed in their places on my boat, ready to start, were broken to pieces by the other vessel, which, fouling another of my boats just below, became fixed. The reis, or captain of the government boat that had caused the mischief, far from apologising, commenced the foulest abuse; and refused to give oars in exchange for those he had destroyed. To start was impossible without oars, and an angry altercation being carried on between my men and the government boat, it was necessary to come to closer quarters. The reis of the government boat was a gigantic black, a Tokrouri (native of Darfur) who, confident in his strength, challenged any one to come on board, nor did any of my fellows respond to the invitation. The insolence of Turkish government officials is beyond description—my oars were smashed, and this insult was the reparation; so, stepping quickly on board, and brushing a few fellows on one side, I was obliged to come to a physical explanation with the captain, which terminated in a delivery of the oars. The bank of the river was thronged with people, many were mere idlers attracted by the bustle of the start, and others, the friends and relatives of my people, who had come to

say a last good-bye, with many women, to raise the Arab cry of parting. Among others, was a tall, debauched-looking fellow, excessively drunk and noisy, who, quarrelling with a woman who attempted to restrain him, insisted upon addressing a little boy named Osmân, declaring that he should not accompany me unless he gave him a dollar to get some drink. Osmân was a sharp Arab boy of twelve years old, whom I had engaged as one of the tent servants, and the drunken Arab was his father, who wished to extort some cash from his son before he parted; but the boy Osmân showed his filial affection in a most touching manner, by running into the cabin, and fetching a powerful hippopotamus whip, with which he requested me to have his father thrashed, or "he would never be gone." Without indulging this amiable boy's desire, we shoved off; the three vessels rowed into the middle of the river, and hoisted sail; a fair wind, and strong current, moved us rapidly down the stream; the English flags fluttered gaily on the masts, and amidst the shouting of farewells, and the rattling of musketry, we started for the sources of the Nile. On passing the steamer belonging to the Dutch ladies, Madame van Capellan, and her charming daughter, Mademoiselle Tinné, we saluted them with a volley, and kept up a mutual waving of handkerchiefs until out of view;

little did we think that we should never meet those kind faces again, and that so dreadful a fate would envelop almost the entire party.*

It was the 18th December, 1862, Thursday, one of the most lucky days for a start, according to Arab superstition. In a few minutes we reached the acute angle round which we had to turn sharply into the White Nile at its junction with the Blue. It was blowing hard, and in tacking round the point one of the noggors carried away her yard, which fell upon deck and snapped in half, fortunately without injuring either men or donkeys. The yard being about a hundred feet in length was a complicated affair to splice; thus a delay took place in the act of starting, which was looked upon as a bad omen by my superstitious followers. The voyage up the White Nile I now extract *verbatim* from my journal.

Friday, 19th Dec.—At daybreak took down the mast and unshipped all the rigging; hard at work splicing the yard. The men of course wished to visit their friends at Khartoum. Gave strict orders that no man should leave the boats. One of the horsekeepers absconded before daybreak; sent after him.

* The entire party died of fever on the White Nile, excepting Mademoiselle Tinné. The victims to the fatal climate of Central Africa were Madame la Baronne Van Capellan, her sister, two Dutch maid-servants, Dr. Steudner, and Signor Contarini.

The junction of the two Niles is a vast flat as far as the eye can reach, the White Nile being about two miles broad some distance above the point. Saati my vakeel (headman) is on board one noggor as chief; Johann on board the other, while I being on the diahbiah, I trust all the animals will be well cared for. I am very fearful of Johann's state of health: the poor fellow is mere skin and bone, and I am afraid his lungs are affected; he has fever again to-day; I have sent him quinine and wine, &c.

20*th Dec.*—The whole of yesterday employed in splicing yard, repairing mast, and re-rigging. At 8.30 A.M. we got away with a spanking breeze. The diahbiah horridly leaky. The "tree" or rendezvous for all boats when leaving for the White Nile voyage consists of three large mimosas about four miles from the point of junction. The Nile at this spot about two miles wide—dead flat banks—mimosas on west bank. My two cabin boys are very useful, and Osmân's ringing laugh and constant impertinence to the crew and soldiers keep the boat alive;—he is a capital boy, a perfect gamin, and being a tailor by trade he is very useful—this accounts for his father wishing to detain him. The horses and donkeys very snug on board. At 1 P.M. passed Gebel Ouli, a small hill on south bank—course S.W. ½ S. At 8.30 P.M. reached Geténé,

a village of mixed Arabs on the East bank—anchored.

21*st Dec.*—All day busy clearing decks, caulking ship, and making room for the camels on the noggors, as this is the village to which I had previously sent two men to select camels and to have them in readiness for my arrival. The men have been selecting sweethearts instead; thus I must wait here to-morrow, that being the "Soog" or market day, when I shall purchase my camels and milch goats. The banks of the river very uninteresting, flat, desert, and mimosa bush. The soil is not so rich as on the banks of the Blue Nile—the dhurra (grain) is small. The Nile is quite two miles wide up to this point, and the high-water mark is not more than five feet above the present level. The banks shelve gradually like the sands at low tide in England, and quite unlike the perpendicular banks of the Blue Nile. Busy at gunsmith's work. The nights and mornings are now cold, from 60 to 62 Fahr. Johann makes me very anxious: I much fear he cannot last long, unless some sudden change for the better takes place.

22*d Dec.*—Selected two fine camels and shipped them in slings with some difficulty. Bought four oxen at nine herīas each (15*s.*); the men delighted at the work of slaughtering, and jerking the meat for

the voyage. Bought four milch goats at 9 ps. each, and laid in a large stock of dhurra straw for the animals. Got all my men on board and sailed at 4.30 P.M., course due west; variation allowed for. I have already reduced my men from wolves to lambs, and I should like to see the outrageous acts of mutiny which are the scape-goats of the traders for laying their atrocities upon the men's shoulders. I cannot agree with some writers in believing that personal strength is unnecessary to a traveller. In these savage countries it adds materially to the success of an expedition, provided that it be combined with kindness of manner, justice, and unflinching determination. Nothing impresses savages so forcibly as the *power* to punish and reward. I am not sure that this theory is applicable to savages exclusively. Arrived at Wat Shély at 9 P.M.

23*d Dec.*—Poor Johann very ill. Bought two camels, and shipped them all right: the market at this miserable village is as poor as that at Geténé. The river is about a mile and a half wide, fringed with mimosas; country dead flat; soil very sandy; much cultivation near the village, but the dhurra of poor quality. Saw many hippopotami in the river. I much regret that I allowed Johann to accompany me from Khartoum; I feel convinced he can never rally from his present condition.

24*th Dec.*—Sailed yesterday at 4.5 P.M., course south. This morning we are off the Bagāra country on the west bank. Dead flats of mimosas, many of the trees growing in the water; the river generally shallow, and many snags or dead stumps of trees. I have been fortunate with my men, only one being drunk on leaving Wat Shély; him we carried forcibly on board. Passed the island of Hassāniah at 2.20 P.M.; the usual flats covered with mimosas. The high-water mark upon the stems of these trees is three feet above the present level of the river; thus an immense extent of country must be flooded during the wet season, as there are no banks to the river. The water will retire in about two months, when the neighbourhood of the river will be thronged with natives and their flocks. All the natives of these parts are Arabs; the Bagāra tribe on the west bank. At Wat Shély some of the latter came on board to offer their services as slave-hunters, this open offer confirming the general custom of all vessels trading upon the White Nile.

25*th Dec.*—The Tokroori boy, Saat, is very amiable in calling all the servants daily to eat together the residue from our table; but he being so far civilized, is armed with a huge spoon, and having a mouth like a crocodile, he obtains a fearful advantage over the rest of the party, who eat the soup by dipping kisras

(pancakes) into it with their fingers. Meanwhile Saat sits among his invited guests, and works away with his spoon like a sageer (water-wheel), and gets an unwarrantable start, the soup disappearing like water in the desert. A dead calm the greater portion of the day; the river fringed with mimosa forest. These trees are the Soont (*Acacia Arabica*) which produce an excellent tannin: the fruit, "garra," is used for that purpose, and produces a rich brown dye: all my clothes and the uniforms of my men I dyed at Khartoum with this "garra." The trees are about eighteen inches in diameter and thirty-five feet high; being in full foliage, their appearance from a distance is good, but on a closer approach the forest proves to be a desolate swamp, completely overflowed; a mass of fallen dead trees protruding from the stagnant waters, a solitary crane perched here and there upon the rotten boughs; floating water-plants massed together, and forming green swimming islands, hitched generally among the sunken trunks and branches; sometimes slowly descending with the sluggish stream, bearing, spectre-like, storks thus voyaging on nature's rafts from lands unknown. It is a fever-stricken wilderness—the current not exceeding a quarter of a mile per hour—the water coloured like an English horse-pond; a heaven for mosquitoes and a damp hell for man; fortunately,

this being the cold season, the winged plagues are absent. The country beyond the inundated mimosa woods is of the usual sandy character, with thorny Kittur bush. Saw a few antelopes. Stopped at a horrible swamp to collect firewood. Anchored at night in a dead calm, well out in the river to escape malaria from the swamped forest. This is a precaution that the men would neglect, and my expedition might suffer in consequence. Christmas Day!

26th Dec.—Good breeze at about 3 A.M.; made sail. I have never seen a fog in this part of Africa; although the neighbourhood of the river is swampy, the air is clear both in the morning and evening. Floating islands of water-plants are now very numerous. There is a plant something like a small cabbage (*Pistia Stratiotes*, L.), which floats alone until it meets a comrade; these unite, and recruiting as they float onward, they eventually form masses of many thousands, entangling with other species of water-plants and floating wood, until they at length form floating islands. Saw many hippopotami; the small hill in the Dinka country seen from the mast-head at 9.15 A.M.; breeze light, but steady; the banks of the river, high grass and mimosas, but not forest as formerly. Water-lilies in full bloom, white, but larger than the European variety. In the evening the crew and soldiers singing and drumming.

27*th Dec.*—Blowing hard all night. Passed the Dinker hill at 3.30 A.M. Obliged to take in sail, as it buried the head of the vessel and we shipped much water. Staggering along under bare poles at about five miles per hour. The true banks of the river are about five hundred yards distant from the actual stream, this space being a mass of floating water-plants, decayed vegetable matter, and a high reedy grass much resembling sugar-canes; the latter excellent food for my animals. Many very interesting water-plants and large quantities of Ambatch wood (*Anemone mirabilis*)—this wood, of less specific gravity than cork, is generally used for rafts; at this season it is in full bloom, its bright yellow blossoms enlivening the dismal swamps. Secured very fine specimens of a variety of helix from the floating islands. In this spot the river is from 1500 yards to a mile wide; the country, flat and uninteresting, being the usual scattered thorn bushes and arid plains, the only actual timber being confined to the borders of the river. Course, always south with few turns. My sponging-bath makes a good pinnace for going ashore from the vessel. At 4.20 P.M. one of the noggors carried away her yard—the same boat that met with the accident at our departure; hove to, and closed with the bank for repairs. Here is an affair

of delay; worked with my own hands until 9 P.M.; spliced the yard, bound it with rhinoceros thongs, and secured the whole splice with raw bull's hide. Posted sentries—two on each boat, and two on shore.

28*th Dec.*—At work at break of day. Completed the repair of yard, which is disgracefully faulty. Re-rigged the mast. Poor Johann will die, I much fear. His constitution appears to be quite broken up; he has become deaf, and there is every symptom of decay. I have done all I can for him, but his voyage in this life is nearly over. Ship in order, and all sailed together at 2.15 P.M. Strong north wind. Two vessels from Khartoum passed us while repairing damages. I re-arranged the donkeys, dividing them into stalls containing three each, as they were such donkeys that they crowded each other unnecessarily. Caught a curious fish (*Tetrodon physa* of Geof.), that distends itself with air like a bladder; colour black, and yellow stripes; lungs; apertures under the fins, which open and shut by their movement, their motion being a semi-revolution. This fish is a close link between fish and turtle; the head is precisely that of the latter, having no teeth, but cutting jaws of hard bone of immense power. Many minutes after the head had been severed from the body, the jaws nipped with fury anything that was inserted in the mouth, ripping through thin twigs

and thick straw like a pair of shears. The skin of the belly is white, and is armed with prickles. The skin is wonderfully tough. I accordingly cut it into a long thong, and bound up the stock of a rifle that had been split from the recoil of heavy charges of powder. The flesh was strong of musk, and uneatable. There is nothing so good as fish-skin—or that of the iguana, or of the crocodile—for lashing broken gun-stocks. Isinglass, when taken fresh from the fish and bound round a broken stock like a plaster, will become as strong as metal when dry. Country as usual—flat and thorny bush. A heavy swell creates a curious effect in the undulations of the green rafts upon the water. Dinka country on east bank; Shillook on the west; course south; all Arab tribes are left behind, and we are now thoroughly among the negroes.

29*th Dec.*—At midnight the river made a bend westward, which continued for about fifteen miles. The wind being adverse, at 5 A.M. we found ourselves fast in the grass and floating vegetation on the lee side. Two hours' hard work at two ropes, alternately, fastened to the high grass ahead of the boat and hauled upon from the deck, warped us round the bend of the river, which turning due south, we again ran before a favourable gale for two hours; all the boats well together. The east bank of the river is

not discernible—a vast expanse of high reeds stretching as far as the eye can reach; course P.M. W.S.W. At 4 P.M. the "Clumsy," as I have named one of our noggors, suddenly carried away her mast close by the board, the huge yard and rigging falling overboard with the wreck, severely hurting two men and breaking one of their guns. Hove to by an island on the Shillook side, towed the wreck ashore, and assembled all the boats. Fortunately there is timber at hand; thus I cut down a tree for a mast and got all ready for commencing repairs to-morrow. Poor Johann is, as I had feared, dying; he bleeds from the lungs, and is in the last stage of exhaustion. Posted six sentries.

30th Dec.—Johann is in a dying state, but sensible; all his hopes, poor fellow, of saving money in my service and returning to Bavaria are past. I sat by his bed for some hours; there was not a ray of hope; he could speak with difficulty, and the flies walked across his glazed eyeballs without his knowledge. Gently bathing his face and hands, I asked him if I could deliver any message to his relatives. He faintly uttered, "I am prepared to die; I have neither parents nor relations; but there is one—she"—he faltered. He could not finish his sentence, but his dying thoughts were with one he loved; far, far

away from this wild and miserable land, his spirit was transported to his native village, and to the object that made life dear to him. Did not a shudder pass over her, a chill warning at that sad moment when all was passing away? I pressed his cold hand, and asked her name. Gathering his remaining strength he murmured, "Krombach" * . . . "Es bleibt nur zu sterben." "Ich bin sehr dankbar." These were the last words he spoke, "I am very grateful." I gazed sorrowfully at his attenuated figure, and at the now powerless hand that had laid low many an elephant and lion, in its day of strength; and the cold sweat of death lay thick upon his forehead. Although the pulse was not yet still, Johann was gone.

31*st Dec.*—Johann died. I made a huge cross with my own hands from the trunk of a tamarind tree, and by moonlight we laid him in his grave in this lonely spot.

> "No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
> Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
> But he lay like a *pilgrim* taking his rest,
> With his *mantle drawn* around him."

This is a mournful commencement of the voyage. Poor fellow, I did all I could for him although that was but little; and hands far more tender than mine

* Krombach was merely the name of his native village in Bavaria.

ministered to his last necessities. This sad event closes the year 1862. Made sail at 8.30 P.M., the repairs of ship being completed.

1863, *Jan.* 1*st*, 2 o'clock A.M.—Melancholy thoughts preventing sleep, I have watched the arrival of the new year. Thank God for his blessings during the past, and may He guide us through the untrodden path before us!

We arrived at the village of Mahomed Her in the Shillook country. This man is a native of Dongola, who, having become a White Nile adventurer, established himself among the Shillook tribe with a band of ruffians, and is the arch-slaver of the Nile. The country, as usual, a dead flat: many Shillook villages on west bank all deserted, owing to Mahomed Her's plundering. This fellow now assumes a right of territory, and offers to pay tribute to the Egyptian Government, thus throwing a sop to Cerberus to prevent intervention.

Course S.W. The river in clear water about seven hundred yards wide, but sedge on the east bank for a couple of miles in width.

2*d Jan.*—The "Clumsy" lagging, come to grief again, having once more sprung her rotten yard. Fine breeze, but obliged to wait upon this wretched boat—the usual flat uninteresting marshes: Shillook villages

in great numbers on the terra firma to the west. Verily it is a pleasant voyage; disgusting naked savages, everlasting marshes teeming with mosquitoes, and the entire country devoid of anything of either common interest or beauty. Course west the whole day; saw giraffes and one ostrich on the east bank. On the west bank there is a regular line of villages throughout the day's voyage within half a mile of each other; the country very thickly populated. The huts are of mud, thatched, having a very small entrance—they resemble button mushrooms. The Shillooks are wealthy, immense herds of cattle swarm throughout their country. The natives navigate the river in two kinds of canoes—one of which is a curious combination of raft and canoe formed of the Ambatch wood, which is so light, that the whole affair is portable. The Ambatch (*Anemone mirabilis*) is seldom larger than a man's waist, and as it tapers naturally to a point, the canoe rafts are quickly formed by lashing the branches parallel to each other, and tying the narrow ends together.

3*d Jan.*—The "Clumsy's" yard having been lashed with rhinoceros hide, fortunately holds together, although sprung. Stopped this morning on the east bank, and gathered a supply of wood. On the west bank Shillook villages as yesterday during the day's

voyage, all within half a mile of each other; one village situated among a thick grove of the dolape palms close to the river. The natives, afraid of our boats, decamped, likewise the fishermen, who were harpooning fish from small fishing stations among the reeds.

The country, as usual, dead flat, and very marshy on the east bank; upon which side I see no signs of habitations. Course this morning south. Arrived at the river Sobat junction at 12.40 P.M., and anchored about half a mile within that river at a spot where the Turks had formerly constructed a camp. Not a tree to be seen; but dead flats of prairie and marsh as far as the eye can reach. The Sobat is not more than a hundred and twenty yards in breadth.

I measured the stream by a floating gourd, which travelled 130 yards in 112 seconds, equal to about two miles and a half an hour. The quality of the water is very superior to that of the White Nile—this would suggest that it is of mountain origin. Upward course of Sobat south, 25° east. Upward course of the White Nile west, 2° north from the Sobat junction.

4th Jan.—By observation of sun's meridian altitude, I make the latitude of the Sobat junction 9° 21′ 14″. Busy fishing the yard of the "Clumsy," and mending sails. The camels and donkeys all well—plenty of fine grass—made a good stock of hay. My reis and

boatmen tell me that the Sobat, within a few days' sail of the junction, divides into seven branches, all shallow and with a rapid current. The banks are flat, and the river is now bank-full. Although the water is perfectly clear, and there is no appearance of flood, yet masses of weeds, as though torn from their beds by torrents, are constantly floating down the stream. One of my men has been up the river to the farthest navigable point; he declares that it is fed by many mountain torrents, and that it runs out very rapidly at the cessation of the rains. I sounded the river in many places, the depth varying very slightly, from twenty-seven to twenty-eight feet. At 5 P.M. set sail with a light breeze, and glided along the dead water of the White Nile. Full moon—the water like a mirror; the country one vast and apparently interminable marsh—the river about a mile wide, and more or less covered with floating plants. The night still as death; dogs barking in the distant villages, and herds of hippopotami snorting in all directions, being disturbed by the boats. Course west.

5*th Jan.*—Fine breeze, as much as we can carry; boats running at eight or nine miles an hour—no stream perceptible; vast marshes; the clear water of the river not more than 150 yards wide, forming a channel through the great extent of water grass

resembling high sugar canes, which conceal the true extent of the river. About six miles west from the Sobat junction on the north side of the river, is a kind of backwater, extending north like a lake for a distance of several days' boat journey: this is eventually lost in regions of high grass and marshes; in the wet season this forms a large lake. A hill bearing north 20° west so distant as to be hardly discernible. The Bahr Giraffe is a small river entering the Nile on the south bank between the Sobat and Bahr el Gazal—my reis (Diabb) tells me it is merely a branch from the White Nile from the Aliab country, and not an independent river. Course west, 10° north, the current about one mile per hour. Marshes and ambatch, far as the eye can reach.

At 6.40 P.M. reached the Bahr el Gazal; the junction has the appearance of a lake about three miles in length, by one in width, varying according to seasons. Although bank-full, there is no stream whatever from the Bahr el Gazal, and it has the appearance of a backwater formed by the Nile. The water being clear and perfectly dead, a stranger would imagine it to be an overflow of the Nile, were the existence of the Bahr el Gazal unknown.

The Bahr el Gazal extends due west from this point for a great distance, the entire river being a system

of marshes, stagnant water overgrown by rushes, and ambatch wood, through which a channel has to be cleared to permit the passage of a boat. Little or no water can descend to the Nile from this river, otherwise there would be some trifling current at the embouchure. The Nile has a stream of about a mile and a half per hour, as it sweeps suddenly round the angle, changing its downward course from north to east. The breadth in this spot does not exceed 130 yards; but it is impossible to determine the actual width of the river, as its extent is concealed by reeds with which the country is entirely covered to the horizon.

The White Nile having an upward course of west 10° north, variation of compass 10° west, from the Sobat to the Bahr el Gazal junction, now turns abruptly to south 10° east. From native accounts there is a great extent of lake country at this point. The general appearance of the country denotes a vast flat, with slight depressions; these form extensive lakes during the wet season, and sodden marshes during the dry weather; thus contradictory accounts of the country may be given by travellers according to the seasons at which they examined it. There is nothing to denote large permanent lakes; vast masses of water plants and vegetation requiring both a wet and dry season, exist throughout; but there are no great tracts of deep

water. The lake at the Bahr el Gazal entrance is from seven to nine feet deep, by soundings in various places. Anchored the little squadron, as I wait here for observations. Had the "Clumsy's" yard lowered and examined—cut a supply of grass for the animals.

Jan. 6th.—Overhauled the stores. My stock of liquor will last to Gondokoro; after that spot "vive la misère." It is curious in African travel to mark the degrees of luxury and misery; how, one by one, the wine, spirits, bread, sugar, tea, &c., are dropped like the feathers of a moulting bird, and nevertheless we go ahead contented.

My men busy cutting grass, washing, fishing, &c. Latitude, by meridian altitude of sun, 9° 29′. Difference of time by observation between this point and the Sobat junction 4 min. 26 secs., 1° 6′ 30″ distance. Caught some perch, but without the red fin of the European species; also some boulti with the net. The latter is a variety of perch growing to about four pounds' weight, and is excellent eating.

Sailed at 3 P.M. Masses of the beautiful but gloomy Papyrus rush, growing in dense thickets about eighteen feet above the water. I measured the diameter of one head, or crown, four feet one inch.

Jan. 7th.—Started at 6 A.M.; course E. 10° S.; wind dead against us; the "Clumsy" not in sight.

Obliged to haul along by fastening long ropes to the grass about a hundred yards ahead. This is frightful work; the men must swim that distance to secure the rope, and those on board hauling it in gradually, pull the vessel against the stream. Nothing can exceed the labour and tediousness of this operation. From constant work in the water many of my men are suffering from fever. The temperature is much higher than when we left Khartoum; the country, as usual, one vast marsh. At night the hoarse music of hippopotami snorting and playing among the high-flooded reeds, and the singing of countless myriads of mosquitoes—the nightingales of the White Nile. My black fellow, Richarn, whom I had appointed corporal, will soon be reduced to the ranks; the animal is spoiled by sheer drink. Having been drunk every day in Khartoum, and now being separated from his liquor, he is plunged into a black melancholy. He sits upon the luggage like a sick rook, doing minstrelsy, playing the rababa (guitar), and smoking the whole day, unless asleep, which is half that time: he is sighing after the merissa (beer) pots of Egypt. This man is an illustration of missionary success. He was brought up from boyhood at the Austrian mission, and he is a genuine specimen of the average results. He told me a few days ago that "he is no longer a Christian."

There are two varieties of convolvolus growing here; also a peculiar gourd, which, when dry and divested of its shell, exposes a vegetable sponge, formed of a dense but fine network of fibres; the seeds are contained in the centre of this fibre. The bright yellow flowers of the ambatch, and of a tree resembling a laburnum, are in great profusion. The men completely done: I served them out a measure of grog. The "Clumsy" not in sight.

Jan. 8th.—Waited all night for the "Clumsy." She appeared at 8 A.M., when the reis and several men received the whip for laziness. All three vessels now rounded a sharp turn in the river, and the wind being then favourable, we were soon under sail. The clear water of the river from the Bahr el Gazal to this point, does not exceed a hundred and twenty yards in width. The stream runs at one and three-quarter miles per hour, bringing with it a quantity of floating vegetation. The fact of a strong current both above and below the Bahr el Gazal junction, while the lake at that point is dead water, proves that I was right in my surmise, that no water flows from the Bahr el Gazal into the Nile during this season, and that the lake and the extensive marshes at that locality are caused as much by the surplus water of the White Nile flowing into a depression, as they are by the Bahr el Gazal, the

water of the latter river being absorbed by the immense marshes.

Yesterday we anchored at a dry spot, on which grew many mimosas of the red bark variety; the ground was a dead flat, and the river was up to the roots of the trees near the margin; thus the river is quite full at this season, but not flooded. There was no water-mark upon the stems of the trees; thus I have little doubt that the actual rise of the water-level during the rainy season is very trifling, as the water extends over a prodigious extent of surface, the river having no banks. The entire country is merely a vast marsh, with a river flowing through the midst.

At this season last year I was on the Settite. That great river and the Atbara were then excessively low. The Blue Nile was also low at the same time. On the contrary, the White Nile and the Sobat, although not at their highest, are bank-full, while the former two are failing; this proves that the White Nile and the Sobat rise far south, among mountains subject to a rainfall at different seasons, extending over a greater portion of the year than the rainy season of Abyssinia and the neighbouring Galla country.

It is not surprising that the ancients gave up the exploration of the Nile when they came to the countless windings and difficulties of the marshes; the river

is like an entangled skein of thread. Wind light; course S. 20° W. The strong north wind that took us from Khartoum has long since become a mere breath. It never blows in this latitude regularly from the north. The wind commences at between 8 and 9 A.M., and sinks at sunset; thus the voyage through these frightful marshes and windings is tedious and melancholy beyond description. Great numbers of hippopotami this evening, greeting the boats with their loud snorting bellow, which vibrates through the vessels.

Jan. 9th.—Two natives fishing; left their canoe and ran on the approach of our boats. My men wished to steal it, which of course I prevented; it was a simple dome-palm hollowed. In the canoe was a harpoon, very neatly made with only one barb. Both sides of the river from the Bahr el Gazal belong to the Nuēhr tribe. Course S.E.; wind very light; windings of river endless; continual hauling. At about half an hour before sunset, as the men were hauling the boat along by dragging at the high reeds from the deck, a man at the mast-head reported a buffalo standing on a dry piece of ground near the river; being in want of meat, the men begged me to shoot him. The buffalo was so concealed by the high grass, that he could not be seen from the deck; I therefore stood upon an angarep (bedstead) on the poop, and from this I could

just discern his head and shoulders in the high grass, about a hundred and twenty yards off. I fired with No. 1 Reilly rifle, and he dropped apparently dead to the shot. The men being hungry, were mad with delight, and regardless of all but meat, they dashed into the water, and were shortly at him; one man holding him by the tail, another dancing upon him and brandishing his knife, and all shouting a yell of exultation. Presently up jumped the insulted buffalo, and charging through the men, he disappeared in the high grass, falling, as the men declared, in the deep morass. It was dusk, and the men, being rather ashamed of their folly in dancing instead of ham-stringing the animal, and securing their beef, slunk back to their vessels.

Jan. 10*th.*—Early in the morning the buffalo was heard groaning in the marsh, not far from the spot where he was supposed to have fallen. About forty men took their guns and knives, intent upon beefsteaks, and waded knee-deep in mud and water through the high grass of the morass in search. About one hour passed in this way, and, seeing the reckless manner in which the men were wandering about, I went down below to beat the drum to call them back, which the vakeel had been vainly attempting. Just at this moment I heard a distant yelling, and shot fired after

shot, about twenty times, in quick succession. I saw with the telescope a crowd of men about three hundred yards distant, standing on a white ant-hill raised above the green sea of high reeds, from which elevated point they were keeping up a dropping fire at some object indistinguishable in the high grass. The death-howl was soon raised, and the men rushing down from their secure position, shortly appeared, carrying with them my best choush, Sali Achmet, dead. He had come suddenly upon the buffalo, who, although disabled, had caught him in the deep mud and killed him. His gallant comrades bolted, although he called to them for assistance, and they had kept up a distant fire from the lofty ant-hill, instead of rushing to his rescue. The buffalo lay dead; and a grave was immediately dug for the unfortunate Sali. My journey begins badly with the death of my good man Johann and my best choush—added to the constant mishaps of the "Clumsy." Fortunately I did not start from Khartoum on a Friday, or the unlucky day would have borne the onus of all the misfortunes.

The graves of the Arabs are an improvement upon those of Europeans. What poor person who cannot afford a vault, has not felt a pang as the clod fell upon the coffin of his relative? The Arabs avoid this. Although there is no coffin, the rude earth does not

rest upon the body. The hole being dug similar in shape to a European grave, an extra trench is formed at the bottom of the grave about a foot wide. The body is laid upon its side within this trench, and covered by bricks made of clay which are laid across;—thus the body is contained within a narrow vault. Mud is then smeared over the hastily made bricks, and nothing is visible; the tomb being made level with the bottom of the large grave. This is filled up with earth, which, resting on the brick covering of the trench, cannot press upon the body. In such a grave my best man was laid—the Slave women raising their horrible howling and my men crying loudly, as well explained in the words of Scripture, "and he lifted up his voice and wept." I was glad to see so much external feeling for their comrade, but the grave being filled, their grief, like all loud sorrow, passed quickly away and relapsed into thoughts of buffalo meat; they were soon busily engaged in cutting up the flesh. There are two varieties of buffaloes in this part of Africa—the Bos Caffer, with convex horns, and that with flat horns; this was the latter species. A horn had entered the man's thigh, tearing the whole of the muscles from the bone; there was also a wound from the centre of the throat to the ear, thus completely torn open, severing the jugular vein. One rib was broken, also the breast-

bone. As usual with buffaloes, he had not rested content until he had pounded the breath out of the body, which was found imbedded and literally stamped tight into the mud, with only a portion of the head above the marsh. Sali had not even cocked his gun, the hammer being down on the nipples when found. I will not allow these men to come to grief in this way; they are a reckless set of thoughtless cowards, full of noise and bluster, fond of firing off their guns like children, and wasting ammunition uselessly, and in time of danger they can never be relied upon; they deserted their comrade when in need, and cried aloud like infants at his death; they shall not again be allowed to move from the boats.

In the evening I listened to the men conversing over the whole affair, when I learnt the entire truth. It appears that Richarn and two other men were with the unfortunate Sâli when the brute charged him, and the cowards all bolted without firing a shot in defence. There was a large white ant-hill about fifty yards distant, to which they retreated; from the top of this fort they repeatedly saw the man thrown into the air, and heard him calling for assistance. Instead of hastening in a body to his aid, they called to him to "keep quiet and the buffalo would leave him." This is a sample of the courage of these Khartoumers. The

buffalo was so disabled by my shot of yesterday that he was incapable of leaving the spot, as, with a broken shoulder, he could not get through the deep mud. My Reilly No. 10 bullet was found under the skin of the right shoulder, having passed in at the left shoulder rather above the lungs.

The windings of this monotonous river are extraordinary, and during dead calms in these vast marshes the feeling of melancholy produced is beyond description. The White Nile is a veritable "Styx." When the wind does happen to blow hard, the navigation is most difficult, owing to the constant windings; the sailors being utterly ignorant, and the rig of the vessel being the usual huge "leg of mutton" sail, there is an amount of screaming and confusion at every attempt to tack which generally ends in our being driven on the lee marsh; this is preferable to a capsize, which is sometimes anything but distant. This morning is one of those days of blowing hard, with the accompaniments of screaming and shouting. Course S.E. Waited half a day for the "Clumsy," which hove in sight just before dark; the detentions caused by this vessel are becoming serious, a quick voyage being indispensable for the animals. The camels are already suffering from confinement, and I have their legs well swathed in wet bandages.

This marsh land varies in width. In some portions of the river it appears to extend for about two miles on either side; in other parts farther than the eye can reach. In all cases the main country is a dead flat; now blazing and smoking beyond the limit of marshes, as the natives have fired the dry grass in all directions. Reeds, similar in appearance to bamboos but distinct from them, high water-grass, like sugar-canes, excellent fodder for the cattle, and the ever-present ambatch, cover the morasses. Innumerable mosquitoes.

Jan. 12th.—Fine breeze in the morning, but obliged to wait for the "Clumsy," which arrived at 10 A.M. How absurd are some descriptions of the White Nile, which state that there is no current! At some parts, like that from just above the Sobat junction to Khartoum, there is but little, but since we have left the Bahr el Gazal the stream runs from one and three-quarters to two and a half miles per hour, varying in localities. Here it is not more than a hundred yards wide in clear water.

At 11.20 A.M. got under weigh with a rattling breeze, but scarcely had we been half an hour under sail when crack went the great yard of the "Clumsy" once more. I had her taken in tow. It is of no use repairing the yard again, and, were it not for the

donkeys, I would abandon her. Koorshid Aga's boats were passing us in full sail when his diahbiah suddenly carried away her rudder, and went head first into the morass. I serve out grog to the men when the drum beats at sunset, if all the boats are together.

NUEHR NATIVES COMING TO THE BOATS.

Jan. 13th.—Stopped near a village on the right bank in company with Koorshid Aga's two diahbiahs. The natives came down to the boats—they are something superlative in the way of savages; the men as naked

as they came into the world; their bodies rubbed with ashes, and their hair stained red by a plaster of ashes and cow's urine. These fellows are the most unearthly-looking devils I ever saw—there is no other expression for them. The unmarried women are also entirely naked; the married have a fringe made of grass around their loins. The men wear heavy coils of beads about their necks, two heavy bracelets of ivory on the upper portion of the arms, copper rings upon the wrists, and a horrible kind of bracelet of massive iron armed with spikes about an inch in length, like leopard's claws, which they use for a similar purpose. The chief of the Nuĕhr village, Joctian, with his wife and daughter, paid me a visit, and asked for all they saw in the shape of beads and bracelets, but declined a knife as useless. They went away delighted with their presents. The women perforate the upper lip, and wear an ornament about four inches long of beads upon an iron wire; this projects like the horn of a rhinoceros; they are very ugly. The men are tall and powerful, armed with lances. They carry pipes that contain nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco, in which they smoke simple charcoal should the loved tobacco fail. The carbonic acid gas of the charcoal produces a slight feeling of intoxication, which is the effect desired. Koorshid Aga returned

them a girl from Khartoum who had been captured by a slave-hunter; this delighted the people, and they immediately brought an ox as an offering. The "Clumsy's" yard broke in two pieces, thus I was obliged to seek a dry spot for the necessary repairs. I left the village Nuēhr Eliāb, and in the evening lowered the "Clumsy's" yard; taking her in tow, we are, this moment, 8.30 P.M., slowly sailing through clouds of mosquitoes looking out for a landing-place in this world of marshes. I took the chief of the Nuēhr's portrait, as he sat in my cabin on the Divan; of course he was delighted. He exhibited his wife's arms and back covered with jagged scars, in reply to my question as to the use of the spiked iron bracelet. Charming people are these poor blacks! as they are termed by English sympathisers; he was quite proud of having clawed his wife like a wild beast. In sober earnest, my monkey "Wallady" looks like a civilized being compared to these Nuēhr savages. The chief's forehead was tattooed in horizontal lines that had the appearance of wrinkles. The hair is worn drawn back from the face. Both men and women wear a bag slung from the neck, apparently to contain any presents they may receive, everything being immediately pocketed. Course S.S.E.

Jan. 14*th.*—All day occupied in repairing the yard;

the buffalo hide of the animal that killed Sali Achmet being most serviceable in lashing. Sailed in the evening in company with a boat belonging to the Austrian mission. River about 120 yards of clear

JOCTIAN, CHIEF OF THE NUEHR TRIBE.

water; current about two miles per hour. Found quantities of natron on the marshy ground bordering the river.

Had a turkey for dinner, a "cadeau" from Koor-

shid Aga, and, as a great wonder, the kisras (a sort of brown pancake in lieu of bread) were free from sand. I must have swallowed a good-sized millstone since I have been in Africa, in the shape of grit rubbed from the moorhāka, or grinding-stone. The moorhāka, when new, is a large flat stone, weighing about forty pounds; upon this the corn is ground by being rubbed with a cylindrical stone with both hands. After a few months' use half of the original grinding-stone disappears, the grit being mixed with the flour; thus the grinding-stone is actually eaten. No wonder that hearts become stony in this country!

Jan. 15th.—We were towing through high reeds this morning, the men invisible, and the rope mowing over the high tops of the grass, when the noise disturbed a hippopotamus from his slumber, and he was immediately perceived close to the boat. He was about half grown, and in an instant about twenty men jumped into the water in search of him thinking him a mere baby; but as he suddenly appeared, and was about three times as large as they had expected, they were not very eager to close. However the reis Diabb pluckily led the way and seized him by the hind leg, when the crowd of men rushed in, and we had a grand tussle. Ropes were thrown from the vessel, and nooses were quickly slipped over his head,

but he had the best of the struggle and was dragging the people into the open river; I was therefore obliged to end the sport by putting a ball through his head. He was scored all over by the tusks of some other hippopotamus that had been bullying him. The men declared that his father had thus misused him; others were of opinion that it was his mother; and the argument ran high, and became hot. These Arabs have an extraordinary taste for arguments upon the most trifling points. I have frequently known my men argue throughout the greater part of the night, and recommence the same argument on the following morning. These debates generally end in a fight; and in the present instance the excitement of the hunt only added to the heat of the argument. They at length agreed to refer it to me, and both parties approached, vociferously advancing their theories; one half persisting that the young hippo had been bullied by his father, and the others adhering to the mother as the cause. I, being referee, suggested that "perhaps it was his *uncle*." Wah Illahi sahé! (By Allah it is true!) Both parties were satisfied with the suggestion; dropping their theory they became practical, and fell to with knives and axes to cut up the cause of the argument. He was as fat as butter, and was a perfect godsend to the people,

who divided him with great excitement and good humour.

We are now a fleet of seven boats, those of several traders having joined us. The "Clumsy's" yard looks much better than formerly. I cut off about ten feet from the end, as it was topheavy. The yard of this class of vessel should look like an immense fishing-rod, and should be proportionately elastic, as it tapers gradually to a point. Course S.E. I hear that the Shillook tribe have attacked Chenooda's people, and that his boat was capsized, and some lives lost in the hasty retreat. It serves these slave-hunters right, and I rejoice at their defeat. Exodus xx. 16: "And he that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

Jan. 16th.—A new dish! There is no longer mock-turtle soup—*real* turtle is *mock hippopotamus.* I tried boiling the fat, flesh, and skin together, the result being that the skin assumes the appearance of the green fat of the turtle, but is far superior. A piece of the head thus boiled, and then soused in vinegar, with chopped onions, cayenne pepper, and salt, throws brawn completely in the shade. My men having revelled in a cauldron of hippopotamus soup, I serve out grog at sunset, all ships being together. Great contentment, all appetites being satisfied. The labour

of towing through swamps, tugging by the long grass, and poling against a strong current, is dreadful, and there appears to be no end to this horrible country.

"On dit," that during the dry season there is plenty of game near the river, but at present boundless marshes devoid of life, except in the shape of mosquitoes, and a very few water-fowl, are the only charms of the White Nile. The other day I caught one of the men stealing the salt; Richarn having been aware of daily thefts of this treasure, and having failed to report them, the thief received twenty with the coorbatch, and Richarn is reduced to the ranks, as I anticipated. No possibility of taking observations, as there is no landing-place.

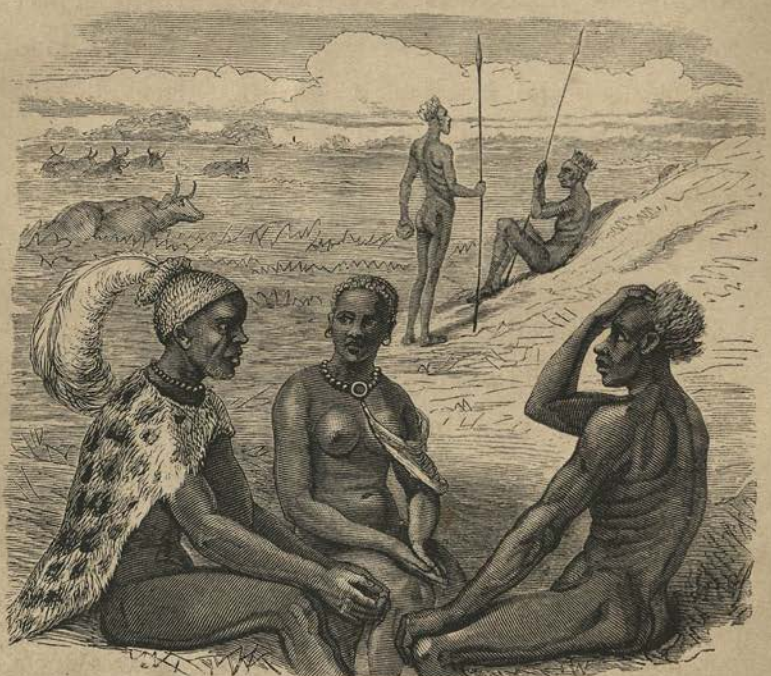
Jan. 17*th.*—As usual, marshes, mosquitoes, windings, dead flats, and light winds; the mosquitoes in the cabin give no rest even during the day. Stream about two miles per hour. Course S.E.; the river averaging about one hundred and ten yards in width of clear water.

Jan. 18*th.*—Country as usual, but the wind brisker. In company with Koorshid Aga's boats. I have bound the stock of Oswell's old gun with rhinoceros hide. All guns made for sport in wild countries and rough riding, should have steel instead of iron from the breech-socket, extending far back to within six inches

of the shoulder-plate; the trigger-guard should likewise be steel, and should be carried back to an equal distance with the above rib; the steel should be of extra thickness, and screwed through to the upper piece; thus the two, being connected by screws above and below, no fall could break the stock.

Jan. 19th.—At 8 A.M. we emerged from the apparently endless regions of marsh grass, and saw on the right bank large herds of cattle, tended by naked natives, in a country abounding with high grass and mimosa wood. At 9.15 A.M. arrived at the Zareeba, or station of Binder, an Austrian subject, and White Nile trader; here we found five noggors belonging to him and his partner. Binder's vakeel insisted upon giving a bullock to my people. This bullock I resisted for some time, until I saw that the man was affronted. It is impossible to procure from the natives any cattle by purchase. The country is now a swamp, but it will be passable during the dry season. Took equal altitudes of sun producing latitude 7° 5′ 46″. The misery of these unfortunate blacks is beyond description; they will not kill their cattle, neither do they taste meat unless an animal dies of sickness; they will not work, thus they frequently starve, existing only upon rats, lizards, snakes, and upon such fish as they can spear. The spearing of fish is a mere hazard, as

they cast the harpoon at random among the reeds; thus, out of three or four hundred casts, they may, by good luck, strike a fish. The harpoon is neatly made, and is attached to a pliable reed about twenty feet long, secured by a long line. Occasionally they strike a monster, as there are varieties of fish which attain a



CHIEF OF KYTCH AND DAUGHTER.

weight of two hundred pounds. In the event of harpooning such a fish, a long and exciting chase is the result, as he carries away the harpoon, and runs out the entire length of line; they then swim after

him, holding their end of the line, and playing him until exhausted.

The chief of this tribe (the Kytch) wore a leopard-skin across his shoulders, and a skull-cap of white beads, with a crest of white ostrich-feathers; but the mantle was merely slung over his shoulders, and all other parts of his person were naked. His daughter was the best-looking girl that I have seen among the blacks; she was about sixteen. Her clothing consisted of a little piece of dressed hide about a foot wide slung across her shoulders, all other parts being exposed. All the girls of this country wear merely a circlet of little iron jingling ornaments round their waists. They came in numbers, bringing small bundles of wood to exchange for a few handfuls of corn. Most of the men are tall, but wretchedly thin; the children are mere skeletons, and the entire tribe appears thoroughly starved. The language is that of the Dinka. The chief carried a curious tobacco-box, an iron spike about two feet long, with a hollow socket, bound with iguana-skin; this served for either tobacco-box, club, or dagger. Throughout the whole of this marshy country it is curious to observe the number of white ant-hills standing above the water in the marshes: these Babel towers save their inmates from the deluge; working during

the dry season, the white ants carry their hills to so great a height (about ten feet), that they can live securely in the upper stories during the floods. The whole day we are beset by crowds of starving people,

STARVING BOY OF KYTCH TRIBE BEGGING.

bringing small gourd-shells to receive the expected corn. The people of this tribe are mere apes, trusting entirely to the productions of nature for their subsistence ; they will spend hours in digging out field-mice

from their burrows, as we should for rabbits. They are the most pitiable set of savages that can be imagined; so emaciated, that they have no visible posteriors; they look as though they had been planed off, and their long thin legs and arms give them a peculiar gnat-like appearance. At night they crouch close to the fires, lying in the smoke to escape the clouds of mosquitoes. At this season the country is a vast swamp, the only dry spots being the white ant-hills; in such places the natives herd like wild animals, simply rubbing themselves with wood-ashes to keep out the cold.

Jan. 20th.—The river from this spot turns sharp to the east, but an arm equally broad comes from S. 20 E. to this point. There is no stream from this arm. The main stream runs round the angle with a rapid current of about two and a half miles per hour. The natives say that this arm of dead water extends for three or four days' sailing, and is then lost in the high reeds. My reis Diabb declares this to be a mere backwater, and that it is not connected with the main river by any positive channel.

So miserable are the natives of the Kytch tribe, that they devour both skins and bones of all dead animals; the bones are pounded between stones, and when reduced to powder they are boiled to a kind of porridge;

nothing is left even for a fly to feed upon, when an animal either dies a natural death, or is killed. I never pitied poor creatures more than these utterly destitute savages; their method of returning thanks is by holding your hand and *affecting* to spit upon it; which operation they do not actually perform, as I have

THE BOYS WHO HAVE BEGGED.

seen stated in works upon the White Nile. Their domestic arrangements are peculiar. Polygamy is of course allowed, as in all other hot climates and savage countries; but when a man becomes too old to pay sufficient attention to his numerous young wives, the eldest son takes the place of his father and becomes his substitute. To every herd of cattle there is a

sacred bull who is supposed to exert an influence over the prosperity of the flocks; his horns are ornamented with tufts of feathers, and frequently with small bells, and he invariably leads the great herd to pasture. On starting in the early morning from the cattle kraal the natives address the bull, telling him "to watch over the herd; to keep the cows from straying; and to lead them to the sweetest pastures, so that they shall give abundance of milk," &c.

Jan. 21*st.*—Last night a sudden squall carried away Koorshid Aga's mast by the deck, leaving him a complete wreck. The weather to-day is dull, oppressive, and dead calm. As usual, endless marshes, and mosquitoes. I never either saw or heard of so disgusting a country as that bordering the White Nile from Khartoum to this point. Course S.E. as nearly as I can judge, but the endless windings, and the absence of any mark as a point, make it difficult to give an accurate course—the river about a hundred yards in width of clear water; alive with floating vegetation, with a current of about two miles per hour.

Jan. 22*d.*—The luxuries of the country as usual—malaria, marshes, mosquitoes, misery; far as the eye can reach, vast treeless marshes perfectly lifeless. At times progressing slowly by towing, the men struggling through the water with the rope; at other times by

running round the boat in a circle, pulling with their hands at the grass, which thus acts like the cogs of a wheel to move us gradually forward. One of my horses, "Filfil," out of pure amusement kicks at the men as they pass, and having succeeded several times in kicking them into the river, he perseveres in the fun, I believe for lack of other employment.

Hippopotami are heard snorting in the high reeds both day and night, but we see very few. The black women on board are daily quarrelling together and fighting like bull-dogs; little Gaddum Her is a regular black toy terrier, rather old, wonderfully strong, very short, but making up in spirit for what she lacks in stature; she is the quintessence of vice, being ready for a stand-up fight at the shortest notice. On one occasion she fought with her antagonist until both fell down the hold, smashing all my water jars; on another day they both fell into the river. The *ennui* of this wretched voyage appears to try the temper of both man and beast; the horses, donkeys, and camels are constantly fighting and biting at all around.

Jan. 23d.—At 8 A.M. arrived at Aboukooka, the establishment of a French trader. It is impossible to describe the misery of the land; in the midst of the vast expanse of marsh is a little plot of dry ground about thirty-five yards square, and within thirty yards

of the river, but to be reached only by wading through the swamp. The establishment consisted of about a dozen straw huts, occupied by a wretched fever-stricken set of people; the vakeel, and others employed, came to the boats to beg for corn. I stopped for ten minutes at the charming watering-place Aboukooka to obtain the news of the country. The current at this point is as usual very strong, being upwards of two and a half miles per hour; the river is quite bank-full although not actually flooding, the windings endless; one moment our course is due north, then east, then again north, and as suddenly due south; in fact, we face every point of the compass within an hour. Frequently the noggors that are far in the rear appear in advance; it is a heartbreaking river without a single redeeming point; I do not wonder at the failure of all expeditions in this wretched country: There is a breeze to-day, thus the oppressive heat and stagnated marsh atmosphere is relieved. I have always remarked that when the sky is clouded we suffer more from heat and oppression than when the day is clear; there is a weight in the atmosphere that would be interesting if tested by the barometer.

The water is excessively bad throughout the White Nile, especially between the Shillook and the Kytch tribes; that of the Bahr Gazal is even worse. The

reis Diabb tells me that the north wind always fails between the Nuēhr and the upper portion of the Kytch. I could not believe that so miserable a country existed as the whole of this land. There is no game to be seen at this season, few birds, and not even crocodiles show themselves; all the water-animals are hidden in the high grass; thus there is absolutely nothing living to be seen, but day after day is passed in winding slowly through the labyrinth of endless marsh, through clouds of mosquitoes.

At 4.20 P.M. arrived at the Austrian mission-station of St. Croix, and I delivered a letter to the chief of the establishment, Herr Moorlang.

Jan. 24th.—Took observations of the sun, making latitude 6° 39′.

The mission-station consists of about twenty grass huts on a patch of dry ground close to the river. The church is a small hut, but neatly arranged. Herr Morlang acknowledged, with great feeling, that the mission was absolutely useless among such savages; that he had worked with much zeal for many years, but that the natives were utterly impracticable. They were far below the brutes, as the latter show signs of affection to those who are kind to them; while the natives, on the contrary, are utterly obtuse to all feelings of gratitude. He described the people as

lying and deceitful to a superlative degree; the more they receive the more they desire, but in return they will do nothing.

Twenty or thirty of these disgusting, ash-smeared, stark naked brutes, armed with clubs of hard wood brought to a point, were lying idly about the station. The mission having given up the White Nile as a total failure, Herr Morlang sold the whole village and mission-station to Koorshid Aga this morning for 3,000 piastres, £30! I purchased a horse of the missionaries for 1,000 piastres, which I christened "Priest," as coming from the mission; he is a good-looking animal, and has been used to the gun, as the unfortunate Baron Harnier rode him buffalo-hunting. This good sportsman was a Prussian nobleman, who, with two European attendants, had for some time amused himself by collecting objects of natural history and shooting in this neighbourhood. Both his Europeans succumbed to marsh fever. The end of Baron Harnier was exceedingly tragic. Having wounded a buffalo, the animal charged a native attendant and threw him to the ground; Baron Harnier was unloaded, and with great courage he attacked the buffalo with the butt-end of his rifle to rescue the man then beneath the animal's horns. The buffalo left the man and turned upon his new assailant. The native, far

from assisting his master, who had thus jeopardized his life to save him, fled from the spot. The unfortunate baron was found by the missionaries trampled and gored into an undistinguishable mass; and the dead body of the buffalo was found at a short distance, the animal having been mortally wounded. I went to see the grave of this brave Prussian, who had thus sacrificed so noble a life for so worthless an object as a cowardly native. It had been well cared for by the kind hands of the missionaries, and was protected by thorn bushes laid around it, but I fear it will be neglected now that the mission has fallen into unholy hands. It is a pitiable sight to witness the self-sacrifice that many noble men have made in these frightful countries without any good results. Near to the grave of Baron Harnier are those of several members of the mission, who have left their bones in this horrid land, while not one convert has been made from the mission of St. Croix.

The river divides into two branches, about five miles above this station, forming an island. Upon this is a fishing-station of the natives; the native name of the spot is Pomone. The country is swampy and scantily covered with bushes and small trees, but no actual timber. As usual, the entire country is dead flat; it abounds with elephants a few miles

inland. Herr Morlang describes the whole of the White Nile traders as a mere colony of robbers, who pillage and shoot the natives at discretion.

On the opposite side of the river there is a large neglected garden, belonging to the mission. Although the soil is extremely rich, neither grapes nor pomegranate will succeed; they bear fruit, but of a very acrid flavour. Dates blossom, but will not fruit.

Jan. 25th.—Started at 7 A.M. Course S.E.

Jan. 26th.—The Bohr tribe on the east bank. No wind. The current nearly three miles per hour. The river about a hundred and twenty yards wide in clear water. Marshes and flats, as usual. Thermometer, throughout the journey, at 6 A.M., 68° Fahr., and at noon 86° to 93° Fahr..

Jan. 27th.—One day is a repetition of the preceding.

Jan. 28th.—Passed two bivouacs of the Aliab tribe, with great herds of cattle on the west bank. The natives appeared to be friendly, dancing and gesticulating as the boats passed. The White Nile tribe not only milk their cows, but they bleed their cattle periodically, and boil the blood for food. Driving a lance into a vein in the neck, they bleed the animal copiously, which operation is repeated about once a month.

Jan. 29th.—Passed a multitude of cattle and natives

on a spot on the right bank, in clouds of smoke as a "chasse des moustiques." They make tumuli of dung, which are constantly on fire, fresh fuel being continually added, to drive away the mosquitoes. Around these heaps the cattle crowd in hundreds, living with the natives in the smoke. By degrees the heaps of ashes become about eight feet high; they are then used as sleeping-places and watch-stations by the natives, who, rubbing themselves all over with the ashes, have a ghastly and devilish appearance that is indescribable. The country is covered with old tumuli formed in this manner. A camp may contain twenty or thirty such, in addition to fresh heaps that are constantly burning. Fires of cow-dung are also made on the levelled tops of the old heaps, and bundles of green canes, about sixteen feet high, are planted on the summit; these wave in the breeze like a plume of ostrich feathers, and give shade to the people during the heat of the day.

Jan. 30th.—Arrived at the "Shir" tribe. The men are, as usual in these countries, armed with well-made ebony clubs, two lances, a bow (always strung), and a bundle of arrows; their hands are completely full of weapons; and they carry a neatly-made miniature stool slung upon their backs, in addition to an immense pipe. Thus a man carries all

that he most values about his person. The females in this tribe are not absolutely naked; like those of the Kytch, they wear small lappets of tanned leather as broad as the hand; at the back of the belt, which supports this apron, is a tail which reaches to the lower portions of the thighs; this tail is formed of finely-cut strips of leather, and the costume has doubtless been the foundation for the report I had received from the Arabs, "that a tribe in Central Africa had tails like horses." The women carry their children very conveniently in a skin slung from their shoulders across the back, and secured by a thong round the waist; in this the young savage sits delightfully. The huts throughout all tribes are circular, with entrances so low that the natives creep both in and out upon their hands and knees. The men wear tufts of cock's feathers on the crown of the head; and their favourite attitude, when standing, is on one leg while leaning on a spear, the foot of the raised leg resting on the inside of the other knee. Their arrows are about three feet long, without feathers, and pointed with hard wood instead of iron, the metal being scarce among the Shir tribe. The most valuable article of barter for this tribe is the iron hoe generally used among the White Nile negroes. In form it is precisely similar to the "ace of spades." The finery most

prized by the women are polished iron anklets, which they wear in such numbers that they reach nearly half way up the calf of the leg; the tinkling of these rings is considered to be very enticing, but the sound reminds one of the clanking of convicts' fetters.

All the tribes of the White Nile have their harvest of the lotus seed. There are two species of water-lily—the large white flower, and a small variety. The seed-pod of the white lotus is like an unblown artichoke, containing a number of light red grains equal in size to mustard-seed, but shaped like those of the poppy, and similar to them in flavour, being sweet and nutty. The ripe pods are collected and strung upon sharp-pointed reeds about four feet in length. When thus threaded they are formed into large bundles, and carried from the river to the villages, where they are dried in the sun, and stored for use. The seed is ground into flour, and made into a kind of porridge. The women of the Shir tribe are very clever at manufacturing baskets and mats from the leaf of the dome palm. They also make girdles and necklaces of minute pieces of river mussel shells threaded upon the hair of the giraffe's tail. This is a work of great time, and the effect is about equal to a string of mother-of-pearl buttons.

Jan. 31*st.*—At 1.15 P.M. sighted Gebel Lardo, bear-

ing S. 30° west. This is the first mountain we have seen, and we are at last near our destination, Gondokoro. I observed to-day a common sand-piper sitting on the head of a hippopotamus; when he disappeared under water the bird skimmed over the surface, hovering near the spot until the animal reappeared, when he again settled.

Feb. 1*st.*—The character of the river has changed. The marshes have given place to dry ground; the banks are about four feet above the water-level, and well wooded; the country having the appearance of an orchard, and being thickly populated. The natives thronged to the boats, being astonished at the camels. At one village during the voyage the natives examined the donkeys with great curiosity, thinking that they were the oxen of our country, and that we were bringing them to exchange for ivory.

Feb. 2*d.*—The mountain Lardo is about twelve miles west of the river. At daybreak we sighted the mountains near Gondokoro, bearing due south. As yet I have seen no symptoms of hostility in this country. I cannot help thinking that the conduct of the natives depends much upon that of the traveller. Arrived at Gondokoro.

By astronomical observation I determined the latitude 4° 55′ N. Longitude 31° 46′ E.

Gondokoro is a great improvement upon the interminable marshes; the soil is firm and raised about twenty feet above the river level. Distant mountains relieve the eye accustomed to the dreary flats of the White Nile; and evergreen trees scattered over the face of the landscape, with neat little native villages beneath their shade, form a most inviting landing-place after a long and tedious voyage. This spot was formerly a mission-station. There remain to this day the ruins of the brick establishment and church, and the wreck of what was once a garden; groves of citron and lime-trees still exist, the only signs that an attempt at civilization has been made—"seed cast upon the wayside." There is no town. Gondokoro is merely a station of the ivory traders, occupied for about two months during the year, after which time it is deserted, when the annual boats return to Khartoum and the remaining expeditions depart for the interior. A few miserable grass huts are all that dignify the spot with a name. The climate is unhealthy and hot. The thermometer from 90° to 95° Fahr. at noon in the shade.

I landed the animals from the boats in excellent condition, all rejoicing in the freedom of open pasturage.

CHAPTER II.

BAD RECEPTION AT GONDOKORO.

ALL were thankful that the river voyage was concluded; the tedium of the White Nile will have been participated by the reader, upon whom I have inflicted the journal, as no other method of description could possibly convey an idea of the general desolation.

Having landed all my stores, and housed my corn in some granaries belonging to Koorshid Aga, I took a receipt from him for the quantity, and gave him an order to deliver one-half from my depôt to Speke and Grant, should they arrive at Gondokoro during my absence in the interior. I was under an apprehension that they might arrive by some route without my knowledge, while I should be penetrating south.

There were a great number of men at Gondokoro belonging to the various traders, who looked upon me with the greatest suspicion; they could not believe

that simple travelling was my object, and they were shortly convinced that I was intent upon espionage in their nefarious ivory business and slave-hunting.

In conversing with the traders, and assuring them that my object was entirely confined to a search for the Nile sources, and an inquiry for Speke and Grant, I heard a curious report that had been brought down by the natives from the interior, that at some great distance to the south there were two white men who had been for a long time prisoners of a sultan; and that these men had wonderful *fireworks;* that both had been very ill, and that one had died.

It was in vain that I endeavoured to obtain some further clue to this exciting report. There was a rumour that some native had a piece of wood with marks upon it that had belonged to the white men; but upon inquiry I found that this account was only a report given by some distant tribe. Nevertheless, I attached great importance to the rumour, as there was no white man south of Gondokoro engaged in the ivory trade; therefore there was a strong probability that the report had some connexion with the existence of Speke and Grant. I had heard, when in Khartoum, that the most advanced trading station was about fifteen days' march from Gondokoro, and my plan of operations had always projected a direct advance to

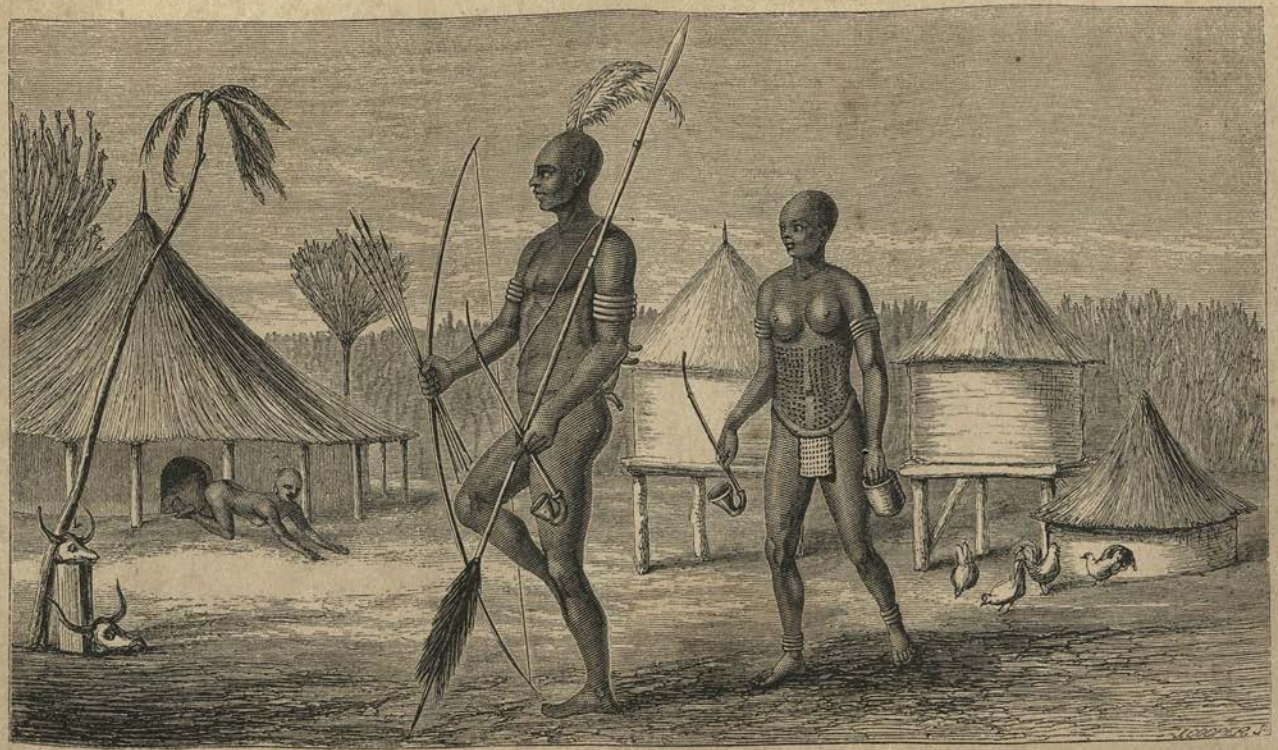
that station, where I had intended to leave all my heavy baggage in depôt, and to proceed from thence as a "*point de départ*" to the south. I now understood that the party were expected to arrive at Gondokoro from that station with ivory in a few days, and I determined to wait for their arrival, and to return with them in company. Their ivory porters returning, might carry my baggage, and thus save the backs of my transport animals.

I accordingly amused myself at Gondokoro, exercising my horses in riding about the neighbourhood, and studying the place and people.

The native dwellings are the perfection of cleanliness; the domicile of each family is surrounded by a hedge of the impenetrable euphorbia, and the interior of the inclosure generally consists of a yard neatly plastered with a cement of ashes, cow-dung, and sand. Upon this cleanly-swept surface are one or more huts surrounded by granaries of neat wicker-work, thatched, resting upon raised platforms. The huts have projecting roofs in order to afford a shade, and the entrance is usually about two feet high.

When a member of the family dies he is buried in the yard; a few ox-horns and skulls are suspended on a pole above the spot, while the top of the pole is

ornamented with a bunch of cock's feathers. Every man carries his weapons, pipe, and stool, the whole (except the stool) being held between his legs when standing. These natives of Gondokoro are the Bari: the men are well grown, the women are not prepossessing, but the negro type of thick lips and flat nose is wanting; their features are good, and the woolly hair alone denotes the trace of negro blood. They are tattooed upon the stomach, sides, and back, so closely, that it has the appearance of a broad belt of fish-scales, especially when they are rubbed with red ochre, which is the prevailing fashion. This pigment is made of a peculiar clay, rich in oxide of iron, which, when burnt, is reduced to powder, and then formed into lumps like pieces of soap; both sexes anoint themselves with this ochre, formed into a paste by the admixture of grease, giving themselves the appearance of new red bricks. The only hair upon their persons is a small tuft upon the crown of the head, in which they stick one or more feathers. The women are generally free from hair, their heads being shaved. They wear a neat little lappet, about six inches long, of beads, or of small iron rings, worked like a coat of mail, in lieu of a fig-leaf, and the usual tail of fine shreds of leather or twine, spun from indigenous cotton, pendant behind. Both the lappet and tail are fastened



A Homestead of the Bari Tribe—the usual Attitude of the Men.

on a belt which is worn round the loins, like those in the Shir tribe; thus the toilette is completed at once. It would be highly useful, could they only wag their tails to whisk off the flies which are torments in this country.

The cattle are very small; the goats and sheep are quite Lilliputian, but they generally give three at a birth, and thus multiply quickly. The people of the country were formerly friendly, but the Khartoumers pillage and murder them at discrètion in all directions; thus, in revenge, they will shoot a poisoned arrow at a stranger unless he is powerfully escorted. The effect of the poison used for the arrow-heads is very extraordinary. A man came to me for medical aid; five months ago he had been wounded by a poisoned arrow in the leg, below the calf, and the entire foot had been eaten away by the action of the poison. The bone rotted through just above the ankle, and the foot dropped off. The most violent poison is the produce of the root of a tree, whose milky juice yields a resin that is smeared upon the arrow. It is brought from a great distance, from some country far west of Gondokoro. The juice of the species of euphorbia, common in these countries, is also used for poisoning arrows. Boiled to the consistence of tar, it is then smeared upon the blade. The action of the poison is to corrode

the flesh, which loses its fibre, and drops away like jelly, after severe inflammation and swelling. The arrows are barbed with diabolical ingenuity; some are arranged with poisoned heads that fit into sockets; these detach from the arrow on an attempt to withdraw them; thus the barbed blade, thickly smeared with poison, remains in the wound, and before it can be cut out the poison is absorbed by the system. Fortunately the natives are bad archers. The bows are invariably made of the male bamboo, and are kept perpetually strung; they are exceedingly stiff, but not very elastic, and the arrows are devoid of feathers, being simple reeds or other light wood, about three feet long, and slightly knobbed at the base as a hold for the finger and thumb; the string is never drawn with the two fore-fingers, as in most countries, but is simply pulled by holding the arrow between the middle joint of the fore-finger and the thumb. A stiff bow drawn in this manner has very little power; accordingly the extreme range seldom exceeds a hundred and ten yards.

The Bari tribe are very hostile, and are considered to be about the worst of the White Nile. They have been so often defeated by the traders' parties in the immediate neighbourhood of Gondokoro, that they are on their best behaviour, while within half a mile of the station; but it is not at all uncommon to be

asked for beads as a tax for the right of sitting under a shady tree, or for passing through the country. The traders' people, in order to terrify them into submission, were in the habit of binding them, hands and feet, and carrying them to the edge of a cliff about thirty feet high, a little beyond the ruins of the old mission-house: beneath this cliff the river boils in a deep eddy; into this watery grave the victims were remorselessly hurled as food for crocodiles. It appeared that this punishment was dreaded by the natives more than the bullet or rope, and it was accordingly adopted by the *trading* parties.

Upon my arrival at Gondokoro I was looked upon by all these parties as a spy sent by the British Government. Whenever I approached the encampments of the various traders, I heard the clanking of fetters before I reached the station, as the slaves were being quickly driven into hiding-places to avoid inspection. They were chained by two rings secured round the ankles, and connected by three or four links. One of these traders was a Copt, the father of the American Consul at Khartoum; and, to my surprise, I saw the vessel full of brigands arrive at Gondokoro, with the American flag flying at the mast-head.

Gondokoro was a perfect hell. It is utterly ignored by the Egyptian authorities, although well known to

be a colony of cut-throats. Nothing would be easier than to send a few officers and two hundred men from Khartoum to form a military government, and thus impede the slave-trade; but a bribe from the traders to the authorities is sufficient to insure an uninterrupted asylum for any amount of villainy. The camps were full of slaves, and the Bari natives assured me that there were large depôts of slaves in the interior belonging to the traders that would be marched to Gondokoro for shipment to the Soudan a few hours after my departure. I was the great stumbling-block to the trade, and my presence at Gondokoro was considered as an unwarrantable intrusion upon a locality sacred to slavery and iniquity. There were about six hundred of the traders' people at Gondokoro, whose time was passed in drinking, quarrelling, and ill-treating the slaves. The greater number were in a constant state of intoxication, and when in such a state, it was their invariable custom to fire off their guns in the first direction prompted by their drunken instincts; thus, from morning till night, guns were popping in all quarters, and the bullets humming through the air sometimes close to our ears, and on more than one occasion they struck up the dust at my feet. Nothing was more probable than a ball through the head by *accident*, which might have had the beneficial effect of

ridding the traders from a spy. A boy was sitting upon the gunwale of one of the boats, when a bullet suddenly struck him in the head, shattering the skull to atoms. *No one had done it.* The body fell into the water, and the fragments of the skull were scattered on the deck.

After a few days' detention at Gondokoro, I saw unmistakable signs of discontent among my men, who had evidently been tampered with by the different traders' parties. One evening several of the most disaffected came to me with a complaint that they had not enough meat, and that they must be allowed to make a razzia upon the cattle of the natives to procure some oxen. This demand being of course refused, they retired, muttering in an insolent manner their determination of stealing cattle with or without my permission. I said nothing at the time, but early on the following morning I ordered the drum to beat, and the men to fall in. I made them a short address, reminding them of the agreement made at Khartoum to follow me faithfully, and of the compact that had been entered into, that they were neither to indulge in slave-hunting nor in cattle-stealing. The only effect of my address was a great outbreak of insolence on the part of the ringleader of the previous evening. This fellow, named Eesur, was an Arab, and his imper-

tinence was so violent, that I immediately ordered him twenty-five lashes, as an example to the others.

Upon the vakeel (Saati) advancing to seize him, there was a general mutiny. Many of the men threw down their guns and seized sticks, and rushed to the rescue of their tall ringleader. Saati was a little man, and was perfectly helpless. Here was an escort! these were the men upon whom I was to depend in hours of difficulty and danger on an expedition in unknown regions; these were the fellows that I had considered to be reduced "from wolves to lambs!"

I was determined not to be done, and to insist upon the punishment of the ringleader. I accordingly went towards him with the intention of seizing him; but he, being backed by upwards of forty men, had the impertinence to attack me, rushing forward with a fury that was ridiculous. To stop his blow, and to knock him into the middle of the crowd, was not difficult; and after a rapid repetition of the dose, I disabled him, and seizing him by the throat, I called to my vakeel Saati for a rope to bind him, but in an instant I had a crowd of men upon me to rescue their leader. How the affair would have ended I cannot say; but as the scene lay within ten yards of my boat, my wife, who was ill with fever in the cabin, witnessed the whole affray, and seeing me surrounded, she rushed

out, and in a few moments she was in the middle of the crowd, who at that time were endeavouring to rescue my prisoner. Her sudden appearance had a curious effect, and calling upon several of the least mutinous to assist, she very pluckily made her way up to me. Seizing the opportunity of an indecision that was for the moment evinced by the crowd, I shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum. In an instant the drum beat, and at the top of my voice I ordered the men to "fall in." It is curious how mechanically an order is obeyed if given at the right moment, even in the midst of mutiny. Two-thirds of the men fell in, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with the ringleader, Eesur, whom they led away, declaring that he was badly hurt. The affair ended in my insisting upon all forming in line, and upon the ringleader being brought forward. In this critical moment Mrs. Baker, with great tact, came forward and implored me to forgive him if he kissed my hand and begged for pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who, although a few minutes before in open mutiny, now called upon their ringleader Eesur to apologise, and that all would be right. I made them rather a bitter speech, and dismissed them.

From that moment I knew that my expedition was fated. This outbreak was an example of what was to

follow. Previous to leaving Khartoum I had felt convinced that I could not succeed with such villains for escort as these Khartoumers: thus I had applied to the Egyptian authorities for a few troops, but had been refused. I was now in an awkward position. All my men had received five months' wages in advance, according to the custom of the White Nile; thus I had no control over them. There were no Egyptian authorities in Gondokoro; it was a nest of robbers; and my men had just exhibited so pleasantly their attachment to me, and their fidelity. There was no European beyond Gondokoro, thus I should be the only white man among this colony of wolves; and I had in perspective a difficult and uncertain path, where the only chance of success lay in the complete discipline of my escort, and the perfect organization of the expedition. After the scene just enacted I felt sure that my escort would give me more cause of anxiety than the acknowledged hostility of the natives.

I made arrangements with a Circassian trader, Koorshid Aga, for the purchase of a few oxen, and a fat beast was immediately slaughtered for the men. They were shortly in the best humour, feasting upon masses of flesh cut in strips and laid for a few minutes upon the embers, while the regular meal was being prepared. They were now almost affectionate, vowing that they

would follow me to the end of the world; while the late ringleader, in spite of his countenance being rather painted in the late row, declared that no man would be so true as himself, and that every "arrow should pass through him before it should reach me" in the event of a conflict with the natives. A very slight knowledge of human nature was required to foresee the future with such an escort:—if love and duty were dependent upon full bellies, mutiny and disorder would appear with hard fare. However, by having parade every morning at a certain hour I endeavoured to establish a degree of regularity. I had been waiting at Gondokoro twelve days, expecting the arrival of Debono's party from the south, with whom I wished to return. Suddenly, on the 15th February, I heard the rattle of musketry at a great distance, and a dropping fire from the south. To give an idea of the moment I must extract *verbatim* from my journal as written at the time.

"Guns firing in the distance; Debono's ivory porters arriving, for whom I have waited. My men rushed madly to my boat, with the report that two white men were with them who had come from the *sea!* Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality; hurrah for old England!! they had come from the Victoria N'yanza,

from which the Nile springs. . . . The mystery of ages solved. With my pleasure of meeting them is the one disappointment, that I had not met them farther on the road in my search for them; however, the satisfaction is, that my previous arrangements had been such as would have insured my finding them had they been in a fix. . . . My projected route would have brought me *vis-à-vis* with them, as they had come from the lake by the course I had proposed to take. . . . All my men perfectly mad with excitement, firing salutes as usual with ball cartridge, they shot one of my donkeys; a melancholy sacrifice as an offering at the completion of this geographical discovery."

When I first met them they were walking along the bank of the river towards my boats. At a distance of about a hundred yards I recognised my old friend Speke, and with a heart beating with joy I took off my cap and gave a welcome hurrah! as I ran towards him. For the moment he did not recognise me; ten years' growth of beard and moustache had worked a change; and as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance in the centre of Africa appeared to him incredible. I hardly required an introduction to his companion, as we felt already acquainted, and after the transports of this happy meeting we walked together to my diahbiah; my men surrounding us with smoke

and noise by keeping up an unremitting fire of musketry the whole way. We were shortly seated on deck under the awning, and such rough fare as could be hastily prepared was set before these two ragged, careworn specimens of African travel, whom I looked upon with feelings of pride as my own countrymen. As a good ship arrives in harbour, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and seaworthy to the last, so both these gallant travellers arrived in Gondokoro. Speke appeared the more worn of the two; he was excessively lean, but in reality he was in good tough condition; he had walked the whole way from Zanzibar, never having once ridden during that wearying march. Grant was in honourable rags; his bare knees projecting through the remnants of trowsers that were an exhibition of rough industry in tailor's work. He was looking tired and feverish, but both men had a fire in the eye that showed the spirit that had led them through.

They wished to leave Gondokoro as soon as possible, *en route* for England, but delayed their departure until the moon should be in a position for an observation for determining the longitude. My boats were fortunately engaged by me for five months, thus Speke and Grant could take charge of them to Khartoum.

At the first blush on meeting them I had considered

my expedition as terminated by having met them, and by their having accomplished the discovery of the Nile source; but upon my congratulating them with all my heart, upon the honour they had so nobly earned, Speke and Grant with characteristic candour and generosity gave me a map of their route, showing that they had been unable to complete the actual exploration of the Nile, and that a most important portion still remained to be determined. It appeared that in N. lat. 2° 17′, they had crossed the Nile, which they had tracked from the Victoria Lake; but the river, which from its exit from that lake had a northern course, turned suddenly to the *west* from Karuma Falls (the point at which they crossed it at lat. 2° 17′). They did not see the Nile again until they arrived in N. lat. 3° 32′, which was then flowing from the W.S.W. The natives and the King of Unyoro (Kamrasi) had assured them that the Nile from the Victoria N'yanza, which they had crossed at Karuma, flowed westward for several days' journey, and at length fell into a large lake called the Luta N'zige; that this lake came from the south, and that the Nile on entering the northern extremity almost immediately made its exit, and as a navigable river continued its course to the north, through the Koshi and Madi countries. Both Speke and Grant attached great importance to this lake Luta N'zige, and the former

was much annoyed that it had been impossible for them to carry out the exploration. He foresaw that stay-at-home geographers, who, with a comfortable arm-chair to sit in, travel so easily with their fingers on a map, would ask him why he had not gone from such a place to such a place? why he had not followed the Nile to the Luta N'zige lake, and from the lake to Gondokoro? As it happened, it was impossible for Speke and Grant to follow the Nile from Karuma:—the tribes were fighting with Kamrasi, and no strangers could have got through the country. Accordingly they procured their information most carefully, completed their map, and laid down the reported lake in its supposed position, showing the Nile as both influent and effluent precisely as had been explained by the natives.

Speke expressed his conviction that the Luta N'zige must be a second source of the Nile, and that geographers would be dissatisfied that he had not explored it. To me this was most gratifying. I had been much disheartened at the idea that the great work was accomplished, and that nothing remained for exploration; I even said to Speke, "Does not one leaf of the laurel remain for me?" I now heard that the field was not only open, but that an additional interest was given to the exploration by the proof that the Nile flowed out of one great lake, the Victoria, but that it evidently

must derive an additional supply from an unknown lake as it entered it at the *northern* extremity, while the body of the lake came from the south. The fact of a great body of water such as the Luta N'zige extending in a direct line from south to north, while the general system of drainage of the Nile was from the same direction, showed most conclusively, that the Luta N'zige, if it existed in the form assumed, must have an important position in the basin of the Nile.

My expedition had naturally been rather costly, and being in excellent order it would have been heart-breaking to have returned fruitlessly. I therefore arranged immediately for my departure, and Speke most kindly wrote in my journal such instructions as might be useful. I therefore copy them *verbatim* :—

"Before you leave this be sure you engage two men, one speaking the Bari or Madi language, and one speaking Kinyoro, to be your interpreters through the whole journey, for there are only two distinct families of languages in the country, though of course some dialectic differences, which can be easily overcome by anybody who knows the family language. . . . Now, as you are bent on first going to visit Kamrasi M'Kamma, or King of Unyoro, and then to see as much of the western countries bordering on the little Luta N'zige, or "dead locust" lake, as possible, go

in company with the ivory hunters across the Asua river to Apuddo eight marches, and look for game to the east of that village. Two marches further on will bring you to Panyoro, where there are antelopes in great quantity; and in one march more the Turks' farthest outpost, Faloro, will be reached, where you had better form a depôt, and make a flying trip across the White Nile to Koshi for the purpose of inquiring what tribes live to west and south of it, especially of the Wallegga; how the river comes from the south, and where it is joined by the little Luta N'zige. Inquire also after the country of Chopi, and what difficulties or otherwise you would have to overcome if you followed up the left bank of the White river to Kamrasi's; because, if found easy, it would be far nearer and better to reach Kamrasi that way than going through the desert jungles of Ukidi, as we went. This is the way I should certainly go myself, but if you do not like the look of it, preserve your information well; and after returning to Faloro, make Koki per Chougi in two marches, and tell old Chougi you wish to visit his M'Kamma Kamrasi, for Chougi was appointed Governor-general of that place by Kamrasi to watch the Wakidi, who live between his residence and Chopi, which is the next country you will reach after passing through the jungles of Ukidi

and crossing the Nile below Karuma Falls. Arrived at Chopi, inquire for the residence of the Katikiro or commander-in-chief, who will show you great respect, give you cows and pombé, and send messengers on to Kamrasi to acquaint him of your intention to visit him. This is the richest part of Kamrasi's possessions, and by a little inquiry you will learn much about the lake. Kamrasi's brother Rionga lives on a river island within one march of this. They are deadly enemies and always fighting, so if you made a mistake and went to Rionga's first, as the Turks would wish you to do, all travelling in Unyoro would be cut off. Tell the Katikiro all your plans frankly, and remark earnestly upon my great displeasure at Kamrasi's having detained me so long in his country without deigning to see me, else he may be assured no other white man will ever take the trouble to see him. We came down the river in boats from Kamrasi's to Chopi, but the boatmen gave much trouble, therefore it would be better for you to go overland. Kamrasi will most likely send Kidgwiga, an excellent officer, to escort you to his palace, but if he does not, ask after him; you could not have a better man.

"Arrived at Kamrasi's, insist upon seeing all his fat wives and brothers. Find out all you can about

his pedigree, and ask for leave to follow up the lake from its *junction* with the Nile to Utumbi, and then crossing to its northern bank follow it down to Ullegga and Koshi. If you are so fortunate as to reach Utumbi, and don't wish to go farther south, inquire well about Ruanda, the M'Fumbiro mountains, if there is any copper in Ruanda, and whether or not the people of those countries receive Simbi (the cowrie shell) or any other articles of merchandize from the west coast, guarding well that no confusion is made with the trade of Karagwé, for Rumanika sends men to Utumbi ivory-hunting continually.

"Remember well that the Wahuma are most likely Gallas; this question is most interesting, and the more you can gather of their history, since they crossed the White Nile, the better. Formerly Unyoro, Uganda, and Uddhu were all united in one vast kingdom called Kittara, but this name is now only applied to certain portions of that kingdom.

"Nothing is known of the mountains of the moon to the westward of Ruanda. In Unyoro the king will feed you; beyond that I suspect you will have to buy food with beads."

Such was the information most kindly written by Speke, which, in addition to a map drawn by Captain Grant, and addressed to the Secretary of the Royal

Geographical Society, was to be my guide in the important exploration resolved upon. I am particular in publishing these details, in order to show the perfect freedom from jealousy of both Captains Speke and Grant. Unfortunately, in most affairs of life, there is not only fair emulation, but ambition is too often combined with intense jealousy of others. Had this miserable feeling existed in the minds of Speke and Grant, they would have returned to England with the sole honour of discovering the source of the Nile; but in their true devotion to geographical science, and especially to the specific object of their expedition, they gave me all information to assist in the completion of the great problem—the "Nile Sources."

We were all ready to start. Speke and Grant, and their party of twenty-two people, for Egypt, and I in the opposite direction. At this season there were many boats at Gondokoro belonging to the traders' parties, among which were four belonging to Mr. Petherick, three of which were open cargo boats, and one remarkably nice dahbiah, named the "Kathleen," that was waiting for Mrs. Petherick and her husband, who were supposed to be at their trading station, the Niambara, about seventy miles west of Gondokoro; but no accounts had been heard of them. On the 20th February they suddenly arrived from the Niambara, with their people

and ivory, and were surprised at seeing so large a party of English in so desolate a spot. It is a curious circumstance, that although many Europeans had been as far south as Gondokoro, I was the first Englishman that had ever reached it. We now formed a party of four.

Gondokoro has a poor and sandy soil, so unproductive, that corn is in the greatest scarcity, and is always brought from Khartoum by the annual boats for the supply of the traders' people, who congregate there from the interior, in the months of January and February, to deliver the ivory for shipment to Khartoum. Corn is seldom or never less than eight times the price of Khartoum; this is a great drawback to the country, as each trading party that arrives with ivory from the interior brings with it five or six hundred native porters, all of whom have to be fed during their stay at Gondokoro, and in many cases, in times of scarcity, they starve. This famine has given a bad name to the locality, and it is accordingly difficult to procure porters from the interior, who naturally fear starvation.

I was thus extremely sorry that I was obliged to refuse a supply of corn to Mr. Petherick upon his application—an act of necessity, but not of ill-nature upon my part, as I was obliged to leave a certain quantity

in depôt at Gondokoro, in case I should be driven back from the interior, in the event of which, without a supply in depôt, utter starvation would have been the fate of my party. Mr. Petherick accordingly despatched one of his boats to the Shir tribe down the White Nile to purchase corn in exchange for molotes (native hoes). The boat returned with corn on the 11th of March.

On the 26th February, Speke and Grant sailed from Gondokoro. Our hearts were too full to say more than a short "God bless you!" They had won their victory; my work lay all before me. I watched their boat until it turned the corner, and wished them in my heart all honour for their great achievement. I trusted to sustain the name they had won for English perseverance, and I looked forward to meeting them again in dear old England, when I should have completed the work we had so warmly planned together.

CHAPTER III.

GUN ACCIDENT.

A DAY before the departure of Speke and Grant from Gondokoro, an event occurred which appeared as a bad omen to the superstitions of my men. I had ordered the diahbiah to be prepared for sailing: thus, the cargo having been landed, and the boat cleared and washed, we were sitting in the cabin, when a sudden explosion close to the windows startled us from our seats, and the consternation of a crowd of men who were on the bank, showed that some accident had happened. I immediately ran out, and found that the servants had laid all my rifles upon a mat upon the ground, and that one of the men had *walked over* the guns; his foot striking the hammer of one of the No. 10 Reilly rifles, had momentarily raised it from the nipple, and an instantaneous explosion was the consequence. The rifle was loaded for elephants, with seven drachms of

powder. There was a quantity of luggage most fortunately lying before the muzzle, but the effects of the discharge were extraordinary. The ball struck the steel scabbard of a sword, tearing off the ring; it then passed obliquely through the stock of a large rifle, and burst through the shoulder-plate; entering a packing-case of inch-deal, it passed through it and through the legs of a man who was sitting at some distance, and striking the hip-bone of another man, who was sitting at some paces beyond, it completely smashed both hips, and fortunately being expended, it lodged in the body. Had it not been for the first objects happily in the route of the ball, it would have killed several men, as they were sitting in a crowd exactly before the muzzle.

Dr. Murie, who had accompanied Mr. Petherick, very kindly paid the wounded men every attention, but he with the smashed hip died in a few hours, apparently without pain.

After the departure of Speke and Grant, I moved my tent to the high ground above the river; the effluvium from the filth of some thousands of people was disgusting, and fever was prevalent in all quarters. Both of us were suffering; also Mr. and Mrs. Petherick, and many of my men, one of whom died. My animals were all healthy, but the donkeys and camels were

attacked by a bird, about the size of a thrush, which caused them great uneasiness. This bird is a greenish-brown colour, with a powerful red beak, and excessively strong claws. It is a perfect pest to the animals, and positively eats them into holes. The original object of the bird in settling upon the animal is to search for vermin, but it is not contented with the mere insects, and industriously pecks holes in all parts of the animal, more especially on the back. A wound once established, adds to the attraction, and the unfortunate animal is so pestered that it has no time to eat. I was obliged to hire little boys to watch the donkeys, and to drive off these plagues; but so determined and bold were the birds, that I have constantly seen them run under the body of the donkey, clinging to the belly with their feet, and thus retreating to the opposite side of the animal when chased by the watch-boys. In a few days my animals were full of wounds, excepting the horses, whose long tails were effectual whisks. Although the temperature was high, 95° Fahr., the wind was frequently cold at about three o'clock in the morning, and one of my horses, "Priest," that I had lately purchased of the Mission, became paralysed, and could not rise from the ground. After several days' endeavours to cure him, I was obliged to shoot him, as the poor animal could not eat.

I now weighed all my baggage, and found that I had fifty-four cantars (100 lbs. each). The beads, copper, and ammunition were the terrible onus. I therefore applied to Mahommed, the vakeel of Andrea Debono, who had escorted Speke and Grant, and I begged his co-operation in the expedition. These people had brought down a large quantity of ivory from the interior, and had therefore a number of porters who would return empty-handed; I accordingly arranged with Mahommed for fifty porters, who would much relieve the backs of my animals from Gondokoro to the station at Faloro, about twelve days' march. At Faloro I intended to leave my heavy baggage in depôt, and to proceed direct to Kamrasi's country. I promised Mahommed that I would use my influence in all new countries that I might discover, to open a road for his ivory trade, provided that he would agree to conduct it by legitimate purchase, and I gave him a list of the quality of beads most desirable for Kamrasi's country, according to the description I had received from Speke.

Mahommed promised to accompany me, not only to his camp at Faloro, but throughout the whole of my expedition, provided that I would assist him in procuring ivory, and that I would give him a handsome present. All was agreed upon, and my own men appeared in high spirits at the prospect of joining so

large a party as that of Mahommed, which mustered about two hundred men.

At that time I really placed dependence upon the professions of Mahommed and his people; they had just brought Speke and Grant with them, and had received from them presents of a first-class double-barrelled gun and several valuable rifles. I had promised not only to assist them in their ivory expeditions, but to give them something very handsome in addition, and the fact of my having upwards of forty men as escort was also an introduction, as they would be an addition to the force, which is a great advantage in hostile countries. Everything appeared to be in good train, but I little knew the duplicity of these Arab scoundrels. At the very moment that they were most friendly, they were plotting to deceive me, and to prevent me from entering the country. They knew, that should I penetrate the interior, the *ivory trade* of the White Nile would be no longer a mystery, and that the atrocities of the slave trade would be exposed, and most likely be terminated by the intervention of European Powers; accordingly they combined to prevent my advance, and to overthrow my expedition completely. The whole of the men belonging to the various traders were determined that no Englishman should penetrate into the country; accordingly they fraternised with my escort,

and persuaded them that I was a Christian dog, that it was a disgrace for a Mahommedan to serve; that they would be starved in my service, as I would not allow them to steal cattle; that they would have no slaves; and that I should lead them—God knew where—to the sea, from whence Speke and Grant had started; that they had left Zanzibar with two hundred men, and had only arrived at Gondokoro with eighteen, thus the remainder must have been killed by the natives on the road; that if they followed me, and arrived at Zanzibar, I should find a ship waiting to take me to England, and I should leave them to die in a strange country. Such were the reports circulated to prevent my men from accompanying me, and it was agreed that Mahommed should fix a day for our pretended start *in company*, but that he would in reality start a few days before the time appointed; and that my men should mutiny, and join his party in cattle-stealing and slave-hunting. This was the substance of the plot thus carefully concocted.

My men evinced a sullen demeanour, neglected all orders, and I plainly perceived a settled discontent upon their general expression. The donkeys and camels were allowed to stray, and were daily missing, and recovered with difficulty; the luggage was overrun with white ants instead of being attended to every

morning; the men absented themselves without leave, and were constantly in the camps of the different traders. I was fully prepared for some difficulty, but I trusted that when once on the march I should be able to get them under discipline.

Among my people were two blacks: one, "Richarn," already described as having been brought up by the Austrian Mission at Khartoum; the other, a boy of twelve years old, "Saat." As these were the only really faithful members of the expedition, it is my duty to describe them. Richarn was an habitual drunkard, but he had his good points; he was honest, and much attached to both master and mistress. He had been with me for some months, and was a fair sportsman, and being an entirely different race to the Arabs, he kept himself apart from them, and fraternised with the boy Saat.

Saat was a boy that would do no evil; he was honest to a superlative degree, and a great exception to the natives of this wretched country. He was a native of "Fertit," and was minding his father's goats, when a child of about six years old, at the time of his capture by the Baggāra Arabs. He described vividly how men on camels suddenly appeared while he was in the wilderness with his flock, and how he was forcibly seized and thrust into a large gum sack, and slung upon the back of a camel. Upon screaming for help,

the sack was opened, and an Arab threatened him with a knife should he make the slightest noise. Thus quieted, he was carried hundreds of miles through Kordofan to Dongola on the Nile, at which place he was sold to slave-dealers, and taken to Cairo to be sold to the Egyptian government as a drummer-boy. Being too young he was rejected, and while in the dealer's hands he heard from another slave, of the Austrian Mission at Cairo, that would protect him could he only reach their asylum. With extraordinary energy for a child of six years old, he escaped from his master, and made his way to the Mission, where he was well received, and to a certain extent disciplined and taught as much of the Christian religion as he could understand. In company with a branch establishment of the Mission, he was subsequently located at Khartoum, and from thence was sent up the White Nile to a Mission-station in the Shillook country. The climate of the White Nile destroyed thirteen missionaries in the short space of six months, and the boy Saat returned with the remnant of the party to Khartoum, and was re-admitted into the Mission. The establishment was at that time swarming with little black boys from the various White Nile tribes, who repaid the kindness of the missionaries by stealing everything they could lay their hands upon. At length the utter worthlessness

of the boys, their moral obtuseness, and the apparent impossibility of improving them, determined the chief of the Mission to purge his establishment from such imps, and they were accordingly turned out. Poor little Saat, the one grain of gold amidst the mire, shared the same fate.

It was about a week before our departure from Khartoum that Mrs. Baker and I were at tea in the middle of the court-yard, when a miserable boy about twelve years old came uninvited to her side, and knelt down in the dust at her feet. There was something so irresistibly supplicating in the attitude of the child, that the first impulse was to give him something from the table. This was declined, and he merely begged to be allowed to live with us, and to be our boy. He said that he had been turned out of the Mission, merely because the Bari boys of the establishment were thieves, and thus he suffered for their sins. I could not believe it possible that the child had been actually turned out into the streets, and believing that the fault must lay in the boy, I told him I would inquire. In the meantime he was given in charge of the cook.

It happened that, on the following day, I was so much occupied that I forgot to inquire at the Mission; and once more the cool hour of evening arrived when, after

the intense heat of the day, we sat at table in the open court-yard ; it was refreshed by being plentifully watered. Hardly were we seated, when again the boy appeared, kneeling in the dust, with his head lowered at my wife's feet, and imploring to be allowed to follow us. It was in vain that I explained that we had a boy, and did not require another ; that the journey was long and difficult, and that he might perhaps die. The boy feared nothing, and craved simply that he might belong to us. He had no place of shelter, no food ; had been stolen from his parents, and was a helpless outcast.

The next morning, accompanied by Mrs. Baker, I went to the Mission and heard that the boy had borne an excellent character, and that it must have been *by mistake* that he had been turned out with the others. This being conclusive, Saat was immediately adopted. Mrs. Baker was shortly at work making him some useful clothes, and in an incredibly short time a great change was effected. As he came from the hands of the cook—after a liberal use of soap and water, and attired in trousers, blouse, and belt—the new boy appeared in a new character.

From that time he considered himself as belonging absolutely to his mistress. He was taught by her to sew ; Richarn instructed him in the mysteries of wait-

ing at table, and washing plates, &c.; while I taught him to shoot, and gave him a light double-barrelled gun. This was his greatest pride.

In the evening, when the day's work was done, Saat was allowed to sit near his mistress; and he was at times amused and instructed by stories of Europe and Europeans, and anecdotes from the Bible adapted to his understanding, combined with the first principles of Christianity. He was very ignorant, notwithstanding his advantages in the Mission, but he possessed the first grand rudiments of all religion—honesty of purpose. Although a child of only twelve years old, he was so perfectly trustworthy that, at the period of our arrival at Gondokoro, he was more to be depended upon than my vakeel, and nothing could occur among my mutinous escort without the boy's knowledge: thus he reported the intended mutiny of the people when there was no other means of discovering it, and without Saat I should have had no information of their plots.

Not only was the boy trustworthy, but he had an extraordinary amount of moral in addition to physical courage. If any complaint were made, and Saat was called as a witness—far from the shyness too often evinced when the accuser is brought face to face with the accused—such was Saat's proudest moment; and,

no matter who the man might be, the boy would challenge him, regardless of all consequences.

We were very fond of this boy; he was thoroughly good; and in that land of iniquity, thousands of miles away from all except what was evil, there was a comfort in having some one innocent and faithful, in whom to trust.

We were to start upon the following Monday. Mahommed had paid me a visit, assuring me of his devotion, and begging me to have my baggage in marching order, as he would send me fifty porters on the Monday, and we would move off in company. At the very moment that he thus professed, he was coolly deceiving me. He had arranged to start without me on the Saturday, while he was proposing to march together on the Monday. This I did not know at the time.

One morning I had returned to the tent after having, as usual, inspected the transport animals, when I observed Mrs. Baker looking extraordinarily pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the presence of the vakeel (headman). There was something in her manner, so different to her usual calm, that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel, "Whether the men were willing to march?" Perfectly ready was the

reply. "Then order them to strike the tent, and load the animals; we start this moment." The man appeared confused, but not more so than I. Something was evidently on foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered, and to my astonishment I heard the accusation made against him, that, "during the night, the whole of the escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them." At first this charge was indignantly denied until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward, and declared that the conspiracy was entered into by the whole of the escort, and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night; at daybreak the boy had reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery, and murder were thus deliberately determined.

I immediately ordered an angarep (travelling bedstead) to be placed outside the tent under a large tree; upon this I laid five double-barrelled guns loaded with buck shot, a revolver, and naked sabre as sharp as a razor. A sixth rifle I kept in my hands while I sat upon the angarep, with Richarn and Saat both with double-barrelled guns behind me. Formerly

I had supplied each of my men with a piece of mackintosh waterproof to be tied over the locks of their guns during the march. I now ordered the drum to be beat, and all the men to form in line in marching order, with their locks *tied up in the waterproof.* I requested Mrs. Baker to stand behind me, and to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his locks, when I should give the order to lay down their arms. The act of uncovering the locks would prove his intention, in which event I intended to shoot him immediately, and take my chance with the rest of the conspirators.

I had quite determined that these scoundrels should not rob me of my own arms and ammunition, if I could prevent it.

The drum beat, and the vakeel himself went into the men's quarters, and endeavoured to prevail upon them to answer the call. At length fifteen assembled in line; the others were nowhere to be found. The locks of the arms were secured by mackintosh as ordered; it was thus impossible for any man to fire at me until he should have released his locks.

Upon assembling in line I ordered them immediately to lay down their arms. This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do. "Down with your guns this moment," I shouted, "sons of dogs!"

And at the sharp click of the locks, as I quickly cocked the rifle that I held in my hands, the cowardly mutineers widened their line and wavered. Some retreated a few paces to the rear; others sat down, and laid their guns on the ground; while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat in twos, or singly, under the various trees about eighty paces distant. Taking advantage of their indecision, I immediately rose and ordered my vakeel and Richarn to disarm them as they were thus scattered. Foreseeing that the time had arrived for actual physical force, the cowards capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition if I would give them their written discharge. I disarmed them immediately, and the vakeel having written a discharge for the fifteen men present, I wrote upon each paper the word "mutineer" above my signature. None of them being able to read, and this being written in English, they unconsciously carried the evidence of their own guilt, which I resolved to punish should I ever find them on my return to Khartoum.

Thus disarmed, they immediately joined other of the traders' parties. These fifteen men were the "Jalyns" of my party, the remainder being Dongolowas: both Arabs of the Nile, north of Khartoum. The Dongolowas had not appeared when summoned by the drum, and my vakeel being of their nation,

I impressed upon him his responsibility for the mutiny, and that he would end his days in prison at Khartoum should my expedition fail.

The boy "Saat" and "Richarn" now assured me that the men had intended to fire at me, but that they were frightened at seeing us thus prepared, but that I must not expect one man of the Dongolowas to be any more faithful than the Jalyns. I ordered the vakeel to hunt up the men, and to bring me their guns, threatening that if they refused I would shoot any man that I found with one of my guns in his hands.

There was no time for mild measures. I had only Saat (a mere child), and Richarn, upon whom I could depend; and I resolved with them alone to accompany Mahommed's people to the interior, and to trust to good fortune for a chance of proceeding.

I was feverish and ill with worry and anxiety, and I was lying down upon my mat, when I suddenly heard guns firing in all directions, drums beating, and the customary signs of either an arrival or departure of a trading party. Presently a messenger arrived from Koorshid Aga, the Circassian, to announce the departure of Mahommed's party without me; and my vakeel appeared with a message from the same people, that "if I followed on their road (my proposed route), they

would fire upon me and my party, as they would allow no English spies in their country."

My vakeel must have known of this preconcerted arrangement. I now went to the Circassian, Koorshid, who had always been friendly personally. In an interview with him, I made him understand that nothing should drive me back to Khartoum, but that, as I was now helpless, I begged him to give me ten elephant-hunters; that I would pay one-half of their wages, and amuse myself in hunting and exploring in any direction until the following year, he to take the ivory; by which time I could receive thirty black soldiers from Khartoum, with whom I should commence my journey to the lake. I begged him to procure me thirty good blacks at Khartoum, and to bring them with him to Gondokoro next season, where I arranged to meet him. This he agreed to, and I returned to my tent delighted at a chance of escaping complete failure, although I thus encountered a delay of twelve months before I could commence my legitimate voyage. That accomplished, I was comparatively happy; the disgrace of returning to Khartoum beaten, would have been insupportable.

That night I slept well, and we sat under our shady tree by the tent-door at sunrise on the following morning, drinking our coffee with contentment. Pre-

sently, from a distance, I saw Koorshid, the Circassian, approaching with his partner. Coffee and pipes were ready *instanter*, both the boy Saat and Richarn looked upon him as a friend and ally, as it was arranged that ten of his hunters were to accompany us. Before he sipped his coffee he took me by the hand, and with great confusion of manner he confessed that he was ashamed to come and visit me. "The moment you left me yesterday," said he, "I called my vakeel and headman, and ordered them to select the ten best men of my party to accompany you; but instead of obeying me as usual, they declared that nothing would induce them to serve under you; that you were a spy who would report their proceedings to the Government, and that they should all be ruined; that you were not only a spy on the slave-trade, but that you were a madman, who would lead them into distant and unknown countries, where both you and your wife and they would all be murdered by the natives; thus they would mutiny immediately, should you be forced upon them." My last hope was gone. Of course I thanked Koorshid for his good-will, and explained that I should not think of intruding myself upon his party, but that at the same time they should not drive me out of the country. I had abundance of stores and ammunition, and now that my men had deserted me, I had suffi-

cient corn to supply my small party for twelve months; I had also a quantity of garden-seeds, that I had brought with me in the event of becoming a prisoner in the country; I should therefore make a zareeba or camp at Gondokoro, and remain there until I should receive men and supplies in the following season. I now felt independent, having preserved my depôt of corn. I was at least proof against famine for twelve months. Koorshid endeavoured to persuade me that my party of only a man and a boy would be certainly insulted and attacked by the insolent natives of the Bari tribe should I remain alone at Gondokoro after the departure of the traders' parties. I told him that I preferred the natives to the traders' people, and that I was resolved; I merely begged him to lend me one of his little slave boys as an interpreter, as I had no means of communicating with the natives. This he promised to do.

After Koorshid's departure, we sat silently for some minutes, both my wife and I occupied by the same thoughts.

No expedition had ever been more carefully planned; everything had been well arranged to insure success. My transport animals were in good condition; their saddles and pads had been made under my own inspection; my arms, ammunition, and supplies were abun-

dant, and I was ready to march at five minutes' notice to any part of Africa; but the expedition, so costly, and so carefully organized, was completely ruined by the very people whom I had engaged to protect it. They had not only deserted, but they had conspired to murder. There was no law in these wild regions but brute force; human life was of no value; murder was a pastime, as the murderer could escape all punishment. Mr. Petherick's vakeel had just been shot dead by one of his own men, and such events were too common to create much attention. We were utterly helpless; the whole of the people against us, and openly threatening. For myself personally I had no anxiety, but the fact of Mrs. Baker being with me was my greatest care. I dared not think of her position in the event of my death amongst such savages as those around her. These thoughts were shared by her; but she, knowing that I had resolved to succeed, never once hinted an advice for retreat.

Richarn was as faithful as Saat, and I accordingly confided in him my resolution to leave all my baggage in charge of a friendly chief of the Bari's at Gondokoro, and to take two fast dromedaries for him and Saat, and two horses for Mrs. Baker and myself, and to make a push through the hostile tribe for three days, to arrive among friendly people at "Moir," from which

place I trusted to fortune. I arranged that the dromedaries should carry a few beads, ammunition, and the astronomical instruments.

Richarn said the idea was very mad; that the natives would do nothing for beads; that he had had great experience on the White Nile when with a former master, and that the natives would do nothing without receiving cows as payment; that it was of no use being good to them, as they had no respect for any virtue but "force;" that we should most likely be murdered; but that if I ordered him to go, he was ready to obey.

> "Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
> To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

I was delighted with Richarn's rough and frank fidelity. Ordering the horses to be brought, I carefully pared their feet—their hard, flinty hoofs, that had never felt a shoe, were in excellent order for a gallop, if necessary. All being ready, I sent for the chief of Gondokoro. Meanwhile a Bari boy arrived from Koorshid to act as my interpreter.

The Bari chief was, as usual, smeared all over with red ochre and fat, and had the shell of a small land-tortoise suspended to his elbow as an ornament. He brought me a large jar of merissa (native beer), and said

"he had been anxious to see the white man who did not steal cattle, neither kidnap slaves, but that I should do no good in that country, as the traders did not wish me to remain." He told me "that all people were bad, both natives and traders, and that force was necessary in this country." I tried to discover whether he had any respect for good and upright conduct. "Yes," he said; "all people say that you are different to the Turks and traders, but that character will not help you; it is all very good and very right, but you see your men have all deserted, thus you must go back to Khartoum; you can do nothing here without plenty of men and guns." I proposed to him my plan of riding quickly through the Bari tribe to Moir; he replied, "Impossible! If I were to beat the great nogāras (drums), and call my people together to explain who you were, they would not hurt you; but there are many petty chiefs who do not obey me, and their people would certainly attack you when crossing some swollen torrent, and what could you do with only a man and a boy?"

His reply to my question concerning the value of beads corroborated Richarn's statement; nothing could be purchased for anything but cattle; the traders had commenced the system of stealing herds of cattle from one tribe to barter with the next neighbour; thus the

entire country was in anarchy and confusion, and beads were of no value. My plan for a dash through the country was impracticable.

I therefore called my vakeel, and threatened him with the gravest punishment on my return to Khartoum. I wrote to Sir R. Colquhoun, H.M. Consul-General for Egypt, which letter I sent by one of the return boats; and I explained to my vakeel that the complaint to the British authorities would end in his imprisonment, and that in case of my death through violence he would be assuredly hanged. After frightening him thoroughly, I suggested that he should induce some of the mutineers, who were Dongolowas (his own tribe), many of whom were his relatives, to accompany me, in which case I would forgive them their past misconduct.

In the course of the afternoon he returned with the news, that he had arranged with seventeen of the men, but that they refused to march towards the south, and would accompany me to the east if I wished to explore that part of the country. Their plea for refusing a southern route was the hostility of the Bari tribe. They also proposed a condition, that I should "*leave all my transport animals and baggage behind me.*"

To this insane request, which completely nullified

their offer to start, I only replied by vowing vengeance against the vakeel.

Their time was passed in vociferously quarrelling among themselves during the day, and in close conference with the vakeel during the night, the substance of which was reported on the following morning by the faithful Saat. The boy recounted their plot. They agreed to march to the east, with the intention of deserting me at the station of a trader named Chenooda, seven days' march from Gondokoro, in the Latooka country, whose men were, like themselves, Dongolowas; they had conspired to mutiny at that place, and to desert to the slave-hunting party with my arms and ammunition, and to shoot me should I attempt to disarm them. They also threatened to shoot my vakeel, who now, through fear of punishment at Khartoum, exerted his influence to induce them to start. Altogether, it was a pleasant state of things.

That night I was asleep in my tent, when I was suddenly awoke by loud screams, and upon listening attentively I distinctly heard the heavy breathing of something in the tent, and I could distinguish a dark object crouching close to the head of my bed. A slight pull at my sleeve showed me that my wife also noticed the object, as this was always the signal that she made if anything occurred at night that required vigilance.

Possessing a share of *sangfroid* admirably adapted for African travel, Mrs. Baker was not a *screamer*, and never even whispered; in the moment of suspected danger, a touch of my sleeve was considered a sufficient warning. My hand had quietly drawn the revolver from under my pillow and noiselessly pointed it within two feet of the dark crouching object, before I asked, "Who is that?" No answer was given—until, upon repeating the question, with my finger touching gently upon the trigger ready to fire, a voice replied, "Fadeela." Never had I been so near to a fatal shot! It was one of the black women of the party, who had crept into the tent for an asylum. Upon striking a light I found that the woman was streaming with blood, being cut in the most frightful manner with the coorbatch (whip of hippopotamus's hide). Hearing the screams continued at some distance from the tent, I found my angels in the act of flogging two women; two men were holding each woman upon the ground by sitting upon her legs and neck, while two men with powerful whips operated upon each woman alternately. Their backs were cut to pieces, and they were literally covered with blood. The brutes had taken upon themselves the task of thus punishing the women for a breach of discipline in being absent without leave. Fadeela had escaped before her punishment had been

completed, and had narrowly escaped being shot by running to the tent without giving warning. Seizing the coorbatch from the hands of one of the executioners, I administered them a dose of their own prescription, to their intense astonishment, as they did not appear conscious of any outrage;—"they were only Slave women." In all such expeditions it is necessary to have women belonging to the party to grind the corn and prepare the food for the men; I had accordingly hired several from their proprietors at Khartoum, and these had been maltreated as described.

I was determined at all hazards to start from Gondokoro for the interior. From long experience with natives of wild countries, I did not despair of obtaining an influence over my men, however bad, could I once quit Gondokoro, and lead them among the wild and generally hostile tribes of the country; they would then be separated from the contagion of the slave-hunting parties, and would feel themselves dependant upon me for guidance. Accordingly I professed to believe in their promises to accompany me to the east, although I knew of their conspiracy; and I trusted that by tact and good management I should eventually thwart all their plans, and, although forced out of my intended course, I should be able to alter my route, and to work round from the east to my original plan

of operations south. The interpreter given by Koorshid Aga had absconded: this was a great loss, as I had no means of communication with the natives except by casually engaging a Bari in the employment of the traders, to whom I was obliged to pay exorbitantly in copper bracelets for a few minutes' conversation.

A party of Koorshid's people had just arrived with ivory from the Latooka country, bringing with them a number of that tribe as porters. These people were the most extraordinary that I had seen;—wearing beautiful helmets of glass beads, and being remarkably handsome. The chief of the party, "Adda," came to my tent, accompanied by a few of his men. He was one of the finest men I ever saw, and he gave me much information concerning his country, and begged me to pay him a visit. He detested the Turks, but he was obliged to serve them, as he had received orders from the great chief "Commoro" to collect porters, and to transport their ivory from Latooka to Gondokoro. I took his portrait, to his great delight, and made him a variety of presents of copper bracelets, beads, and a red cotton handkerchief; the latter was most prized, and he insisted upon wearing it upon his person. He had no intention of wearing his new acquisition for the purpose of decency, but he carefully folded it so as to form a triangle, and then tied it round his waist,

so that the pointed end should hang exactly straight *behind* him. So particular was he, that he was quite half an hour in arranging this simple appendage; and at length he departed with his people, always endeavouring to admire his new finery, by straining his neck in his attempts to look behind him. From morning till night natives of all ranks surrounded the tent to ask for presents; these being generally granted, as it was highly necessary to create a favourable impression. Koorshid's party, who had arrived from Latooka, were to return shortly, but they not only refused to allow me to accompany them, but they declared their intention of forcibly repelling me, should I attempt to advance by their route. This was a grand excuse for my men, who once more refused to proceed. By pressure upon the vakeel they again yielded, but on condition that I would take one of the mutineers named "Bellāal, who wished to join them, but whose offer I had refused, as he had been a notorious ringleader in every mutiny. It was a *sine quâ non* that he was to go; and knowing the character of the man, I felt convinced that it had been arranged that he should head the mutiny conspired to be enacted upon our arrival at Chenooda's camp in the Latooka country. The vakeel of Chenooda, one Mahommed Her, was in constant communication with my

men, which tended to confirm the reports I had heard from the boy Saat. This Mahommed Her started from Gondokoro for Latooka. Koorshid's men would start two days later; these were rival parties, both antagonistic, but occupying the same country, the Latooka; both equally hostile to me, but as the party of Mahommed Her were Dongalowas, and that of Koorshid were Jalyns and Soodānes, I trusted eventually to turn their disputes to my own advantage.

The plan that I had arranged was to leave all the baggage not indispensable with Koorshid Aga at Gondokoro, who would return it to Khartoum. I intended to wait until Koorshid's party should march, when I resolved to follow them, as I did not believe they would dare to oppose me by force, their master himself being friendly. I considered their threats as mere idle boasting, to frighten me from an attempt to follow them; but there was another more serious cause of danger to be apprehended.

On the route, between Gondokoro and Latooka, there was a powerful tribe among the mountains of Ellyria. The chief of that tribe (Leggé) had formerly massacred a hundred and twenty of a trader's party. He was an ally of Koorshid's people, who declared that they would raise the tribe against me, which would end in the defeat or massacre of my party.

There was a difficult pass through the mountains of Ellyria, which it would be impossible to force; thus my small party of seventeen men would be helpless. It would be merely necessary for the traders to request the chief of Ellyria to attack my party to insure its destruction, as the plunder of the baggage would be an ample reward.

There was no time for deliberation. Both the present and the future looked as gloomy as could be imagined; but I had always expected extraordinary difficulties, and they were, if possible, to be surmounted. It was useless to speculate upon chances; there was no hope of success in inaction; and the only resource was to drive through all obstacles without calculating the risk.

Once away from Gondokoro we should be fairly launched on our voyage, the boats would have returned to Khartoum, thus retreat would be cut off; it only remained to push forward, trusting in Providence and good fortune. I had great faith in *presents*. The Arabs are all venal; and, having many valuable effects with me, I trusted, when the proper moment should arrive, to be able to overcome all opposition by an open hand.

The day arrived for the departure of Koorshid's people. They commenced firing their usual signals;

the drums beat; the Turkish ensign led the way; and they marched at 2 o'clock P.M., sending a polite message, "*daring*" me to follow them.

I immediately ordered the tent to be struck, the luggage to be arranged, the animals to be collected, and everything to be ready for the march. Richarn and Saat were in high spirits, even my unwilling men were obliged to work, and by 7 P.M. we were all ready. The camels were too heavily loaded, carrying about seven hundred pounds each. The donkeys were also overloaded, but there was no help for it. Mrs. Baker was well mounted on my good old Abyssinian hunter "Tétel,"* and was carrying several leather bags slung to the pommel, while I was equally loaded on my horse "Filfil;"† in fact, we were all carrying as much as we could stow.

We had neither guide, nor interpreter. Not one native was procurable, all being under the influence of the traders, who had determined to render our advance utterly impossible by preventing the natives from assisting us. All had been threatened, and we, perfectly helpless, commenced the desperate journey in darkness about an hour after sunset.

"Where shall we go?" said the men, just as the order was given to start. "Who can travel without

* "Hartebeest." † "Pepper."

a guide? No one knows the road." The moon was up, and the mountain of Belignan was distinctly visible about nine miles distant. Knowing that the route lay on the east side of that mountain, I led the way, Mrs. Baker riding by my side, and the British flag following close behind us as a guide for the caravan of heavily laden camels and donkeys. We shook hands warmly with Dr. Murie, who had come to see us off, and thus we started on our march in Central Africa on the 26th of March, 1863.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST NIGHT'S MARCH.

THE country was park-like, but much parched by the dry weather. The ground was sandy, but firm, and interspersed with numerous villages, all of which were surrounded with a strong fence of euphorbia. The country was well wooded, being free from bush or jungle, but numerous trees, all evergreens, were scattered over the landscape. No natives were to be seen, but the sound of their drums and singing in chorus was heard in the far distance. Whenever it is moonlight the nights are passed in singing and dancing, beating drums, blowing horns, and the population of whole villages thus congregate together.

After a silent march of two hours we saw watch-fires blazing in the distance, and upon nearer approach we perceived the trader's party bivouacked. Their custom is to march only two or three hours on the

first day of departure, to allow stragglers who may have lagged behind in Gondokoro to rejoin the party before morning.

We were roughly challenged by their sentries as we passed, and were instantly told "not to remain in their neighbourhood." Accordingly we passed on for about half a mile in advance, and bivouacked on some rising ground above a slight hollow in which we found water. All were busy collecting firewood and cutting grass for the donkeys and horses who were piquetted near the fires. The camels were hobbled, and turned to graze upon the branches of a large mimosa. We were not hungry; the constant anxiety had entirely destroyed all appetite. A cup of strong black coffee was the greatest luxury, and not requiring a tent in the clear still night, we were soon asleep on our simple angareps.

Before daylight on the following morning the drum beat; the lazy soldiers, after stretching and yawning, began to load the animals, and we started at six o'clock. In these climates the rising of the sun is always dreaded. For about an hour before sunrise the air is deliciously cool and invigorating, but the sun is regarded as the common enemy. There is, nevertheless, a difficulty in starting before sunrise—the animals cannot be properly loaded in the dark-

ness, and the operation being tedious, the cool hour of morning is always lost.

The morning was clear, and the mountain of Belignan, within three or four miles, was a fine object to direct our course. I could distinctly see some enormous trees at the foot of the mountain near a village, and I hastened forward, as I hoped to procure a guide who would also act as interpreter, many of the natives in the vicinity of Gondokoro having learnt a little Arabic from the traders. We cantered on ahead of the party, regardless of the assurance of our unwilling men that the natives were not to be trusted, and we soon arrived beneath the shade of a cluster of most superb trees. The village was within a quarter of a mile, situated at the very base of the abrupt mountain; the natives seeing us alone had no fear, and soon thronged around us. The chief understood a few words of Arabic, and I offered a large payment of copper bracelets and beads for a guide. After much discussion and bargaining a bad-looking fellow offered to guide us to Ellyria, but no farther. This was about twenty-eight or thirty miles distant, and it was of vital importance that we should pass through that tribe before the trader's party should raise them against us. I had great hopes of outmarching them, as they would be de-

layed in Belignan by ivory transactions with the chief.

While negotiations were pending with the guide, the trader's party appeared in the distance, and avoiding us, they halted on the opposite side of the village. I now tried conciliatory measures, and I sent my vakeel to their headman Ibrahim to talk with him confidentially, and to try to obtain an interpreter in return for a large present.

My vakeel was in an awkward position—he was afraid of me; also mortally afraid of the government in Khartoum; and frightened out of his life at his own men, whose conspiracy to desert he was well aware of. With the cunning of an Arab he started on his mission, accompanied by several of the men, including the arch-mutineer Bellaal. He shortly returned, saying, "that it was perfectly impossible to proceed to the interior; that Ibrahim's party were outrageous at my having followed on their route; that he would neither give an interpreter, nor allow any of the natives to serve me; and that he would give orders to the great chief of Ellyria to prevent me from passing through his country."

At that time the Turks were engaged in business transactions with the natives; it therefore was all important that I should start immediately, and by

a forced march arrive at Ellyria, and get through the pass, before they should communicate with the chief. I had no doubt that, by paying black mail, I should be able to clear Ellyria, provided I was in advance of the Turks, but should they outmarch me there would be no hope; a fight and defeat would be the climax. I accordingly gave orders for an *immediate* start. "Load the camels, my brothers!" I exclaimed, to the sullen ruffians around me; but not a man stirred except Richarn and a fellow named Sali, who began to show signs of improvement. Seeing that the men intended to disobey, I immediately set to work myself loading the animals, requesting my men not to trouble themselves, and begging them to lie down and smoke their pipes while I did the work. A few rose from the ground ashamed, and assisted to load the camels, while the others declared the impossibility of camels travelling by the road we were about to take, as the Turks had informed them that not even the donkeys could march through the thick jungles between Belignan and Ellyria.

"All right, my brothers!" I replied; "then we'll march as far as the donkeys can go, and leave both them and the baggage on the road when they can go no farther; but *I go forward.*"

With sullen discontent the men began to strap on

their belts and cartouche boxes, and prepare for the start. The animals were loaded, and we moved slowly forward at 4.30 P.M. The country was lovely. The mountain of Belignan, although not exceeding 1,200 feet, is a fine mass of gneiss and syenite, ornamented in the hollows with fine trees, while the general appearance of the country at the base was that of a beautiful English park well timbered and beautified with distant mountains. We had just started with the Bari guide that I had engaged at Belignan, when we were suddenly joined by two of the Latookas whom I had seen when at Gondokoro, and to whom I had been very civil. It appeared that these fellows, who were acting as porters to the Turks, had been beaten, and had therefore absconded and joined me. This was extraordinary good fortune, as I now had guides the whole way to Latooka, about ninety miles distant. I immediately gave them each a copper bracelet and some beads, and they very good-naturedly relieved the camels of one hundred pounds of copper rings, which they carried in two baskets on their heads.

We now crossed the broad dry bed of a torrent, and the banks being steep, a considerable time was occupied in assisting the loaded animals in their descent. The donkeys were easily aided, their tails being held by two men, while they shuffled and slid down the sandy

banks; but every camel fell, and the loads had to be carried up the opposite bank by the men, and the camels to be re-loaded on arrival. Here again the donkeys had the advantage, as without being unloaded they were assisted up the steep ascent by two men in front pulling at their ears, while others pushed behind. Altogether, the donkeys were far more suitable for the country, as they were more easily loaded. I had arranged their packs and saddles so well, that they carried their loads with the greatest comfort. Each animal had an immense pad well stuffed with goats' hair; this reached from the shoulder to the hip-bones; upon this rested a simple form of saddle made of two forks of boughs inverted, and fastened together with rails—there were no nails in these saddles, all the fastenings being secured with thongs of raw hide. The great pad, projecting far both in front, behind, and also below the side of the saddle, prevented the loads from chafing the animal. Every donkey carried two large bags made of the hides of antelopes that I had formerly shot on the frontier of Abyssinia, and these were arranged with taggles on the one to fit into loops on the other, so that the loading and unloading was exceedingly simple. The success of an expedition depends mainly upon the perfection of the details, and where animals are employed for transport, the first

consideration should be bestowed upon saddles and packs. The facility of loading is all important, and I now had an exemplification of its effect upon both animals and men; the latter began to abuse the camels and to curse the father of this, and the mother of that, because they had the trouble of unloading them for the descent into the river's bed, while the donkeys were blessed with the endearing name of "my brother," and alternately whacked with the stick. It was rather a bad commencement of a forced march, and the ravine we had crossed had been a cause of serious delay. Hardly were the animals re-loaded and again ready for the march, when the men remembered that they had only one water skin full. I had given orders before the start from Belignan that all should be filled. This is the unexceptional rule in African travelling—"fill your girbas before starting." Never mind what the natives may tell you concerning the existence of water on the road; believe nothing; but resolutely determine to fill the girbas;—should you find water, there is no harm done if you are already provided: but nothing can exceed the improvidence of the people. To avoid the trouble of filling the girbas before starting, the men will content themselves with "Inshallah" (please God) we shall find water on the road, and they frequently endure the

greatest suffering from sheer idleness in neglecting a supply.

They had in this instance persuaded themselves that the river we had just crossed would not be dry. Several of them had been employed in this country formerly, and because they had at one time found water in the sandy bed, they had concluded that it existed still. Accordingly they now wished to send parties to seek for water; this would entail a further delay, at a time when every minute was precious, as our fate depended upon reaching and passing through Ellyria before the arrival of the Turks. I was very anxious, and determined not to allow a moment's hesitation; I therefore insisted upon an immediate advance, and resolved to march without stopping throughout the night. The Latooka guides explained by signs that if we marched all night we should arrive at water on the following morning. This satisfied the men; and we started. For some miles we passed through a magnificent forest of large trees: the path being remarkably good, the march looked propitious—this good fortune however was doomed to change. We shortly entered upon thick thorny jungles; the path was so overgrown that the camels could scarcely pass under the overhanging branches, and the leather bags of provisions piled upon their backs were soon ripped by the

hooked thorns of the mimosa—the salt, rice, and coffee bags all sprang leaks, and small streams of these important stores issued from the rents, which the men attempted to repair by stuffing dirty rags into the holes. These thorns were shaped like fish-hooks, thus it appeared that the perishable baggage must soon become an utter wreck, as the great strength and weight of the camels bore all before them, and sometimes tore the branches from the trees, the thorns becoming fixed in the leather bags. Meanwhile the donkeys walked along in comfort, being so short that they and their loads were below the branches.

I dreaded the approach of night. We were now at the foot of a range of high rocky hills, from which the torrents during the rainy season had torn countless ravines in their passage through the lower ground; we were marching parallel to the range at the very base, thus we met every ravine at right angles. Down tumbled a camel; and away rolled his load of bags, pots, pans, boxes, &c. into the bottom of a ravine in a confused ruin.—Halt! . . and the camel had to be raised and helped up the opposite bank, while the late avalanche of luggage was carried piecemeal after him to be again adjusted. To avoid a similar catastrophe the remaining three camels had to be *unloaded*, and

re-loaded when safe upon the opposite bank. The operation of loading a camel with about 700 lbs. of luggage of indescribable variety is at all times tedious; but no sooner had we crossed one ravine with difficulty than we arrived at another, and the same fatiguing operation had to be repeated, with frightful loss of time at the moment when I believed the Turks were following on our path.

My wife and I rode about a quarter of a mile at the head of the party as an advance-guard, to warn the caravan of any difficulty. The very nature of the country declared that it must be full of ravines, and yet I could not help hoping against hope that we might have a clear mile of road without a break. The evening had passed, and the light faded. What had been difficult and tedious during the day, now became most serious;—we could not see the branches of hooked thorns that overhung the broken path; I rode in advance, my face and arms bleeding with countless scratches, while at each rip of a thorn I gave a warning shout—"Thorn!" for those behind, and a cry of "Hole!" for any deep rut that lay in the path. It was fortunately moonlight, but the jungle was so thick that the narrow track was barely perceptible; thus both camels and donkeys ran against the trunks of trees, smashing the luggage, and breaking all that could be broken:

nevertheless, the case was urgent; march we must, at all hazards.

My heart sank whenever we came to a deep ravine, or Hor; the warning cry of "halt" told those in the rear that once more the camels must be unloaded, and the same fatiguing operation must be repeated. For hours we marched: the moon was sinking; the path, already dark, grew darker; the animals overloaded, even for a good road, were tired out; and the men were disheartened, thirsty, and disgusted. I dismounted from my horse and loaded him with sacks, to relieve a camel that was perfectly done—but on we marched. Every one was silent; the men were too tired to speak; and through the increasing gloom we crept slowly forward. Suddenly another ravine, but not so deep; and we trusted that the camels might cross it without the necessity of unloading;—down went the leading camel, rolling completely over with his load to the bottom. Now, the boy Saat was the drummer; but being very tired, he had come to the conclusion that the drum would travel quite as easily upon a camel's back as upon his shoulders; he had accordingly slung it upon the very camel that had now performed a somersault and solo on the drum. The musical instrument was picked up in the shape of a flat dish, and existed no longer as a drum, every note having been

squeezed out of it. The donkey is a much more calculating animal than the camel, the latter being an excessively stupid beast, while the former is remarkably clever—at least I can answer for the ability of the Egyptian species. The expression "what an ass!" is in Europe supposed to be slightly insulting, but a comparison with the Egyptian variety would be a compliment. Accordingly my train of donkeys, being calculating and reasoning creatures, had from this night's experience come to the conclusion that the journey was long; that the road was full of ravines; that the camels who led the way would assuredly tumble into these ravines unless unloaded; and that as the reloading at each ravine would occupy at least half an hour, it would be wise for them (the donkeys) to employ that time in going to sleep—therefore, as it was just as cheap to lie down as to stand, they preferred a recumbent posture, and a refreshing roll upon the sandy ground. Accordingly, whenever the word "halt" was given, the clever donkeys thoroughly understood their advantage, and the act of unloading a camel on arrival at a ravine was a signal sufficient to induce each of twenty-one donkeys to lie down. It was in vain that the men beat and swore at them to keep them on their legs; the donkeys were determined, and lie down they would. This obstinacy on their

part was serious to the march—every time that they lay down they shifted their loads; some of the most wilful persisted in rolling, and of course upset their packs. There were only seventeen men, and these were engaged in assisting the camels; thus the twenty-one donkeys had it all their own way; and what added to the confusion was the sudden cry of hyenas in close proximity, which so frightened the donkeys that they immediately sprang to their feet, with their packs lying discomfited, entangled among their legs. Thus, no sooner were the camels re-loaded on the other side of the ravine, than all the donkeys had to undergo the same operation;—during which time the camels, however stupid, having observed the donkeys' "dodge," took the opportunity of lying down also, and necessarily shifted their loads. The women were therefore ordered to hold the camels, to prevent them from lying down while the donkeys were being re-loaded; but the women were dead tired, as they had been carrying loads; they themselves laid down, and it being dark, they were not observed until a tremendous scream was heard, and we found that a camel had lain down on the TOP OF A WOMAN who had been placed to watch it, but who had herself fallen asleep. The camel was with difficulty raised, and the woman dragged from beneath. Everything was tired out. I had been working like a

slave to assist, and to cheer the men; I was also fatigued. We had marched from 4.30 P.M.—it was now 1 A.M.; we had thus been eight hours and a half struggling along the path. The moon had sunk, and the complete darkness rendered a further advance impossible; I therefore, on arrival at a large plateau of rock, ordered the animals to be unloaded, and both man and beast to rest. The people had no water; I had a girba full for Mrs. Baker and myself, which was always slung on my saddle; this precaution I never neglected.

The men were hungry. Before leaving Gondokoro I had ordered a large quantity of kisras (black pancakes) to be prepared for the march, and they were packed in a basket that had been carried on a camel; unfortunately Mrs. Baker's pet monkey had been placed upon the same camel, and he had amused himself during the night's march by feasting and filling his cheeks with the kisras, and *throwing the remainder away* when his hunger was satisfied. There literally was not a kisra remaining in the basket.

Every one lay down supperless to sleep. Although tired, I could not rest until I had arranged some plan for the morrow. It was evident that we could not travel over so rough a country with the animals thus overloaded; I therefore determined to leave in the

jungle such articles as could be dispensed with, and to re-arrange all the loads.

At 4 A.M. I woke, and lighting a lamp, I tried in vain to wake any of the men who lay stretched upon the ground, like so many corpses, sound asleep. At length Saat sat up, and after rubbing his eyes for about ten minutes, he made a fire, and began to boil the coffee; meanwhile I was hard at work lightening the ship. I threw away about 100 lbs. of salt; divided the heavy ammunition more equally among the animals; rejected a quantity of odds and ends that, although most useful, could be forsaken; and by the time the men woke, a little before sunrise, I had completed the work. We now re-loaded the animals, who showed the improvement by stepping out briskly. We marched well for three hours at a pace that bid fair to keep us well ahead of the Turks, and at length we reached the dry bed of a stream, where the Latooka guides assured us we should obtain water by digging. This proved correct; but the holes were dug deep in several places, and hours passed before we could secure a sufficient supply for all the men and animals. The great sponging-bath was excessively useful, as it formed a reservoir out of which all the animals could drink.

While we were thus engaged some natives appeared carrying with them the head of a wild boar in a

horrible state of decomposition, and alive with maggots. On arrival at the drinking-place they immediately lighted a fire, and proceeded to cook their savoury pork by placing it in the flames. The skull becoming too hot for the inmates, crowds of maggots rushed *pêle-mêle* from the ears and nostrils like people escaping from the doors of a theatre on fire. The natives merely tapped the skull with a stick to assist in their exit, and proceeded with their cooking until completed; after which they eat the whole, and sucked the bones. However putrid meat may be, it does not appear to affect the health of these people.

My animals requiring rest and food, I was obliged to wait unwillingly until 4.30 P.M. The natives having finished their boar's head, offered to join us; and accordingly we rode on a considerable distance ahead of our people with our active guides, while the caravan followed slowly behind us. After ascending for about a mile through jungle, we suddenly emerged upon an eminence, and looked down upon the valley of Tollogo. This was extremely picturesque. An abrupt wall of grey granite rose on the east side of the valley to a height of about a thousand feet: from this perpendicular wall huge blocks had fallen, strewing the base with a confused mass of granite lumps ten to forty feet in diameter; and among these natural fortresses

of disjointed masses were numerous villages. The bottom of the valley was a meadow, in which grew several enormous fig-trees by the side of a sluggish, and in some places, stagnant brook. The valley was not more than half a mile wide, and was also walled in by mountains on the west, having the appearance of a vast street.

We were now about a mile ahead of our party; but accompanied by our two Latooka guides, and upon descending to the valley and crossing a deep gully, we soon arrived beneath a large fig-tree at the extremity of the vale. No sooner was our presence observed than crowds of natives issued from the numerous villages among the rocks, and surrounded us. They were all armed with bows and arrows and lances, and were very excited at seeing the horses, which to them were unknown animals. Dismounting, I fastened the horses to a bush, and we sat down on the grass under a tree.

There were five or six hundred natives pressing round us. They were excessively noisy, hallooing to us as though we were deaf, simply because we did not understand them. Finding that they were pressing rudely around us, I made signs to them to stand off, when at that moment a curiously ugly, short, humped-back fellow came forward and addressed me in broken

Arabic. I was delighted to find an interpreter, and requesting him to tell the crowd to stand back, I inquired for their chief. The humpback spoke very little Arabic, nor did the crowd appear to heed him, but they immediately stole a spear that one of my Latooka guides had placed against the tree under which we were sitting. It was getting rather unpleasant; but having my revolver and a double-barrelled rifle in my hands, there was no fear of their being stolen.

In reply to a question to the humpback, he asked me "Who I was?" I explained that I was a traveller. "You want ivory?" he said. "No," I answered, "it is of no use to me." "Ah, you want slaves!" he replied. "Neither do I want slaves," I answered. This was followed by a burst of laughter from the crowd, and the humpback continued his examination. "Have you got plenty of cows?" "Not one; but plenty of beads and copper." "Plenty? Where are they?" "Not far off; they will be here presently with my men;" and I pointed to the direction from which they would arrive. "What countryman are you?" "An Englishman." He had never heard of such people. "You are a Turk?" "All right," I replied; "I am anything you like." "And that is your son?" (pointing at Mrs. Baker.) "No, she is

my wife." "Your wife! What a lie! He is a boy." "Not a bit of it," I replied; "she is my wife, who has come with me to see the women of this country." "What a lie!" he again politely rejoined in the one expressive Arabic word, "Katāb."

After this charmingly frank conversation he addressed the crowd, explaining, I suppose, that I was endeavouring to pass off a boy for a woman. Mrs. Baker was dressed similar to myself in a pair of loose trousers and gaiters, with a blouse and belt—the only difference being that she wore long sleeves, while my arms were bare from a few inches below the shoulder. I always kept my arms bare as being cooler than if covered.

The curiosity of the crowd was becoming impertinent, when at an opportune moment the chief appeared. To my astonishment I recognised him as a man who had often visited me at Gondokoro, to whom I had given many presents without knowing his position.

In a few moments he drove away the crowd, screaming and gesticulating at them as though greatly insulted; reserving the humpback as interpreter, he apologized for the rudeness of his people. Just at this instant I perceived, in the distance, the English flag leading the caravan of camels and donkeys from the hillside into the valley, and my people and baggage

shortly arrived. The chief now brought me a large pumpkin-shell containing about a gallon of merissa, or native beer, which was most refreshing. He also brought a gourd-bottle full of honey, and an elephant's tusk; the latter I declined, as ivory was not required.

We were now within six miles of Ellyria, and by means of the humpback I explained to Tombé, the chief, that we wished to start the first thing in the morning, and that I would engage the humpback as interpreter. This was agreed upon, and I now had hopes of getting through Ellyria before the arrival of the Turks. My caravan having arrived, the interest first bestowed upon the horses, as being a new kind of animal, was now transferred to the camels. The natives crowded round them, exclaiming, "that they were the giraffes of our country." They were amazed at the loads that they carried, and many assisted in unloading.

I noticed, however, that they stuck their fingers through the baskets to investigate the contents; and when they perceived twenty baskets full of beads, and many of copper bracelets—the jingling of which betrayed the contents—they became rather too eager in lending a helping hand; therefore I told the chief to order his men to retire while I opened one bag

of beads to give him a present. I had a bag always in reserve that contained a variety of beads and bracelets, which obviated the necessity of opening one of the large baskets on the road. I accordingly made the chief happy, and also gave a present to the humpback. The crowd now discovered an object of fresh interest, and a sudden rush was made to the monkey, which, being one of the red variety from Abyssinia, was quite unknown to them. The monkey, being far more civilized than these naked savages, did not at all enjoy their society; and attacking the utterly unprotected calves of their legs, "Wallady" soon kept his admirers at a distance, and amused himself by making insulting grimaces, which kept the crowd in a roar of laughter. I often found this monkey of great use in diverting the attention of the savages from myself. He was also a guarantee of my peaceful intentions, as no one intending hostility would travel about with a monkey as one of the party. He was so tame and affectionate to both of us that he was quite unhappy if out of sight of his mistress; but he frequently took rough liberties with the blacks, for whom he had so great an aversion and contempt that he would have got into sad trouble at Exeter Hall. "Wallady" had no idea of a naked savage being "a man and a brother."

That night we slept soundly, both men and beasts being thoroughly fatigued. The natives seemed to be aware of this, and a man was caught in the act of stealing copper bracelets from a basket. He had crept like a cat upon hands and knees to the spot where the luggage was piled, and the sleepy sentry had not observed him.

There was no drum-call on the following morning, that useful instrument having been utterly smashed by the camel; but I woke the men early, and told them to be most careful in arranging the loads securely, as we had to thread the rocky pass between Tollogo and Ellyria. I felt sure that the Turks could not be far behind us, and I looked forward with anxiety to getting through the pass before them.

The natives of both Tollogo and Ellyria are the same in appearance and language as the Bari; they are very brutal in manner, and they collected in large crowds on our departure, with by no means a friendly aspect. Many of them ran on ahead under the base of the rocks, apparently to give notice at Ellyria of our arrival. I had three men as an advance guard,—five or six in the rear,—while the remainder drove the animals. Mrs. Baker and I rode on horseback at the head of the party. On arriving at the extremity of the narrow valley we had to thread our way through

the difficult pass. The mountain of Ellyria, between two and three thousand feet high, rose abruptly on our left, while the base was entirely choked with enormous fragments of grey granite that having fallen from the face of the mountain had completely blocked the pass. Even the horses had great difficulty in threading their way through narrow alleys formed of opposing blocks, and it appeared impossible for loaded camels to proceed. The path was not only thus obstructed, but was broken by excessively deep ravines formed by the torrents that during the rains tore everything before them in their impetuous descent from the mountains. To increase the difficulties of the pass many trees and bushes were growing from the interstices of the rocks; thus in places where the long legs of the camels could have cleared a narrow cleft, the loads became jammed between the trees. These trees were for the most part intensely hard wood, a species of lignum vitæ, called by the Arabs "babanoose," and were quite proof against our axes. Had the natives been really hostile they could have exterminated us in five minutes, as it was only necessary to hurl rocks from above to insure our immediate destruction. It was in this spot that a trader's party of 126 men, well armed, had been massacred to a man the year previous.

Bad as the pass was, we had hope before us, as the

Latookas explained that beyond this spot there was level and unbroken ground the whole way to Latooka. Could we only clear Ellyria before the Turks I had no fear for the present; but at the very moment when success depended upon speed, we were thus baffled by the difficulties of the ground. I therefore resolved to ride on in advance of my party, leaving them to overcome the difficulties of the pass by constantly unloading the animals, while I would reconnoitre in front, as Ellyria was not far distant. My wife and I accordingly rode on, accompanied only by one of the Latookas as a guide. After turning a sharp angle of the mountain, leaving the cliff abruptly rising to the left from the narrow path, we descended a ravine worse than any place we had previously encountered, and we were obliged to dismount, in order to lead our horses up the steep rocks on the opposite side. On arrival on the summit, a lovely view burst upon us. The valley of Ellyria was about four hundred feet below, at about a mile distant. Beautiful mountains, some two or three thousand feet high, of grey granite walled in the narrow vale; while the landscape of forest and plain was bounded at about fifty or sixty miles distance to the east by the blue mountains of Latooka. The mountain of Ellyria was the commencement of the fine range that continued indefinitely to the south.

We were now in the very gorge of that chain. Below us, in the valley, I observed some prodigious trees growing close to a Hor (ravine), in which was running water, and the sides of the valley under the mountains being as usual a mass of *débris* of huge detached rocks, were thronged with villages, all strongly fortified with thick bamboo palisades. The whole country was a series of natural forts, occupied by a large population.

A glance at the scene before me was quite sufficient; —to *fight* a way through a valley a quarter of a mile wide, hemmed in by high walls of rock and bristling with lances and arrows, would be impossible with my few men, encumbered by transport animals. Should the camels arrive, I could march into Ellyria in twenty minutes, make the chief a large present, and pass on without halting until I cleared the Ellyria valley. At any rate I was well before the Turks, and the forced march at night, however distressing, had been successful. The great difficulty now lay in the ravine that we had just crossed; this would assuredly delay the caravan for a considerable time.

Tying our horses to a bush, we sat upon a rock beneath the shade of a small tree within ten paces of the path, and considered the best course to pursue. I hardly liked to risk an advance into Ellyria alone, before the arrival of my whole party, as we had been

very rudely received by the Tollogo people on the previous evening;—nevertheless I thought it might be good policy to ride unattended into Ellyria, and thus to court an introduction to the chief. However, our consultation ended in a determination to wait where we then were, until the caravan should have accomplished the last difficulty by crossing the ravine; when we would all march into Ellyria in company. For a long time we sat gazing at the valley before us in which our fate lay hidden, feeling thankful that we had thus checkmated the brutal Turks. Not a sound was heard of our approaching camels; the delay was most irksome. There were many difficult places that we had passed through, and each would be a source of serious delay to the animals.

At length we heard them in the distance. We could distinctly hear the men's voices; and we rejoiced that they were approaching the last remaining obstacle;—that one ravine passed through, and all before would be easy. I heard the rattling of the stones as they drew nearer; and, looking towards the ravine, I saw emerge from the dark foliage of the trees within fifty yards of us the hated *red flag and crescent, leading the Turks' party!* We were outmarched!

One by one, with scowling looks, the insolent scoun-

drels filed by us within a few feet, without making the customary salaam; neither noticing us in any way, except by threatening to shoot the Latooka, our guide, who had formerly accompanied them.

Their party consisted of a hundred and forty men armed with guns; while about twice as many Latookas acted as porters, carrying beads, ammunition, and the general effects of the party. It appeared that we were hopelessly beaten.

However, I determined to advance, at all hazards, on the arrival of my party; and should the Turks incite the Ellyria tribe to attack us, I intended, in the event of a fight, to put the first shot through the leader. To be thus beaten, at the last moment, was unendurable. Boiling with indignation as the insolent wretches filed past, treating me with the contempt of a dog, I longed for the moment of action, no matter what were the odds against us. At length their leader, Ibrahim, appeared in the rear of the party. He was riding on a donkey, being the last of the line, behind the flag that closed the march.

I never saw a more atrocious countenance than that exhibited in this man. A mixed breed, between a Turk sire and Arab mother, he had the good features and the bad qualities of either race. The fine, sharp, high-arched nose and large nostril; the pointed and

projecting chin; rather high cheek-bones and prominent brow, overhanging a pair of immense black eyes full of expression of all evil. As he approached he took no notice of us, but studiously looked straight before him with the most determined insolence.

The fate of the expedition was, at this critical moment, retrieved by Mrs. Baker. She implored me to call him, to insist upon a personal explanation, and to offer him some present in the event of establishing amicable relations. I could not condescend to address the sullen scoundrel. He was in the act of passing us, and success depended upon that instant. Mrs. Baker herself called him. For the moment he made no reply; but, upon my repeating the call in a loud key, he turned his donkey towards us and dismounted. I ordered him to sit down, as his men were ahead and we were alone.

The following dialogue passed between us after the usual Arab mode of greeting. I said, "Ibrahim, why should we be enemies in the midst of this hostile country? We believe in the same God, why should we quarrel in this land of heathens, who believe in no God? You have your work to perform; I have mine. You want ivory; I am a simple traveller; why should we clash? If I were offered the whole ivory of the country I would not accept a single tusk, nor interfere

with you in any way. Transact your business, and don't interfere with me: the country is wide enough for us both. I have a task before me, to reach a great lake—the head of the Nile. Reach it *I will* (Inshallah). No power shall drive me back. If you are hostile, I will imprison you in Khartoum; if you assist me, I will reward you far beyond any reward you have ever received. Should I be killed in this country, you will be suspected; you know the result; the Government would hang you on the bare suspicion. On the contrary, if you are friendly, I will use my influence in any country that I discover, that you may procure its ivory for the sake of your master Koorshid, who was generous to Captains Speke and Grant, and kind to me. Should you be hostile, I shall hold your master responsible as your employer. Should you assist me, I will befriend you both. Choose your course frankly, like a man—friend or enemy?"

Before he had time to reply, Mrs. Baker addressed him much in the same strain, telling him that he did not know what Englishmen were; that nothing would drive them back; that the British Government watched over them wherever they might be, and that no outrage could be committed with impunity upon a British subject. That I would not deceive him in

any way ; that I was not a trader ; and that I should be able to assist him materially by discovering new countries rich in ivory, and that he would benefit himself personally by civil conduct.

He seemed confused, and wavered. I immediately promised him a new double-barrelled gun and some gold, when my party should arrive, as an earnest of the future.

He replied, "That he did not himself wish to be hostile, but that all the trading parties, without one exception, were against me, and that the men were convinced that I was a consul in disguise, who would report to the authorities at Khartoum all the proceedings of the traders." He continued, "That he believed me, but that his men would not; that all people told lies in their country, therefore no one was credited for the truth. However," said he, "do not associate with my people, or they may insult you, but go and take possession of that large tree (pointing to one in the valley of Ellyria) for yourself and people, and I will come there and speak with you. I will now join my men, as I do not wish them to know that I have been conversing with you." He then made a salaam, mounted his donkey, and rode off.

I had won him. I knew the Arab character so thoroughly that I was convinced that the tree he

had pointed out, followed by the words, "I will come there and speak with you," was to be the rendezvous for the receipt of the promised gun and money.

I did not wait for the arrival of my men, but mounting our horses, my wife and I rode down the hillside with lighter spirits than we had enjoyed for some time past. I gave her the entire credit of the "ruse." Had I been alone, I should have been too proud to have sought the friendship of the sullen trader, and the moment on which success depended would have been lost.

On arrival at the grassy plain, at the foot of the mountain, there was a crowd of the trader's ruffians quarrelling for the shade of the few large trees that grew on the banks of the stream. We accordingly dismounted, and turning the horses to graze, we took possession of a tree at some distance, under which a number of Latookas were already sitting. Not being very particular as to our society, we sat down and waited for the arrival of our party. The valley of Ellyria was a lovely spot in the very bosom of the mountains. Close to where we sat were the great masses of rock that had fallen from the cliffs, and upon examination I found them to be the finest quality of grey granite, the feldspar being in masses several inches square and as hard as a flint. There

was no scaling upon the surface, as is common in granite rocks.

No sooner had the trader's party arrived than crowds of natives issued from the palisaded villages on the mountain; and descending to the plain, they mingled with the general confusion. The baggage was piled beneath a tree, and a sentry placed on guard.

LEGGE THE CHIEF.

The natives were entirely naked, and precisely the same as the Bari. Their chief, Leggé, was among them, and received a present from Ibrahim of a long red cotton shirt, and he assumed an air of great importance. Ibrahim explained to him who I was, and he immediately came to ask for the tribute he expected to receive as "black mail" for

the right of *entrée* into his country. Of all the villanous countenances that I have ever seen, that of Leggé excelled. Ferocity, avarice, and sensuality were stamped upon his face, and I immediately requested him to sit for his portrait, and in about ten minutes I succeeded in placing within my portfolio an exact likeness of about the greatest rascal that exists even in Central Africa.

I had now the satisfaction of seeing my caravan slowly winding down the hillside in good order, having surmounted all their difficulties.

Upon arrival, my men were perfectly astonished at seeing us so near the trader's party, and still more confounded at my sending for Ibrahim to summon him to my tree, where I presented him with some English sovereigns and a double-barrelled gun. Nothing escapes the inquisitiveness of these Arabs; and the men of both parties quickly perceived that I had established an alliance in some unaccountable manner with Ibrahim. I saw the gun, lately presented to him, being handed from one to the other for examination; and both my vakeel and men appeared utterly confused at the sudden change.

The chief of Ellyria now came to inspect my luggage, and demanded fifteen heavy copper bracelets and a large quantity of beads. The bracelets most in

demand are simple rings of copper $\frac{5}{8}$ths of an inch thick, and weighing about a pound; those of smaller size not being so much valued. I gave him fifteen such rings, and about ten pounds of beads in varieties, the red coral porcelain (dimiriāf) being the most acceptable. Leggé was by no means satisfied: he said, "his belly was very big and it must be filled," which signified, that his desire was great and must be gratified. I accordingly gave him a few extra copper rings; but suddenly he smelt spirits, one of the few bottles that I possessed of spirits of wine having broken in the medicine chest. Ibrahim begged me to give him a bottle to put him in a good humour, as he enjoyed nothing so much as araki; I accordingly gave him a pint bottle of the strongest spirits of wine. To my amazement he broke off the neck, and holding his head well back, he deliberately allowed the whole of the contents to trickle down his throat as innocently as though it had been simple water. He was thoroughly accustomed to it, as the traders were in the habit of bringing him presents of araki every season. He declared this to be excellent, and demanded another bottle. At that moment a violent storm of thunder and rain burst upon us with a fury well known in the tropics; the rain fell like a waterspout, and the throng immediately fled for shelter. So

violent was the storm, that not a man was to be seen: some were sheltering themselves under the neighbouring rocks; while others ran to their villages that were close by; the trader's people commenced a fusilade, firing off all their guns lest they should get wet and miss fire. I could not help thinking how completely they were at the mercy of the natives at that moment, had they chosen to attack them; the trader's party were lying under their untanned ox-hides with their empty guns. Each of my men was provided with a piece of mackintosh, with which his gun-locks were secured. We lay upon an angarep covered with a bull's hide until the storm was over. The thunder was magnificent, exploding on the peak of the mountain exactly above us, and in the course of a quarter of an hour torrents were rushing down the ravines among the rocks, the effects of the violent storm that had passed away as rapidly as it had arrived.

No sooner had it ceased than the throng again appeared. Once more the chief, "Leggé," was before us begging for all that we had. Although the natives asked for beads, they would give nothing in exchange, and we could purchase nothing for any article except molotes. These iron hoes are made principally in this country: thus it appeared strange that they should

demand them. Leggé does a large business with these hoes, sending them into the Berri and Galla countries to the east, with various beads and copper bracelets, to purchase ivory. Although there are very few elephants in the neighbourhood of Ellyria, there is an immense amount of ivory, as the chief is so great a trader that he accumulates it to exchange with the Turks for cattle. Although he sells it so dear that he demands twenty cows for a large tusk, it is a convenient station for the traders, as, being near to Gondokoro, there is very little trouble in delivering the ivory on shipboard.

Although I had presented Leggé with what he desired, he would give nothing in return, neither would he sell either goats or fowls; in fact, no provision was procurable except honey. I purchased about eight pounds of this luxury for a hoe. My men were starving, and I was obliged to serve them out rice from my sacred stock, as I had nothing else to give them. This they boiled and mixed with honey, and they were shortly sitting round an immense circular bowl of this rarity, enjoying themselves thoroughly, but nevertheless grumbling as usual. In the coolest manner possible the great and greedy chief, Leggé, who had refused to give or even to sell anything to keep us from starving, no sooner saw the men at their

novel repast than he sat down among them and almost choked himself by cramming handfuls of the hot rice and honey into his mouth, which yawned like that of an old hippopotamus. The men did not at all approve of this assistance, but as it is the height of bad manners in Arab etiquette to repel a self-invited guest from the general meal, he was not interfered with, and was thus enabled to swallow the share of about three persons.

Leggé, although worse than the rest of his tribe, had a similar formation of head. The Bari and those of Tollogo and Ellyria have generally bullet-shaped heads, low foreheads, skulls heavy behind the ears and above the nape of the neck: altogether their appearance is excessively brutal, and they are armed with bows six feet long, and arrows horribly barbed and poisoned.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVE ELLYRIA.

ALTHOUGH Ellyria was a rich and powerful country, we had not been able to procure any provisions—the natives refused to sell, and their general behaviour was such that assured me of their capability of any atrocity had they been prompted to attack us by the Turks. Fortunately we had a good supply of meal that had been prepared for the journey prior to our departure from Gondokoro, thus we could not starve. I also had a sack of corn for the animals, a necessary precaution, as at this season there was not a blade of grass; all in the vicinity of the route having been burnt.

We started on the 30th March, at 7.30 A.M. and opened from the valley of Ellyria upon a perfectly flat country interspersed with trees. After an hour's march we halted at a small stream of bad water. We had

kisras and honey for breakfast; but, for several days not having tasted meat, I took the rifle for a stroll through the forest in search of game. After an hour's ramble I returned without having fired a shot. I had come upon fresh tracks of Tétel (hartebeest) and guinea-fowl, but they had evidently come down to the stream to drink, and had wandered back into the interior. If game was scarce, fruit was plentiful—both Richarn and I were loaded with a species of yellow plum as large as an egg; these grew in prodigious numbers upon fine forest trees, beneath which the ground was yellow with the quantities that had fallen from the boughs; these were remarkably sweet, and yet acid, with much juice, and a very delicious flavour.

At 11.25 we again started for a long march, our course being east. The ground was most favourable for the animals, being perfectly flat and free from ravines. We accordingly stepped along at a brisk pace, and the intense heat of the sun throughout the hottest hours of the day made the journey fatiguing for all but the camels. The latter were excellent of their class, and now far excelled the other transport animals, marching along with ease under loads of about 600 lbs. each.

My caravan was at the rear of the trader's party; but the ground being good, we left our people and

cantered on to the advanced flag. It was curious to witness the motley assemblage in single file extending over about half a mile of ground :—several of the people were mounted on donkeys; some on oxen: the most were on foot, including all the women to the number of about sixty, who were the slaves of the trader's people. These carried heavy loads; and many in addition to the burdens carried children strapped to their backs in leather slings. After four or five hours' march during the intense heat many of the overloaded women showed symptoms of distress, and became foot-sore;—the grass having been recently burnt had left the sharp charred stumps, which were very trying to those whose sandals were not in the best condition. The women were forced along by their brutal owners with sharp blows of the coorbatch; and one who was far advanced in pregnancy could at length go no farther. Upon this the savage to whom she belonged belaboured her with a large stick, and not succeeding in driving her before him, he knocked her down and jumped upon her. The woman's feet were swollen and bleeding, but later in the day I again saw her hobbling along in the rear by the aid of a bamboo.

The traders march in good form; one flag leads the party, guarded by eight or ten men, while a native carries a box of five hundred cartridges for their use

in case of an attack. The porters and baggage follow in single file, soldiers being at intervals to prevent them from running away; in which case the runner is invariably fired at. The supply of ammunition is in the centre, carried generally by about fifteen natives, and strongly escorted by guards. The rear of the party is closed by another flag, behind which no straggler is permitted. The rear flag is also guarded by six or eight men, with a box of spare ammunition. With these arrangements the party is always ready to support an attack.

Ibrahim, my new ally, was now riding in front of the line, carrying on his saddle before him a pretty little girl, his daughter, a child of a year and a half old; her mother, a remarkably pretty Bari girl, one of his numerous wives, was riding behind him on an ox. We soon got into conversation;—a few pieces of sugar given to the child and mother by Mrs. Baker was a sweet commencement; and Ibrahim then told me to beware of my own men, as he knew they did not intend to remain with me; that they were a different tribe from his men, and they would join Chenoodas people and desert me on our arrival at their station in Latooka. This was a corroboration of all I had heard previous to leaving Gondokoro, therefore I had the promised mutiny in perspective. I had noticed that

my men were even more sullen than usual since I had joined Ibrahim; however, I succeeded in convincing him that he would benefit so decidedly by an alliance with me, that he now frankly told me that I should receive no opposition from his party. So far all had prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations. We were fairly launched upon our voyage, and now that we were in the wild interior, I determined to crush the mutiny with an iron hand should the rascals attempt to carry their murderous threats into execution. Two or three of the men appeared willing, but the original ringleader, "Bellaāl," would literally do nothing, not even assisting at loading the animals; but swaggering about with the greatest insolence.

After a fatiguing march of eight hours and ten minutes through a perfectly flat country interspersed with trees, we halted at a little well of excessively bad water at 7.35 P.M. The horses were so much in advance that the main party did not arrive until 11 P.M. completely fatigued. The night being fine, we slept on a hillock of sand a few yards from the well, rejoiced to be away from the mosquitoes of Gondokoro.

On the following morning we started at sunrise, and in two hours' fast marching we arrived at the Kanieti river. Although there had been no rain, the stream was very rapid and up to the girths of the horses at

the ford. The banks were very abrupt and about fifteen feet deep, the bed between forty and fifty yards wide; thus a considerable volume of water is carried down to the river Sobat by this river during the rains. The whole drainage of the country tends to the east, and accordingly flows into the Sobat. The range of mountains running south from Ellyria is the watershed between the east and west drainage; the Sobat receiving it on the one hand, and the White Nile on the other, while the Nile eventually receives the entire flow by the Sobat, as previously mentioned, in lat. 9° 22′.

Having scrambled up the steep bank of the Kanieti river, we crossed a large field of dhurra, and arrived at the village of Wakkala. The village, or town, is composed of about seven hundred houses, the whole being most strongly protected by a system of palisades formed of "babanoose," the hard iron wood of the country. Not only is it thus fortified, but the palisades are also protected by a hedge of impervious thorns that grow to a height of about twenty feet. The entrance to this fort is a curious archway, about ten feet deep, formed of the iron-wood palisades, with a sharp turn to the right and left forming a ziggag. The whole of the village thus fenced is situated in the midst of a splendid forest of large timber. The

inhabitants of Wakkala are the same as the Ellyria, but governed by an independent chief. They are great hunters; and as we arrived I saw several parties returning from the forest with portions of wild boar and buffalo.

From Gondokoro to this spot I had not seen a single head of game, but the immediate neighbourhood of Wakkala was literally trodden down by the feet of elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, rhinoceros, and varieties of large antelopes.

Having examined the village, I ordered my people to unload the animals in the forest about a quarter of a mile from the entrance. The soil was extremely rich, and the ground being shaded from the scorching rays of the sun by the large trees, there was abundance of fine grass, which accounted for the presence of the game: good pasturage, extensive forests, and a plentiful supply of water insuring the supply of wild animals.

In a few minutes my horses and donkeys were luxuriating on the rich herbage, not having tasted grass for some days; the camels revelled in the foliage of the dark green mimosas; and the men, having found on the march a buffalo that had been caught in a trap and there killed by a lion, obtained some meat, and the whole party was feeding. We

had formed a kind of arbour by hacking out with a sabre a delightful shady nook in the midst of a dense mass of creepers, and there we feasted upon a couple of roast fowls that we had procured from the natives for glass beads. This was the first meat we had tasted since we had quitted Gondokoro.

At 5.10 P.M. we left this delightful spot, and marched. Emerging from the forest we broke upon a beautiful plain of fine low grass, bounded on our right hand by jungle. This being the cool hour of evening the plain was alive with game, including buffaloes, zebras, and many varieties of large antelopes. It was a most enlivening sight to see them scouring over the plain as we advanced; but our large party, and three red flags streaming in the breeze, effectually prevented us from getting sufficiently near for a shot.

I was sorely tempted to remain in this Elysium for a few days' shooting, but the importance of an advance was too great to permit of any thoughts of amusement; thus, I could only indulge a sportsman's feelings by feasting my eyes upon the beautiful herds before me.

At a quarter-past seven we bivouacked in thick jungle. In the middle of the night, the watch-fires still blazing, I was awoke by a great noise, and upon arrival at the spot I found a number of the Turks with firebrands, searching upon the ground, which was

literally strewed with beads and copper bracelets. The Latooka porters had broken open the bags and baskets containing many hundred-weight of these objects, and loading themselves, had intended to desert with their stolen prize; but the sentries having discovered them, they were seized by the soldiers. These fellows, the Latookas, had exhibited the folly of monkeys in so rashly breaking open the packages while the sentries were on guard. Several who had been caught in the act were now pinioned by the Turks, and were immediately condemned to be shot; while others were held down upon the ground and well chastised with the coorbatch. I begged that the punishment of death might be commuted for a good flogging;—at first I implored in vain, until I suggested, that if the porters were shot, there would be no one to carry their loads:—this practical argument saved them, and after receiving a severe thrashing, their arms were pinioned, and a guard set over them until the morning.

We marched at 5.25 on the following morning. For several hours the path led through thick jungle in which we occasionally caught glimpses of antelopes. At length quitting the jungle we arrived at an open marshy plain, upon which I discerned at a great distance a number of antelopes. Having nothing to eat I determined to stalk them, as I heard from the

people that we were not far from our halting-place for the day.

Accordingly I left Mrs. Baker with my horse and a spare rifle to wait, while the party marched straight on; I intended to make a circuit through the jungle and to wait for the entrance of the herd, which she was to drive, by simply riding through the plain and leading my horse; she was to bring the horse to me should I fire a shot. After walking for about a mile in the jungle parallel with the plain, I saw the herd of about two hundred Tétel going at full gallop from the open ground into the jungle, having been alarmed by the Turks and the red flags, who had crossed over the marsh. So shy were these antelopes that there was no possibility of stalking them. I noticed however that there were several waterbucks in the very centre of the marsh, and that two or three trees afforded the possibility of a stalk. Having the wind all right, I succeeded in getting to a tree within about two hundred and fifty yards of the largest buck, and lying down in a dry trench that in the wet season formed a brook, I crept along the bottom until I reached a tall tuft of grass that was to be my last point of cover. Just as I raised myself slowly from the trench I found the buck watching me most attentively. A steady shot with my little No. 24 rifle took no effect—it was too high:

—the buck did not even notice the shot, which was I suppose the first he had ever heard;—he was standing exactly facing me; this is at all times an unpleasant position for a shot. Seeing that he did not seem disposed to move, I re-loaded without firing my left-hand barrel. I now allowed for the high range of the last shot; a moment after the report he sprang into the air, then fell upon his knees and galloped off on three legs;—one of the fore-legs being broken. I had heard the sharp sound of the bullet, but the shot was not very satisfactory. Turning to look for my horse I saw Mrs. Baker galloping over the plain towards me, leading Filfil, while Richarn ran behind at his best speed.

Upon her arrival I mounted Filfil, who was a fast horse, and with my little No. 24 rifle in my hand I rode slowly towards the wounded waterbuck, who was now standing watching us at about a quarter of a mile distant. However, before I had decreased my distance by a hundred yards he started off in full gallop. Putting Filfil into a canter I increased the pace until I found that I must press him at full speed, as the waterbuck, although on only three legs, had the best of it. The ground was rough, having been marshy and trodden into ruts by the game, but now dried by the sun;—bad for both horse and antelope, but espe-

cially for the former: however, after a race of about a mile I found myself gaining so rapidly that in a few moments I was riding on his left flank within three yards of him, and holding the rifle with one hand like a pistol I shot him dead through the shoulder. This little double rifle is an exceedingly handy weapon;—it was made for me about nine years ago by Thomas Fletcher, gunmaker of Gloucester, and is of most perfect workmanship. I have shot with it most kinds of large game; although the bore is so small as No. 24, I have bagged with it rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lions, buffaloes, and all the heavy game except elephants and giraffes; upon the latter I have never happened to try it. Weighing only eight pounds and three-quarters it is most convenient to carry on horseback, and although I have had frequent accidents through my horse falling in full gallop, the stock is perfectly sound to this day. The best proof of thorough honest workmanship is, that in many years of hard work it has never been out of order, nor has it ever been in a gunmaker's hands.

The operation of cutting the waterbuck into four quarters, and then stringing them on to a strip of its own hide, was quickly performed, and with Richarn's assistance I slung it across my saddle, and led my horse, thus heavily laden, towards the path. After some

difficulty in crossing muddy hollows and gullies in the otherwise dried marsh, we at length succeeded in finding the tracks of the party that had gone on ahead.

We had been steering from Ellyria due east towards the high peak of "Gebel Lafeet," that rose exactly above one of the principal towns of Latooka. With this fine beacon now apparently just before us, we had no difficulty in finding our way. The country was now more open, and the ground sandy and interspersed with the hegleek trees, which gave it the appearance of a vast orchard of large pear trees. The "hegleek" is peculiarly rich in potash; so much so that the ashes of the burnt wood will blister the tongue. It bears a fruit about the size and shape of a date;—this is very sweet and aromatic in flavour, and is also so rich in potash that it is used as a substitute for soap.

After an hour's walk always on the tracks of the party, we saw a large Latooka town in the distance, and upon a nearer approach we discovered crowds of people collected under two enormous trees. Presently guns fired, the drums beat, and as we drew nearer we perceived the Turkish flags leading a crowd of about a hundred men, who approached us with the usual salutes, every man firing off ball cartridge as fast as he could reload. My men were already with this lot of ragamuffins, and this was the ivory or slave trading party

that they had conspired to join. They were marching towards me to honour me with a salute, which, upon close approach, ended by their holding their guns muzzle downwards, and firing them almost into my feet. I at once saw through their object in giving me this reception;—they had already heard from the other party exaggerated accounts of presents that their leader had received, and they were jealous at the fact of my having established confidence with a party opposed to them. The vakeel of Chenooda was the man who had from the first instigated my men to revolt and to join his party, and he at that moment had two of my deserters with him that had mutinied and joined him at Gondokoro. It had been agreed that the remainder of my men were to mutiny at this spot and to join him with *my arms and ammunition.* This was to be the stage for the outbreak. The apparent welcome was only to throw me off my guard.

I was coldly polite, and begging them not to waste their powder, I went to the large tree that threw a beautiful shade, and we sat down, surrounded by a crowd of both natives and trader's people. Mahommed Her sent me immediately a fat ox for my people: not to be under any obligation I immediately gave him a double-barrelled gun. The ox was slaughtered, and the people preferring beef to antelope venison, I gave

the flesh of the waterbuck to the Latooka porters belonging to Ibrahim's party. Thus all teeth were busy. Ibrahim and his men occupied the shade of another enormous tree at about a hundred and fifty yards' distance.

The town was Latomé, one of the principal places in the Latooka country, and was strongly palisaded, like the town of Wakkala. I did not go through the entrance, but contented myself with resting under my tree and writing up the journal from my note-book. Before we had been there many hours the two parties of Ibrahim and Mahommed Her were engaged in a hot contention. Mahommed Her declared that no one had a right of way through that country, which belonged to him according to the customs of the White Nile trade; that he would not permit the party of Ibrahim to proceed, and that, should they persist in their march, he would resist them by force. Words grew high;—Ibrahim was not afraid of force, as he had a hundred and forty men against Mahommed Her's hundred and five;—insults and abuse were liberally exchanged, while the natives thronged around, enjoying the fun, until at last Mahommed Her's temper becoming outrageous, he was seized by the throat by Sulieman, a powerful choush or sergeant of Ibrahim's party, and hurled away from the select society who

claimed the right of road. Great confusion arose, and both parties prepared for a fight, which after the usual bluster died away to nothing. However, I noticed that my men most unmistakeably took the part of Mahommed Her against Ibrahim; they belonging to his tribe.

The evening arrived, and my vakeel, with his usual cunning, came to ask me "whether I intended to start to-morrow?" He said there was excellent shooting in this neighbourhood, and that Ibrahim's camp not being more than five hours' march beyond, I could at any time join him, should I think proper. Many of my men were sullenly listening to my reply, which was, that we should start in company with Ibrahim. The men immediately turned their backs, and swaggered insolently to the town, muttering something that I could not distinctly understand. I gave orders directly, that no man should sleep in the town, but that all should be at their posts by the luggage under the tree that I occupied. At night several men were absent, and were with difficulty brought from the town by the vakeel. The whole of the night was passed by the rival parties quarrelling and fighting. At 5.30 on the following morning the drum of Ibrahim's party beat the call, and his men with great alacrity got their porters together and prepared to march. My vakeel

was not to be found; my men were lying idly in the positions where they had slept; and not a man obeyed when I gave the order to prepare to start—except Richarn and Sali. I saw that the moment had arrived. Again I gave the order to the men, to get up and load the animals; . . . not a man would move, except three or four who slowly rose from the ground, and stood resting on their guns. In the meantime Richarn and Sali were bringing the camels and making them kneel by the luggage. The boy Saat was evidently expecting a row, and although engaged with the black women in packing, he kept his eyes constantly upon me.

I now observed that Bellāal was standing very near me on my right, in advance of the men who had risen from the ground, and employed himself in eyeing me from head to foot with the most determined insolence. The fellow had his gun in his hand, and he was telegraphing by looks with those who were standing near him, while not one of the others rose from the ground, although close to me. Pretending not to notice Bellāal, who was now as I had expected once more the ringleader, for the third time I ordered the men to rise immediately, and to load the camels. Not a man moved, but the fellow Bellāal marched up to me, and looking me straight in the face dashed the butt-end of

his gun in defiance on the ground, and led the mutiny. "Not a man shall go with you!—go where you like "with Ibrahim, but we won't follow you, nor move a "step farther. The men shall not load the camels; "you may employ the 'niggers' to do it, but not us."

I looked at this mutinous rascal for a moment; this was the burst of the conspiracy, and the threats and insolence that I had been forced to pass over for the sake of the expedition all rushed before me. "Lay down your gun!" I thundered, "and load the camels!" . . . . . "I won't"—was his reply. "Then stop here!" I answered; at the same time lashing out as quick as lightning with my right hand upon his jaw.

He rolled over in a heap, his gun flying some yards from his hand; and the late ringleader lay apparently insensible among the luggage, while several of his friends ran to him, and did the good Samaritan. Following up on the moment the advantage I had gained by establishing a panic, I seized my rifle and rushed into the midst of the wavering men, catching first one by the throat, and then another, and dragging them to the camels, which I insisted upon their immediately loading. All except three, who attended to the ruined ringleader, mechanically obeyed. Richarn and Sali both shouted to them to "hurry;" and the vakeel

arriving at this moment and seeing how matters stood, himself assisted, and urged the men to obey.

Ibrahim's party had started. The animals were soon loaded, and leaving the vakeel to take them in charge, we cantered on to overtake Ibrahim, having crushed the mutiny, and given such an example, that in the event of future conspiracies my men would find it difficult to obtain a ringleader. So ended the famous conspiracy that had been reported to me by both Saat and Richarn before we left Gondokoro;—and so much for the threat of "firing simultaneously at me and deserting my wife in the jungle." In those savage countries success frequently depends upon one particular moment; you may lose or win according to your action at that critical instant. We congratulated ourselves upon the termination of this affair, which I trusted would be the last of the mutinies.

The country was now lovely; we were at the base of the mountain "Lafeet," which rose abruptly on our left to the height of about 3,000 feet, the highest peak of the eastern chain that formed the broad valley of Latooka. The course of the valley was from S.E. to N.W.; about forty miles long by eighteen miles wide; the flat bottom was diversified by woods, thick jungles, open plains, and the ever-present hegleek trees, which in some places gave the appearance of forest. The south

side of the valley was bounded by a high range of mountains, rising to six or seven thousand feet above the general level of Latooka, while the extreme end was almost blocked by a noble but isolated mountain of about 5,000 feet.

Our path being at the foot of the Lafeet chain, the ground was sandy but firm, being composed of disintegrated portions of the granite rocks that had washed down from the mountains, and we rode quickly along a natural road, equal to the best highway in England.

We soon overtook Ibrahim and his party, and recounted the affair of mutiny.

The long string of porters now closed together as we were approaching a rebel town of Latooka that was hostile to both Turks and others. Suddenly one of the native porters threw down his load and bolted over the open ground towards the village at full speed. The fellow bounded along like an antelope, and was immediately pursued by half-a-dozen Turks. "Shoot him! shoot him! knock him over!" was shouted from the main body; and twenty guns were immediately pointed at the fugitive, who distanced his pursuers as a horse would outstrip an ox.

To save the man I gave chase on "Filfil," putting myself in the line between him and the guns, to prevent them from firing. After a short course I

overtook him, but he still continued running, and upon my closing with him he threw his spear on the ground, but still ran. Not being able to speak his language I made signs that he should hold the mane of my horse, and that no one should hurt him. He at once clutched with both hands the horse's mane, and pushed himself almost under my knee in his efforts to keep close to me for protection. The Turks arrived breathless, and the native appeared as terrified as a hare at the moment it is seized by the greyhound. "Shoot him!" they one and all shouted. "Well done, 'Hawaga'! (Sir) you caught him beautifully! We never could have caught him without your horse. Pull him out! we'll shoot him as an example to the others!" I explained that he was my man, and belonged to me as I had caught him, therefore I could not allow him to be shot. "Then we'll give him 500 with the coorbatch!" they cried. Even this generous offer I declined, and I insisted that he should accompany me direct to Ibrahim, into whose hands I should myself deliver him. Accordingly, still clutching to my horse's mane, the captive followed and was received by the main body on arrival with shouts of derision.

I told Ibrahim that he must forgive him this time, if he promised to carry his load to the end of the journey. He immediately picked up his heavy burden

as though it were a feather, and balancing it on his head, stepped along in the line of porters as though nothing had occurred.

Trifling as this incident may appear, it was of much service to me, as it served as an introduction to both Turks and natives. I heard the former conversing together, praising the speed of the horse, and congratulating themselves on the impossibility of the porters escaping now that they had seen how quickly they could be overtaken. Another remarked, "Wah Illahi, I should not like to chase a nigger so closely while a lance was in his hand. I expected he would turn sharp round and throw it through the Hawaga." Thus I was now looked upon by the Turks as an *ally,* and at the same time I was regarded by the Latookas as their friend for having saved their man; and they grinned their approbation in the most unmistakeable manner as I rode past their line, shouting, "Morrté, morrté, mattat!" (welcome, welcome, chief!)

On arriving at a large town, named Kattaga, we rested under the shade of an immense tamarind tree. There was no sign of my men and animals, and I began to think that something had gone wrong. For two hours we waited for their arrival. Ascending some rising ground, I at length observed my caravan approaching in the distance, and every one of my

men, except Richarn, mounted upon my donkeys, although the poor animals were already carrying loads of 150 lbs. each. Upon observing me, the dismount was sudden and general. On their arrival I found that three of the men had deserted, including "Bellāal," and had joined the party of Mahommed Her, taking with them my guns and ammunition. Two had previously joined that party; thus five of my men were now engaged by those slave-hunters, and I little doubted that my remaining men would abscond likewise.

On the arrival of my vakeel he told me, in face of the men, that so many had deserted, and that the others had refused to assist him in taking the guns from them; thus my arms and ammunition had been forcibly stolen. I abused both the vakeel and the men most thoroughly, and as for the mutineers who have joined the slave-hunters, "Inshallah, the vultures shall pick their bones!"

This charitable wish—which, I believe, I expressed with intense hatred—was never forgotten either by my own men or by the Turks. Believing firmly in the evil eye, their superstitious fears were immediately excited.

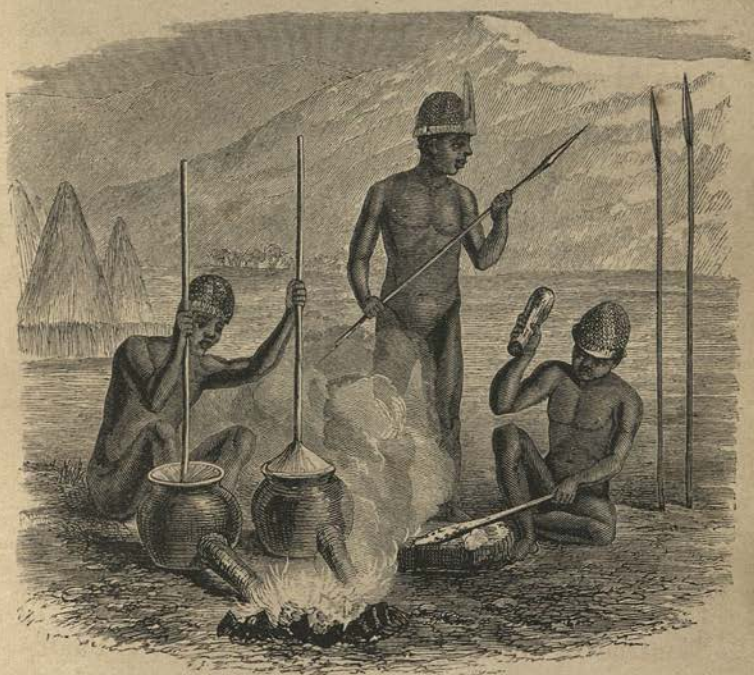
Continuing the march along the same style of country we shortly came in view of Tarrangollé, the

chief town of Latooka, at which point was the station of Ibrahim. We had marched thirteen miles from Latomé, the station of Mahommed Her, at which place my men had deserted, and we were now 101 miles from Gondokoro by dead reckoning.

There were some superb trees situated close to the town, under which we camped until the natives could prepare a hut for our reception. Crowds of people now surrounded us, amazed at the two great objects of interest—the camels, and a white woman. They did not think me very peculiar, as I was nearly as brown as an Arab.

The Latookas are the finest savages I have ever seen. I measured a number of them as they happened to enter my tent, and allowing two inches for the thickness of their felt helmets, the average height was 5 ft. 11½ ins. Not only are they tall, but they possess a wonderful muscular development, having beautifully proportioned legs and arms; and although extremely powerful, they are never fleshy or corpulent. The formation of head and general physiognomy is totally different from all other tribes that I have met with in the neighbourhood of the White Nile. They have high foreheads, large eyes, rather high cheek-bones, mouths not very large, well-shaped, and the lips rather full. They all have a remarkably pleasing

cast of countenance, and are a great contrast to the other tribes in civility of manner. Altogether their appearance denotes a Galla origin, and it is most probable that, at some former period, an invasion by the Gallas of this country originated the settlement of the Latookas.



LATOOKA BLACKSMITHS.

One of the principal channels, if not the main stream of the river Sobat, is only four days' march or fifty miles east of Latooka, and is known to the

natives as the Chol. The east bank of that stream is occupied by the Gallas, who have frequently invaded the Latooka country. There is an interesting circumstance connected with these invasions, that the Gallas were invariably mounted upon *mules*. Neither horse, camel, nor other beast of burden is known to any of the White Nile tribes, therefore the existence of mules on the east bank of the Chol is a distinguishing feature. Both Abyssinia and the Galla being renowned for a fine breed of mules affords good circumstantial evidence that the Akkara tribe of the Chol are true Gallas, and that the Latookas may be derived from a similar origin by settlements after conquest.

The great chief of the Latookas, "Moy," assured me that his people could not withstand the cavalry of the Akkara, although they were superior to all other tribes on foot.

I have heard the traders of Khartoum pretend that they can distinguish the tribes of the White Nile by their individual type. I must confess my inability on this point. In vain I have attempted to trace an actual difference. To me the only distinguishing mark between the tribes bordering the White River is a peculiarity in either dressing the hair, or in ornament. The difference of general appearance caused by a variety of hairdressing is most perplexing, and is apt

to mislead a traveller who is only a superficial observer; but from the commencement of the negro tribes in N. lat. 12° to Ellyria in lat. 4° 30′ I have found no specific difference in the people. The actual change takes place suddenly on arrival in Latooka, and this is accounted for by an admixture with the Gallas.

The Latookas are a fine, frank, and warlike race. Far from being the morose set of savages that I had hitherto seen, they were excessively merry, and always ready for either a laugh or a fight. The town of Tarrangollé contained about three thousand houses, and was not only surrounded by iron-wood palisades, but every house was individually fortified by a little stockaded courtyard. The cattle were kept in large kraals in various parts of the town, and were most carefully attended to, fires being lit every night to protect them from flies; and high platforms, in three tiers, were erected in many places, upon which sentinels watched both day and night to give the alarm in case of danger. The cattle are the wealth of the country, and so rich are the Latookas in oxen, that ten or twelve thousand head are housed in every large town; thus the natives are ever on the watch, fearing the attacks of the adjacent tribes.

The houses of the Latookas are generally bell-shaped,

while others are precisely like huge candle-extinguishers, about twenty-five feet high. The roofs are neatly thatched, at an angle of about 75°, resting upon a circular wall about four feet high; thus the roof forms a cap descending to within two feet and a half of the ground. The doorway is only two feet and two inches high, thus an entrance must be effected upon all-fours. The interior is remarkably clean, but dark, as the architects have no idea of windows. It is a curious fact that the circular form of hut is the only style of architecture adopted among all the tribes of Central Africa, and also among the Arabs of Upper Egypt; and that, although these differ more or less in the form of the roof, no tribe has ever yet sufficiently advanced to construct a window. The town of Tarrangollé is arranged with several entrances, in the shape of low archways through the palisades; these are closed at night by large branches of the hooked thorn of the kittur bush (a species of mimosa). The main street is broad, but all others are studiously arranged to admit of only one cow, in single file, between high stockades; thus, in the event of an attack, these narrow passages could be easily defended, and it would be impossible to drive off their vast herds of cattle unless by the main street. The large cattle kraals are accordingly arranged in various

quarters in connexion with the great road, and the entrance of each kraal is a small archway in the strong iron-wood fence sufficiently wide to admit one ox at a time. Suspended from the arch is a bell, formed of the shell of the Dolape palm-nut, against which every animal must strike either its horns or back, on entrance. Every tinkle of the bell announces the passage of an ox into the kraal, and they are thus counted every evening when brought home from pasture.

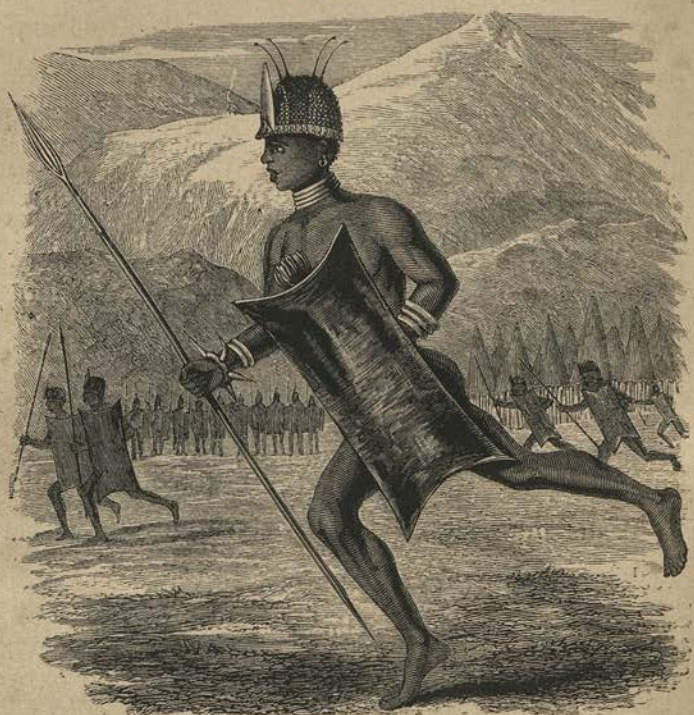
I had noticed, during the march from Latomé, that the vicinity of every town was announced by heaps of human remains. Bones and skulls formed a Golgotha within a quarter of a mile of every village. Some of these were in earthenware pots, generally broken; others lay strewn here and there; while a heap in the centre showed that some form had originally been observed in their disposition. This was explained by an extraordinary custom most rigidly observed by the Latookas. Should a man be killed in battle the body is allowed to remain where it fell, and is devoured by the vultures and hyenas; but should he die a natural death, he or she is buried in a shallow grave within a few feet of his own door, in the little courtyard that surrounds each dwelling. Funeral dances are then kept up in memory of the dead for several weeks; at

the expiration of which time, the body being sufficiently decomposed, is exhumed. The bones are cleaned, and are deposited in an earthenware jar, and carried to a spot near the town which is regarded as the cemetery. I observed that they were not particular in regarding the spot as sacred, as signs of nuisances were present even upon the bones, that in civilized countries would have been regarded as an insult.

There is little difficulty in describing the toilette of the natives—that of the men being simplified by the sole covering of the head, the body being entirely nude. It is curious to observe among these wild savages the consummate vanity displayed in their head-dresses. Every tribe has a distinct and unchanging fashion for dressing the hair; and so elaborate is the *coiffure* that hair-dressing is reduced to a science. European ladies would be startled at the fact, that to perfect the *coiffure* of a man requires a period of from eight to ten years! However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary. The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets, all of which are formed of their own hair; and are, of course, fixtures. At first sight it appears incredible, but a minute examination shows the wonderful perseverance of years in producing what must be highly inconvenient. The thick, crisp wool is

woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick net-work of felt. As the hair grows through this matted substance it is subjected to the same process, until, in the course of years, a compact substance is formed like a strong felt, about an inch and a half thick, that has been trained into the shape of a helmet. A strong rim, of about two inches deep, is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre and about a foot in length, forms the crest. The framework of the helmet being at length completed, it must be perfected by an arrangement of beads, should the owner of the head be sufficiently rich to indulge in the coveted distinction. The beads most in fashion are the red and the blue porcelain, about the size of small peas. These are sewn on the surface of the felt, and so beautifully arranged in sections of blue and red that the entire helmet appears to be formed of beads; and the handsome crest of polished copper, surmounted by ostrich-plumes, gives a most dignified and martial appearance to this elaborate head-dress. No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie-shells stitched around the rim so as to form a solid edge.

The Latookas have neither bows nor arrows, their weapons consisting of the lance, a powerful iron-headed mace, a long-bladed knife or sword, and an ugly iron bracelet, armed with knife-blades about four inches



COMMORO RUNNING TO THE FIGHT.

long by half an inch broad: the latter is used to strike with if disarmed, and to tear with when wrestling with an enemy. Their shields are either of buffaloes' hide or of giraffes', the latter being highly prized as

excessively tough although light, and thus combining the two requisite qualities of a good shield; they are usually about four feet six inches long by two feet wide, and are the largest I have seen. Altogether, everything in Latooka looks like fighting.

Although the men devote so much attention to their head-dress, the women are extremely simple. It is a curious fact, that while the men are remarkably handsome, the women are exceedingly plain;—they are immense creatures, few being under five feet seven inches in height with prodigious limbs. Their superior strength to that of other tribes may be seen in the size of their water jars, which are nearly double as large as any I have seen elsewhere, containing about ten gallons; in these they fetch water from the stream about a mile distant from the town. They wear exceedingly long tails, precisely like those of horses, but made of fine twine and rubbed with red ochre and grease. These are very convenient when they creep into their huts on hands and knees. In addition to the tails, they wear a large flap of tanned leather in front. Should I ever visit that country again, I should take a great number of "Freemasons'" aprons for the women; these would be highly prized, and would create a perfect *furor*. The only really pretty women that I saw in Latooka were Bokké, the

wife of the chief, and her daughter; they were *facsimiles* of each other, the latter having the advantage of being the second edition. Both women and men were extremely eager for beads of all kinds, the most valuable being the red and blue porcelain for helmets and the large opalescent bead, the size of a child's marble.

The day after my arrival in Latooka I was accommodated by the chief with a hut in a neat court-yard beautifully clean and cemented with clay, ashes, and cow-dung. Not patronising the architectural advantages of a doorway of two feet high, I pitched my large tent in the yard and stowed all my baggage in the hut. All being arranged, I had a large Persian carpet spread upon the ground, and received the chief of Latooka in state. He was introduced by Ibrahim, and I had the advantage of his interpreter. I commenced the conversation by ordering a present to be laid on the carpet of several necklaces of valuable beads, copper bars, and coloured cotton handkerchiefs. It was most amusing to witness his delight at a string of fifty little "berrets" (opal beads the size of marbles) which I had brought into the country for the first time, and were accordingly extremely valuable. No sooner had he surveyed them with undisguised delight than he requested me to give him another string of opals

for his wife, or she would be in a bad humour;—accordingly a present for the lady was added to the already large pile of beads that lay heaped upon the carpet before him. After surveying his treasures with pride, he heaved a deep sigh, and turning to the interpreter he said, "what a row there will be in the "family when my other wives see Bokké (his head wife) "dressed up with this finery. Tell the 'Mattat' that "unless he gives necklaces for each of my other wives, "they will fight!" Accordingly I asked him the number of the ladies that made him anxious. He deliberately began to count upon his fingers, and having exhausted the digits of one hand, I compromised immediately, begging him not to go through the whole of his establishment, and presented him with about three pounds of various beads, to be divided among them. He appeared highly delighted, and declared his intention of sending all his wives to pay Mrs. Baker a visit. This was an awful visitation, as each wife would expect a present for herself, and would assuredly have either a child or a friend for whom she would beg an addition. I therefore told him that the heat was so great that we could not bear too many in the tent, but that if Bokké, his favourite, would appear, we should be glad to see her. Accordingly he departed, and shortly we were honoured by a visit. Bokké and her daughter

were announced, and a prettier pair of savages I never saw. They were very clean;—their hair was worn short, like all the women of the country, and plastered with red ochre and fat, so as to look like vermilion; their faces were slightly tattooed on the cheeks and temples; and they sat down on the many-coloured carpet with great surprise, and stared at the first white man and woman they had ever seen. We gave them

BOKKÉ—WIFE OF MOY, CHIEF OF LATOOKA.

both a number of necklaces of red and blue beads, and I secured her portrait in my sketch book, obtaining a very correct likeness. She told us that Mahommed

Her's men were very bad people; that they had burnt and plundered one of her villages; and that one of the Latookas who had been wounded in the fight by a bullet had just died, and they were to dance for him to-morrow, if we would like to attend. She asked many questions; how many wives I had? and was astonished to hear that I was contented with one. This seemed to amuse her immensely, and she laughed heartily with her daughter at the idea. She said that my wife would be much improved if she would extract her four front teeth from the lower jaw, and wear the red ointment on her hair, according to the fashion of the country; she also proposed that she should pierce her under lip, and wear the long pointed polished crystal, about the size of a drawing pencil, that is the "thing" in the Latooka country. No woman among the tribe who has any pretensions to be a "swell" would be without this highly prized ornament, and one of my thermometers having come to an end I broke the tube into three pieces, and they were considered as presents of the highest value, to be worn through the perforated under lip. Lest the piece should slip through the hole in the lip, a kind of rivet is formed by twine bound round the inner extremity, and this protruding into the space left by the extraction of the four front teeth of the lower jaw, entices the tongue to act upon

the extremity, which gives it a wriggling motion, indescribably ludicrous during conversation.

I cannot understand for what reason all the White Nile tribes extract the four front teeth of the lower jaw. Were the meat of the country tender, the loss of teeth might be a trifle; but I have usually found that even a good set of grinders are sometimes puzzled to go through the operation needful to a Latooka beefsteak. It is difficult to explain real beauty; a defect in one country is a desideratum in another; scars upon the face are, in Europe, a blemish; but here and in the Arab countries no beauty can be perfect until the cheeks or temples have been gashed. The Arabs make three gashes upon each cheek, and rub the wounds with salt and a kind of porridge (asīda) to produce proud flesh; thus every female slave, captured by the slave-hunters, is marked to prove her identity, and to improve her charms. Each tribe has its peculiar fashion as to the position and form of the cicatrice.

The Latookas gash the temples and cheeks of their women, but do not raise the scar above the surface, as is the custom of the Arabs.

Polygamy is, of course, the general custom; the number of a man's wives depending entirely upon his wealth, precisely as would the number of his horses in England. There is no such thing as *love* in these

countries, the feeling is not understood, nor does it exist in the shape in which we understand it. Everything is practical, without a particle of romance. Women are so far appreciated as they are valuable animals. They grind the corn, fetch the water, gather firewood, cement the floors, cook the food, and propagate the race; but they are mere servants, and as such are valuable. The price of a good-looking, strong young wife, who could carry a heavy jar of water, would be ten cows; thus a man, rich in cattle, would be rich in domestic bliss, as he could command a multiplicity of wives. However delightful may be a family of daughters in England, they nevertheless are costly treasures; but in Latooka, and throughout savage lands, they are exceedingly profitable. The simple rule of proportion will suggest that if one daughter is worth ten cows, ten daughters must be worth a hundred, therefore a large family is the source of wealth; the girls produce the cows, and the boys milk them. All being perfectly naked (I mean the girls and the boys), there is no expense, and the children act as herdsmen to the flocks as in the patriarchal times. A multiplicity of wives thus increases wealth by the increase of family. I am afraid this practical state of affairs will be a strong barrier to missionary enterprise.

A savage holds to his cows, and his women, but especially to his *cows*. In a razzia fight he will seldom stand for the sake of his wives, but when he does fight it is to save his cattle. I now had a vivid exemplification of this theory.

One day, at about 3 P.M., the men of Ibrahim started upon some mysterious errand, but returned equally mysterious at about midnight. On the following morning I heard that they had intended to attack some place upon the mountains, but they had heard that it was too powerful; and as "discretion is the better part of valour," they had returned.

On the day following I heard that there had been some disaster, and that the whole of Mahommed Her's party had been massacred. The natives seemed very excited, and messenger succeeded messenger, all confirming the account that Mohammed Her had attacked a village on the mountains, the same that Ibrahim had intended to attack, and that the natives had exterminated their whole party.

On the following morning I sent ten of my men with a party of Ibrahim's to Latomé to make inquiries. They returned on the following afternoon, bringing with them two wounded men.

It appeared that Mahommed Her had ordered his party of 110 armed men, in addition to 300 natives,

to make a razzia upon a certain village among the mountains for slaves and cattle. They had succeeded in burning a village, and in capturing a great number of slaves. Having descended the pass, a native gave them the route that would lead to the capture of a large herd of cattle that they had not yet discovered. They once more ascended the mountain by a different path, and arriving at the kraal, they commenced driving off the vast herd of cattle. The Latookas, who had not fought while their wives and children were being carried into slavery, now fronted bravely against the muskets to defend their herds, and charging the Turks, they drove them down the pass.

It was in vain that they fought; every bullet aimed at a Latooka struck a rock, behind which the enemy was hidden. Rocks, stones, and lances were hurled at them from all sides and from above; they were forced to retreat. The retreat ended in a panic and precipitate flight. Hemmed in on all sides, amidst a shower of lances and stones thrown from the mountain above, the Turks fled *pêle-mêle* down the rocky and precipitous ravines. Mistaking their route, they came to a precipice from which there was no retreat. The screaming and yelling savages closed round them. Fighting was useless; the natives, under cover of the numerous detached rocks, offered no mark for an aim;

while the crowd of armed savages thrust them forward with wild yells to the very verge of the great precipice about five hundred feet below. Down they fell! hurled to utter destruction by the mass of Latookas pressing onward! A few fought to the last; but one and all were at length forced, by sheer pressure, over the edge of the cliff, and met a just reward for their atrocities.

My men looked utterly cast down, and a feeling of horror pervaded the entire party. No quarter had been given by the Latookas; and upwards of 200 natives, who had joined the slave-hunters in the attack, had also perished with their allies. Mahommed Her had not himself accompanied his people, both he and Bellāal, my late ringleader, having remained in camp; the latter having, fortunately for him, been disabled, and placed *hors de combat* by the example I had made during the mutiny. My men were almost green with awe, when I asked them solemnly, "Where were the men who had deserted from me?" Without answering a word they brought two of my guns and laid them at my feet. They were covered with clotted blood mixed with sand, which had hardened like cement over the locks and various portions of the barrels. My guns were all marked. As I looked at the numbers upon the stocks, I repeated aloud the

names of the owners. "Are they all dead?" I asked. "All dead," the men replied. "*Food for the vultures?*" I asked. "None of the bodies can be recovered," faltered my vakeel. "The two guns were brought from the spot by some natives who escaped, and who saw the men fall. They are all killed." "Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty. The hand of God is heavy," I replied. My men slunk away abashed, leaving the gory witnesses of defeat and death upon the ground. I called Saat and ordered him to give the two guns to Richarn to clean.

Not only my own men but the whole of Ibrahim's party were of opinion that I had some mysterious connexion with the disaster that had befallen my mutineers. All remembered the bitterness of my prophecy, "The vultures will pick their bones," and this terrible mishap having occurred so immediately afterwards took a strong hold upon their superstitious minds. As I passed through the camp the men would quietly exclaim, "Wah Illahi Hawaga!" (My God! Master.) To which I simply replied, "Robiné fe!" (There is a God.) From that moment I observed an extraordinary change in the manner of both my people and those of Ibrahim, all of whom now paid us the greatest respect.

Unfortunately a great change had likewise taken place in the manner of the Latookas. The whole town was greatly excited, drums were beating and horns blowing in all quarters, every one rejoicing at the annihilation of Mahommed Her's party. The natives no longer respected the superior power of guns; in a hand-to-hand fight they had proved their own superiority, and they had not the sense to distinguish the difference between a struggle in a steep mountain pass and a battle on the open plain. Ibrahim was apprehensive of a general attack on his party by the Latookas.

This was rather awkward, as it was necessary for him to return to Gondokoro for a large supply of ammunition which had been left there for want of porters to convey it, when he had started for the interior. To march to Gondokoro, and to guard the ammunition, would require a large force in the present disturbed state of the country; thus we should be a much-reduced party, which might induce the Latookas to attack us after his departure. However, it was necessary that he should start. I accordingly lent him a couple of donkeys to convey his powder, in case he should not be able to procure porters.

After the departure of Ibrahim, the force of his party, remaining at Tarrangollé, was reduced to

thirty-five men, under the command of his lieutenant, Suleiman. This was a weak detachment in the event of an attack, especially as they had no separate camp, but were living in the native town, the men quartered in detached huts, and accordingly at the mercy of the natives if surprised. The brutality of the Turks was so inseparable from their nature, that they continually insulted the native women to such an extent that I felt sure they would provoke hostilities in the present warlike humour of the Latookas. The stream being nearly a mile distant, there was a difficulty in procuring water. The Turks being far too lazy to carry it for themselves, seized upon the water-jars when the women returned from the stream, and beat them severely upon their refusal to deliver them without payment. I found no difficulty, as I engaged a woman to bring a regular supply for a daily payment in beads. Much bartering was going on between the Turks and the natives for provisions, in which the latter were invariably cheated, and beaten if they complained. I felt sure that such conduct must end in disagreement, if not in actual fight, in the event of which I knew that I should be dragged into the affair, although perfectly innocent, and having nothing to do with the Turks.

My quarters in the town were near an open quad-

rangular space about eighty yards square, inclosed upon all sides, but having a narrow entrance to the main street. The Turks were scattered about in the neighbouring lanes, their time passed in drinking merissa, and quarrelling with the natives and with each other.

The day after Ibrahim's departure, the Turks seized some jars of water by force from the women on their return from the stream. A row ensued, and ended by one of the women being shamefully maltreated; and a Latooka, who came to her assistance, was severely beaten. This I did not see, but it was reported to me. I called Suleiman, and told him that if such things were permitted it would entail a fight with the natives, in which I should not allow my men to join; that I prohibited my men from taking anything from the Latookas without just payment; thus, should a fight be caused by the conduct of his people, they must get out of it as they best could.

A bad feeling already existed between the natives and his people, owing to the defeat of the party of Mahommed Her. Much good management was required to avoid a collision, and the reverse was certain to cause an outbreak.

Shortly before dusk the women were again assaulted

on their return with water from the stream. One of Ibrahim's soldiers threatened a powerful-looking Amazon with his stick because she refused to deliver up her jar of water that she had carried about a mile for her own requirements. Upon seeing this my pretty friend, Bokké, the chief's wife, seized the soldier by the throat, wrested the stick from him, while another woman disarmed him of his gun. Other women then sat upon him, and gave him a most ignominious shaking; while some gathered up mud from the gutter and poured it down the barrel of his gun until they effectually choked it; not content with this, they plastered large masses of mud over the locks and trigger.

I looked on with enjoyment at the thorough discomfiture of the Turk. The news quickly spread, and in revenge for his disgrace his comrades severely beat some women at some distance from the camp. I heard screams, and shouts, and a confused noise; and upon my arrival outside the town, I saw large numbers of natives running from all quarters, and collecting together with lances and shields. I felt sure that we were to be involved in a general outbreak. However, the Turks beat the drum, and collected their men, so that in a few minutes no straggler was in the town.

It was remarkably unpleasant to be dragged into a row by the conduct of these brutal traders, with whom I had nothing in common, and who, should a fight actually occur, would be certain to behave as cowards. The Latookas would make no distinction between me and them, in the event of an attack, as they would naturally class all strangers and new comers with the hated Turks.

It was about 5 P.M. one hour before sunset. The woman who usually brought us water delivered her jar, but disappeared immediately after without sweeping the courtyard as was her custom. Her children who usually played in this enclosure had vanished. On searching her hut, which was in one corner of the yard, no one was to be found, and even the grinding-stone was gone. Suspecting that something was in the wind, I sent Karka and Gaddum Her, the two black servants, to search in various huts in the neighbourhood to observe if the owners were present, and whether the women were in their houses. Not a woman could be found. Neither woman nor child remained in the large town of Tarrangollé. There was an extraordinary stillness where usually all was noise and chattering. All the women and children had been removed to the mountains about two miles distant, and this so quickly and noiselessly that it appeared incredible.

I immediately sent to the house of the chief, and requested his attendance. There were two chiefs, brothers; Moy was the greater in point of rank, but his brother, Commoro, had more actual authority with the people. I was glad that the latter appeared.

I sent to request an interpreter from the Turks, and upon his arrival I asked Commoro why the women and children had been removed? He replied, "That the Turks were so brutal that he could not prevail upon his people to endure it any longer; their women were robbed and beaten, and they were all so ill-treated, that he, as their chief, had no longer any control over them; and that the odium of having introduced the Turks to Latooka was thrown upon him." I asked him whether any of my men had misbehaved. I explained that I should flog any one of my men who should steal the merest trifle from his people, or insult any women. All my men were in dark-brown uniforms. He said, "That none of the men with the brown clothes had been complained of, but that his people had taken a dislike to all strangers, owing to the conduct of the Turks, and that he could not answer for the consequences." There was a division among his own people, some wishing to fight and to serve the Turks as the Latookas had served the

party of Mahommed Her, and others yielding to his advice, and agreeing to remain quiet.

I inquired whether the chief, Moy, intended peace or war? He said, "That Bokké, his wife, had made him very angry against the Turks by describing their conduct towards the women."

This was rather an unsatisfactory state of things. Commoro departed, frankly admitting that the natives were much excited and wished to attack, but that he would do his best with them.

These rascally *traders* set every country in a blaze by their brutal conduct, and rendered exploring not only most dangerous but next to impossible, without an exceedingly powerful force.

The sun set; and, as usual in tropical climates, darkness set in within half an hour. Not a woman had returned to the town, nor was the voice of a man to be heard. The natives had entirely forsaken the portion of the town that both I and the Turks occupied.

The night was perfectly calm, and the stars shone so brightly, that I took an observation for the latitude—4° 30′.

There was a death-like stillness in the air. Even the Turks, who were usually uproarious, were perfectly quiet; and although my men made no remark,

it was plain that we were all occupied by the same thoughts, and that an attack was expected.

It was about 9 o'clock, and the stillness had become almost painful. There was no cry of a bird; not even the howl of a hyena: the camels were sleeping; but every man was wide awake, and the sentries well on the alert. We were almost listening at the supernatural stillness, if I may so describe the perfect calm, when, suddenly, every one startled at the deep and solemn boom of the great war-drum, or nogara! Three distinct beats, at slow intervals, rang through the apparently deserted town, and echoed loudly from the neighbouring mountain. It was the signal! A few minutes elapsed, and like a distant echo from the north the three mournful tones again distinctly sounded. Was it an echo? Impossible. Now from the south, far distant, but unmistakeable, the same three regular beats came booming through the still night air. Again and again, from every quarter, spreading far and wide, the signal was responded; and the whole country echoed those three solemn notes so full of warning. Once more the great nogara of Tarrangollé sounded the original alarm within a few hundred paces of our quarters. The whole country was up.

There was no doubt about the matter. The Turks

well knew those three notes were the war-signal of the Latookas.

I immediately called Suleiman. It was necessary to act in unison. I ordered him to beat the drum loudly for about five minutes to answer the nogara. His men were all scattered in several small inclosures. I called them all out into the open quadrangle; in the centre of which I placed the baggage, and planted the English ensign in the middle, while the Turks fixed their flag within a few paces. Posting sentries at each corner of the square, I stationed patrols in the principal street. In the meantime Mrs. Baker had laid out upon a mat several hundred cartridges of buck-shot, powder-flasks, wadding, and opened several boxes of caps, all of which were neatly arranged for a reserve of ammunition; while a long row of first-class double guns and rifles lay in readiness. The boy Saat was full of fight, and immediately strapped on his belt and cartouche-box, and took his stand among the men.

I ordered the men, in the event of an attack, to immediately set fire to all the huts around the quadrangle; in which case the sudden rush of a large body of men would be impossible, and the huts being of straw, the town would be quickly in a blaze.

Everything was in order to resist an attack in five minutes from the sounding of the nogara.

The patrols shortly reported that large bodies of men were collecting outside the town. The great nogara again beat, and was answered at intervals as before from the neighbouring villages; but the Turks' drum kept up an uninterrupted roll as a challenge whenever the nogara sounded. Instead of the intense stillness that had formerly been almost painful, a distinct hum of distant voices betokened the gathering of large bodies of men. However, we were well fortified; and the Latookas knew it. We occupied the very stronghold that they had themselves constructed for the defence of their town; and the square being surrounded with strong iron-wood palisades with only a narrow entrance, would be impregnable when held, as now, by fifty men well armed with guns against a mob whose best weapons were only lances. I sent men up the watchmen's stations; these were about twenty-five feet high; and the night being clear, they could distinctly report the movements of a dark mass of natives that were ever increasing on the outside of the town at about two hundred yards' distance. The rattle of the Turks' drum repeatedly sounded in reply to the nogara, and the intended attack seemed destined to relapse into a noisy but empty battle of the drums.

A few hours passed in uncertainty, when, at about

midnight, the chief Commoro came fearlessly to the patrol, and was admitted to the quadrangle. He seemed greatly struck with the preparations for defence, and explained that the nogara had been beaten without his orders, and accordingly the whole country had risen; but that he had explained to the people that I had no hostile intentions, and that all would be well if they only kept the peace. He said they certainly had intended to attack us, and were surprised that we were prepared, as proved by the immediate reply of the Turks' drum to their nogara. He assured us that he would not sleep that night, but would watch that nothing should happen. I assured him that we should also keep awake, but should the nogara sound once more I should give orders to my men to set fire to the town, as I should not allow the natives to make use of such threats with impunity. I agreed to use what little interest I had to keep the Turks in order, but that I must not be held responsible by the natives for their proceedings, as I was not of their country, neither had I anything to do with them. I explained, that upon Ibrahim's return from Gondokoro things might improve, as he was the captain of the Turks, and might be able to hold his men in command. Commoro departed, and at about 2 A.M. the dense crowds of armed men

that had accumulated outside the town began to disperse.

The morning broke and saw the men still under arms, but the excitement had passed. The women soon reappeared with their water-jars as usual, but on this occasion they were perfectly unmolested by the Turks, who, having passed the night in momentary expectation of an attack, were now upon their best behaviour. However, I heard them muttering among themselves, "Wait until Ibrahim returns with reinforcements and ammunition, and we will pay the Latookas for last night."

The town filled; and the Latookas behaved as though nothing out of the common had occurred; but when questioned, they coolly confessed that they had intended to surprise us, but that we were too "wide awake." It is extraordinary that these fellows are so stupid as to beat the drum or nogara before the attack, as it naturally gives the alarm, and renders a surprise impossible; nevertheless, the war-drum is always a preliminary step to hostilities.

I now resolved to camp outside the town, so as not to be mixed up in any way with the Turks, whose presence was certain to create enmity. Accordingly I engaged a number of natives to cut thorns, and to make a zareeba, or camp, about four hundred yards

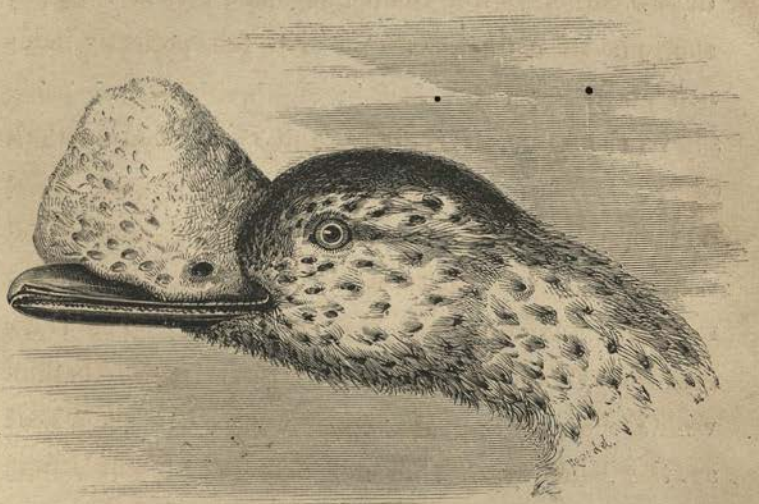
from the main entrance of the town, on the road to the stream of water. In a few days it was completed, and I constructed houses for my men, and two good huts for ourselves. Having a supply of garden seeds, I arranged a few beds, which I sowed with onions, cabbages, and raddishes. My camp was eighty yards long, and forty wide. My horses were picqueted in two corners, while the donkeys and camels occupied the opposite extremity. We now felt perfectly independent.

I had masses of supplies, and I resolved to work round to the south-west whenever it might be possible, and thus to recover the route that I had originally proposed for my journey south. My present difficulty was the want of an interpreter. The Turks had several, and I hoped that on the return of Ibrahim from Gondokoro I might induce him to lend me a Bari lad for some consideration. For the present I was obliged to send to the Turks' camp and borrow an interpreter whenever I required one, which was both troublesome and expensive.

Although I was willing to purchase all supplies with either beads or copper bracelets, I found it was impossible to procure meat. The natives refused to sell either cattle or goats. This was most tantalizing, as not less than 10,000 head of cattle filed by my camp every morning

as they were driven from the town to pasturage. All this amount of beef paraded before me, and did not produce a steak. Milk was cheap and abundant; fowls were scarce; corn was plentiful; vegetables were unknown; not even pumpkins were grown by the Latookas.

Fortunately there was an abundance of small game



DRAKE'S HEAD.

in the shape of wild ducks, pigeons, doves; and a great variety of birds such as herons, cranes, spoonbills, &c. Travellers should always take as large a supply of shot as possible. I had four hundred weight, and prodigious quantities of powder and caps, thus I could at all times kill sufficient game for ourselves and

people. There were a series of small marshy pools scattered over the country near the stream that ran through the valley; these were the resort of numerous ducks, which afforded excellent sport.

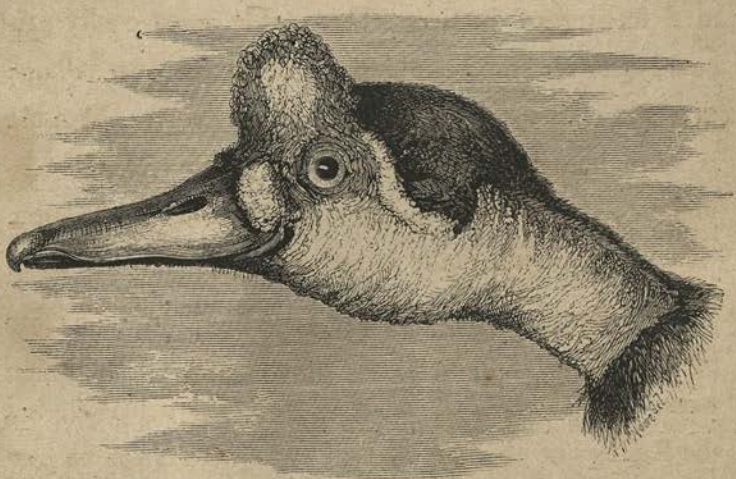
The town of Tarrangollé is situated at the foot of the mountain, about a mile from the stream, which is about eighty yards wide, but shallow. In the dry weather, water is obtained by wells dug in the sandy bed, but during the rains it is a simple torrent not exceeding three feet in depth. The bed being sandy, the numerous banks, left dry by the fluctuations of the stream, are most inviting spots for ducks; and it was only necessary to wait under a tree, on the river's bank, to obtain thirty or forty shots in one morning as the ducks flew down the course of the stream. I found two varieties: the small brown duck with a grey head; and a magnificent variety, as large as the Muscovy, having a copper-and-blue coloured tinselled back and wings, with a white but speckled head and neck. This duck had a curious peculiarity in a fleshy protuberance on the beak about as large as a half-crown. This stands erect, like a cock's comb. Both this, and the smaller variety, were delicious eating. There were two varieties of geese—the only two that I have ever seen on the White Nile—the common Egyptian grey goose, and a large black and white bird

with a crimson head and neck, and a red and yellow horny protuberance on the top of the head. This variety has a sharp spur upon the wing an inch long, and exceedingly powerful; it is used as a weapon of defence for striking, like the spurred wing of the plover.

I frequently shot ten or twelve ducks, and as many cranes, before breakfast; among others the beautiful-crested crane, called by the Arabs "garranook." The black velvet head of this crane, surrounded by a golden crest, was a favourite ornament of the Latookas, and they were immediately arranged as crests for their helmets. The neighbourhood of my camp would have made a fortune for a feather-dealer; it was literally strewn with down and plumes. I was always attended every morning by a number of Latooka boys, who were eager sportsmen, and returned to camp daily laden with ducks and geese. No sooner did we arrive in camp that a number of boys volunteered to pluck the birds, which they did for the sake of the longest feathers, with which they immediately decked their woolly heads. Crowds of boys were to be seen with heads like cauliflowers, all dressed with the feathers of cranes and wild ducks. It appears to be accepted, both by the savage and civilized, that birds' feathers are specially intended for ornamenting the human head.

It was fortunate that Nature had thus stocked Latooka with game. It was impossible to procure any other meat; and not only were the ducks and geese to us what the quails were to the Israelites in the desert, but they enabled me to make presents to the natives that assured them of our good will.

Although the Latookas were far better than other tribes that I had met, they were sufficiently annoying;



CRIMSON-HEADED SPUR-WINGED GOOSE.

they gave me no credit for real good will, but they attributed my forbearance to weakness. On one occasion Adda, one of the chiefs, came to ask me to join him in attacking a village to procure molotes (iron hoes); he said, "Come along with me, bring your men and guns, and we will attack a village near here, and

take their molotes and cattle; you keep the cattle, and I will have the molotes." I asked him whether the village was in an enemy's country? "Oh no!" he replied, "it is close here; but the people are rather rebellious, and it will do them good to kill a few, and to take their molotes. If you are afraid, never mind, I will ask the Turks to do it." Thus forbearance on my part was supposed to be caused from weakness, and it was difficult to persuade them that it originated in a feeling of justice. This Adda most coolly proposed that we should plunder one of his own villages that was rather too "liberal" in its views. Nothing is more heartbreaking than to be so thoroughly misunderstood, and the obtuseness of the savages was such, that I never could make them understand the existence of good principle;—their one idea was "power,"—force that could obtain all—the strong hand that could wrest from the weak. In disgust I frequently noted the feelings of the moment in my journal—a memorandum from which I copy as illustrative of the time. "1863, 10th April, Latooka: I wish the black sympathisers in England could see Africa's inmost heart as I do, much of their sympathy would subside. Human nature viewed in its crude state as pictured amongst African savages is quite on a level with that of the brute, and not to be compared with the noble

character of the dog. There is neither gratitude, pity, love, nor self-denial; no idea of duty; no religion; but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness and cruelty. All are thieves, idle, envious, and ready to plunder and enslave their weaker neighbours."

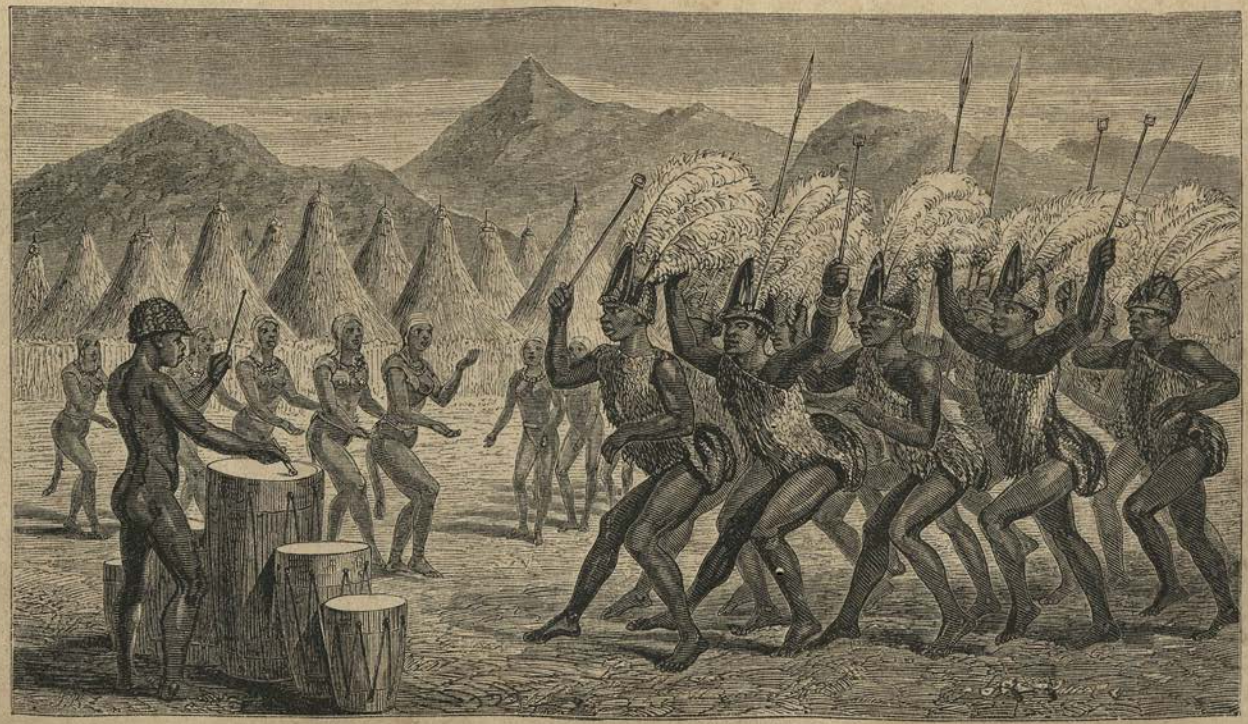
CHAPTER VI.

THE FUNERAL DANCE.

DRUMS were beating, horns blowing, and people were seen all running in one direction ;—the cause was a funeral dance, and I joined the crowd, and soon found myself in the midst of the entertainment. The dancers were most grotesquely got up. About a dozen huge ostrich feathers adorned their helmets ; either leopard or the black and white monkey skins were suspended from their shoulders, and a leather tied round the waist covered a large iron bell which was strapped upon the loins of each dancer, like a woman's old-fashioned bustle : this they rung to the time of the dance by jerking their posteriors in the most absurd manner. A large crowd got up in this style created an indescribable hubbub, heightened by the blowing of horns and the beating of seven nogaras of various notes. Every dancer wore an antelope's horn suspended round the neck,

which he blew occasionally in the height of his excitement. These instruments produced a sound partaking of the braying of a donkey and the screech of an owl. Crowds of men rushed round and round in a sort of "galop infernel," brandishing their lances and iron-headed maces, and keeping tolerably in line five or six deep, following the leader who headed them, dancing backwards. The women kept outside the line, dancing a slow stupid step, and screaming a wild and most inharmonious chaunt, while a long string of young girls and small children, their heads and necks rubbed with red ochre and grease, and prettily ornamented with strings of beads around their loins, kept a very good line, beating the time with their feet, and jingling the numerous iron rings which adorned their ankles to keep time with the drums. One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd with a gourd full of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering them like millers; the object of the operation I could not understand. The "première danseuse" was immensely fat; she had passed the bloom of youth, but, "malgré" her unwieldy state, she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance, and absorbed with the excitement of the dance.

These festivities were to be continued in honour of



THE LATOOKA FUNERAL DANCE.

the dead; and as many friends had recently been killed, music and dancing would be in fashion for some weeks.

There was an excellent interpreter belonging to Ibrahim's party—a Bari lad of about eighteen. This boy had been in their service for some years, and had learnt Arabic, which he spoke fluently, although with a peculiar accent, owing to the extraction of the four front teeth of the lower jaw, according to the general custom. It was of great importance to obtain the confidence of Loggo, as my success depended much upon information that I might obtain from the natives; therefore, whenever I sent for him to hold any conversation with the people, I invariably gave him a little present at parting. Accordingly he obeyed any summons from me with great alacrity, knowing that the interview would terminate with a "backsheesh" (present). In this manner I succeeded in establishing confidence, and he would frequently come uncalled to my tent and converse upon all manner of subjects. The Latooka language is different to the Bari, and a second interpreter was necessary; this was a sharp lad about the same age: thus the conversation was somewhat tedious, the medium being Bari and Latooka.

The chief Commoro (the "Lion") was one of the most clever and common-sense savages that I had seen

in these countries, and the tribe paid far more deference to his commands than to those of his brother, "Moy," although the latter was the superior in rank.

One day I sent for Commoro after the usual funeral dance was completed, and, through my two young interpreters, I had a long conversation with him on the customs of his country. I wished if possible to fathom the origin of the extraordinary custom of exhuming the body after burial, as I imagined that in this act some idea might be traced to a belief in the resurrection.

Commoro was, like all his people, extremely tall. Upon entering my tent he took his seat upon the ground, the Latookas not using stools like the other White Nile tribes. I commenced the conversation by complimenting him on the perfection of his wives and daughters in the dance, and on his own agility in the performance; and inquired for whom the ceremony had been performed.

He replied, that it was for a man who had been recently killed, but no one of great importance, the same ceremony being observed for every person without distinction.

I asked him why those slain in battle were allowed to remain unburied. He said, it had always been the custom, but that he could not explain it.

"But," I replied, "why should you disturb the bones of those whom you have already buried, and expose them on the outskirts of the town?"

"It was the custom of our forefathers," he answered, "therefore we continue to observe it."

"Have you no belief in a future existence after death? Is not some idea expressed in the act of exhuming the bones after the flesh is decayed?"

Commoro (*loq.*)—"Existence *after* death! How can that be? Can a dead man get out of his grave, unless we dig him out?"

"Do you think man is like a beast, that dies and is ended?"

Commoro.—"Certainly; an ox is stronger than a man; but he dies, and his bones last longer; they are bigger. A man's bones break quickly—he is weak."

"Is not a man superior in sense to an ox? Has he not a mind to direct his actions?"

Commoro.—"Some men are not so clever as an ox. Men must sow corn to obtain food, but the ox and wild animals can procure it without sowing."

"Do you not know that there is a spirit within you more than flesh? Do you not dream and wander in thought to distant places in your sleep? Nevertheless, your body rests in one spot. How do you account for this?"

Commoro, laughing—"Well, how do *you* account for it? It is a thing I cannot understand; it occurs to me every night."

"The mind is independent of the body;—the actual body can be fettered, but the mind is uncontrollable; the body will die and will become dust, or be eaten by vultures, but the spirit will exist for ever."

Commoro.—"Where will the spirit live?"

"Where does fire live? Cannot you produce a fire* by rubbing two sticks together, yet you *see* not the fire in the wood. Has not that fire, that lies harmless and unseen in the sticks, the power to consume the whole country? Which is the stronger, the small stick that first *produces* the fire, or the fire itself? So is the spirit the element within the body, as the element of fire exists in the stick; the element being superior to the substance."

Commoro.—"Ha! Can you explain what we frequently see at night when lost in the wilderness? I have myself been lost, and wandering in the dark, I have seen a distant fire; upon approaching, the fire has vanished, and I have been unable to trace the cause—nor could I find the spot."

"Have you no idea of the existence of spirits

* The natives always produce fire by rubbing two sticks together.

superior to either man or beast? Have you no fear of evil except from bodily causes?"

Commoro.—"I am afraid of elephants and other animals when in the jungle at night, but of nothing else."

"Then you believe in nothing; neither in a good nor evil spirit! And you believe that when you die it will be the end of body and spirit; that you are like other animals; and that there is no distinction between man and beast; both disappear, and end at death?"

Commoro.—"Of course they do."

"Do you see no difference in good and bad actions?"

Commoro.—"Yes, there are good and bad in men and beasts."

"Do you think that a good man and a bad must share the same fate, and alike die, and end?"

Commoro.—"Yes; what else can they do? How can they help dying? Good and bad all die."

"Their bodies perish, but their spirits remain; the good in happiness, the bad in misery. If you have no belief in a future state, *why should a man be good?* Why should he not be bad, if he can prosper by wickedness?"

Commoro.—"Most people are bad; if they are strong they take from the weak. The good people are

all weak; they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad."

Some corn had been taken out of a sack for the horses, and a few grains lying scattered on the ground, I tried the beautiful metaphor of St. Paul as an example of a future state. Making a small hole with my finger in the ground, I placed a grain within it; "That," I said, "represents you when you die." Covering it with earth, I continued, "That grain will decay, but from it will rise the plant that will produce a reappearance of the original form."

Commoro.—"Exactly so; that I understand. But the *original* grain does *not* rise again; it rots like the dead man, and is ended; the fruit produced is not the same grain that we buried, but the *production* of that grain: so it is with man,—I die, and decay, and am ended; but my children grow up like the fruit of the grain. Some men have no children, and some grains perish without fruit; then all are ended."

I was obliged to change the subject of conversation. In this wild naked savage there was not even a superstition upon which to found a religious feeling; there was a belief in matter; and to his understanding everything was *material*. It was extraordinary to find so much clearness of perception combined with such complete obtuseness to anything ideal.

Giving up the religious argument as a failure, I resolved upon more practical inquiries.

The Turks had only arrived in the Latooka country in the preceding year. They had not introduced the cowrie shell; but I observed that every helmet was ornamented with this species; it therefore occurred to me that they must find their way into the country from Zanzibar.

In reply to my inquiries, Commoro pointed to the south, from which he said they arrived in his country, but he had no idea from whence they came. The direction was sufficient to prove that they must be sent from the east coast, as Speke and Grant had followed the Zanzibar traders as far as Karagwé, the 2° S. lat.

Commoro could not possibly understand my object in visiting the Latooka country; it was in vain that I attempted to explain the intention of my journey. He said, "Suppose you get to the great lake, what will you do with it? What will be the good of it? If you find that the large river does flow from it, what then? What's the good of it?"

I could only assure him, that in England we had an intimate knowledge of the whole world, except the interior of Africa, and that our object in exploring was to benefit the hitherto unknown countries by

instituting legitimate trade, and introducing manufactures from England in exchange for ivory and other productions. He replied that the Turks would never trade fairly; that they were extremely bad people, and that they would not purchase ivory in any other way than by bartering cattle, which they stole from one tribe to sell to another.

Our conversation was suddenly terminated by one of my men running in to the tent with the bad news that one of the camels had dropped down and was dying. The report was too true. He was poisoned by a well-known plant that he had been caught in the act of eating. In a few hours he died. There is no more stupid animal than the camel. Nature has implanted in most animals an instinctive knowledge of the plants suitable for food, and they generally avoid those that are poisonous: but the camel will eat indiscriminately anything that is green; and if in a country where the plant exists that is well known by the Arabs as the "camel poison," watchers must always accompany the animals while grazing. The most fatal plant is a creeper, very succulent, and so beautifully green that its dense foliage is most attractive to the stupid victim. The stomach of the camel is very subject to inflammation, which is rapidly fatal. I have frequently seen them, after several days of sharp

desert marching, arrive in good pasture, and die, within a few hours, of inflammation caused by repletion. It is extraordinary how they can exist upon the driest and apparently most un-nutritious food. When other animals are starving, the camel manages to pick up a subsistence, eating the ends of barren, leafless twigs, the dried sticks of certain shrubs, and the tough dry paper-like substance of the dome palm, about as succulent a breakfast as would be a green umbrella and a *Times* newspaper. With intense greediness the camel, although a hermit in simplicity of fare in hard times, feeds voraciously when in abundant pasture, always seeking the greenest shrubs. The poison-bush becomes a fatal bait.

The camel is by no means well understood in Europe. Far from being the docile and patient animal generally described, it is quite the reverse, and the males are frequently dangerous. They are exceedingly perverse; and are, as before described, excessively stupid. For the great deserts they are wonderfully adapted, and without them it would be impossible to cross certain tracts of country for want of water.

Exaggerated accounts have been written respecting the length of time that a camel can travel without drinking. The period that the animal can subsist without suffering from thirst depends entirely upon

the season and the quality of food. Precisely as in Europe sheep require but little water when fed upon turnips, so does the camel exist almost without drinking during the rainy season when pastured upon succulent and dewy herbage. During the hottest season, when green herbage ceases to exist in the countries inhabited by camels, they are led to water every alternate day, thus they are supposed to drink once in forty-eight hours; but when upon the march across deserts, where no water exists, they are expected to carry a load of from five to six hundred pounds, and to march twenty-five miles per day, for three days, without drinking, but to be watered on the fourth day. Thus a camel should drink the evening before the start, and he will carry his load one hundred miles without the necessity of drinking; not, however, without suffering from thirst. On the third day's march, during the hot simoom, the camel should drink if possible; but he can endure the fourth day.

This peculiarity of constitution enables the camel to overcome obstacles of nature that would otherwise be insurmountable. Not only can he travel over the scorching sand of the withering deserts, but he never seeks the shade. When released from his burden he kneels by his load in the burning sand, and luxuriates in the glare of a sun that drives all other beasts to

shelter. The peculiar spongy formation of the foot renders the camel exceedingly sure, although it is usual to believe that it is only adapted for flat, sandy plains. I have travelled over mountains so precipitous that no domestic animal but the camel could have accomplished the task with a load. This capability is not shared generally by the race, but by a breed belonging to the Hadendowa Arabs, between the Red Sea and Taka. There is quite as great a variety in the breeds of camels as of horses. Those most esteemed in the Soodan are the Bishareen; they are not so large as others, but are exceedingly strong and enduring.

The average value of a baggage camel among the Soodan Arabs is fifteen dollars, but a good "hygeen," or riding dromedary, is worth from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars, according to his capabilities. A thoroughly good hygeen is supposed to travel fifty miles a day, and to continue this pace for five days, carrying only his rider and a small water skin or girba. His action should be so easy that his long ambling trot should produce that peculiar movement adopted by a nurse when hushing a child to sleep upon her knee. This movement is delightful, and the quick elastic step of a first-class animal imparts an invigorating spirit to the rider, and were it not for the intensity

of the sun, he would willingly ride for ever. The difference of action and of comfort to the rider between a common camel and a high class hygeen, is equal to that between a thoroughbred and a heavy dray horse.

However, with all the good qualities of a "Bisharreen," my best camel was dead. This was a sad loss. So long as my animals were well I felt independent, and the death of this camel was equal to minus five cwt. of luggage. My men were so idle that they paid no attention to the animals, and the watcher who had been appointed to look after the four camels had amused himself by going to the Latooka dance. Thus was the loss of my best animal occasioned.

So well had all my saddles and pads been arranged at Khartoum, that although we had marched seven days with exceedingly heavy loads, not one of the animals had a sore back. The donkeys were exceedingly fresh, but they had acquired a most disgusting habit. The Latookas are remarkably clean in their towns, and nothing unclean is permitted *within* the stockade or fence. Thus the outside, especially the neighbourhood of the various entrances, was excessively filthy, and my donkeys actually fattened as scavengers, like pigs. I remembered that my unfortunate German Johann Schmidt had formerly told me that he was at one time shooting in the Basé country, where the

grass had been burnt, and not a blade of vegetation was procurable. He had abundance of sport, and he fed his donkey upon the flesh of antelopes, which he ate with avidity, and throve exceedingly. It is a curious fact that donkeys should under certain circumstances become omnivorous, while horses remain clean feeders.

CHAPTER VII.

LATOOKA.

THE country in the immediate neighbourhood of Latooka was parched, as there had been no rain for some time. The latitude was 4° 35′, longitude 32°. 55′ E.; the rains had commenced in February on the mountains on the south side of the valley, about eighteen miles distant. Every day there was an appearance of a storm; the dark clouds gathered ominously around the peak of the Gebel Lafeet above the town, but they were invariably attracted by the higher range on the opposite and south side of the valley, where they daily expended themselves at about 3 P. M. On that side of the valley the mountains rose to about 6,000 feet, and formed a beautiful object seen from my camp. It was most interesting to observe the embryo storms travel from Tarrangollé in a circle, and ultimately crown the higher range before us, while the

thunder roared and echoed from rock to rock across the plain.

The Latookas assured me that at the foot of those mountains there were elephants and giraffes in abundance; accordingly, I determined to make a reconnaissance of the country.

On the following morning I started on horseback, with two of my people mounted, and a native guide, and rode through the beautiful valley of Latooka to the foot of the range. The first five or six miles were entirely de-pastured by the enormous herds of the Latookas who were driven to that distance from the towns daily, all the country in the immediate vicinity being dried up. The valley was extremely fertile, but totally unoccupied and in a state of nature, being a wilderness of open plains, jungles, patches of forest and gullies, that although dry evidently formed swamps during the wet season. When about eight miles from the town we came upon tracks of the smaller antelopes, which, although the weakest, are the most daring in approaching the habitations of man. A few miles farther on, we saw buffaloes and hartebeest, and shortly came upon tracks of giraffes. Just at this moment the inky clouds that as usual had gathered over Tarrangollé came circling around us, and presently formed so dense a canopy that the darkness was like a partial eclipse.

The thunder warned us with tremendous explosions just above us, while the lightning flashed almost at our feet with blinding vividness. A cold wind suddenly rushed through the hitherto calm air; this is the certain precursor of rain in hot climates, the heavier cold air of the rain-cloud falling into the stratum of warmer and lighter atmosphere below. It *did* rain;—in such torrents as only the inhabitants of tropical countries can understand. "Cover up the gunlocks!"—and the pieces of mackintosh for that purpose were immediately secured in their places. Well, let it rain!—it is rather pleasant to be wet through in a country where the thermometer is seldom below 92° Fahr., especially when there is no doubt of getting wet through;—not like the wretched drizzling rain of England, that chills you with the fear that perhaps your great-coat is not waterproof, but a regular douche bath that would beat in the crown of a cheap hat. How delightful to be really cool in the centre of Africa! I was charmingly wet—the water was running out of the heels of my shoes, which were overflowing; the wind howled over the flood that was pouring through the hitherto dry gullies, and in the course of ten minutes the whole scene had changed. It was no longer the tropics; the climate was that of old England restored to me: the chilled air refreshed me, and I felt at home again. "How

delightful!" I exclaimed, as I turned round to see how my followers were enjoying it. Dear me! I hardly knew my own people. Of all the miserable individuals I ever saw, they were superlative—they were not enjoying the change of climate in the least;—with heads tucked down and streams of water running from their nasal extremities, they endeavoured to avoid the storm. Perfectly thoughtless of all but self in the extremity of their misery, they had neglected the precaution of lowering the muzzles of their guns, and my beautiful No. 10 rifles were full of water. "Charming day!" I exclaimed to my soaked and shivering followers, who looked like kittens in a pond. They muttered something that might be interpreted "What's fun to you is death to us." I comforted them with the assurance that this was an English climate on a midsummer day. If my clothed Arabs suffered from cold, where was my naked guide? He was the most pitiable object I ever saw; with teeth chattering and knees knocking together with cold, he crouched under the imaginary shelter of a large tamarind tree; he was no longer the clean black that had started as my guide, but the cold and wet had turned him grey, and being thin, he looked like an exaggerated slate-pencil.

Not wishing to discourage my men, I unselfishly turned back just as I was beginning to enjoy myself,

and my people regarded me as we do the Polar bear at the Zoological Gardens, who begins to feel happy on the worst day in our English winter.

We returned home by a different route, not being able to find the path in the trackless state of the country during the storm. There were in some places unmistakeable evidences of the presence of elephants, and I resolved to visit the spot again. I returned to the tent at 4 P.M. satisfied that sport was to be had.

On my arrival at camp I found the natives very excited at the appearance of rain, which they firmly believed had been called specially by their chief. All were busy preparing their *molotes* (iron hoes), fitting new handles, and getting everything ready for the periodical sowing of their crop.

The handles of the molotes are extremely long, from seven to ten feet, and the instrument being shaped like a miner's spade (heart-shaped), is used like a Dutch hoe, and is an effective tool in ground that has been cleared, but is very unfitted for preparing fresh soil. Iron ore of good quality exists on the surface throughout this country. The Latookas, like the Baris, are excellent blacksmiths, producing a result that would astonish an English workman, considering the rough nature of their tools, which are confined to a hammer, anvil, and tongs; the latter formed of a cleft-stick of

green wood, while the two former are stones of various sizes. Their bellows consist of two pots about a foot deep; from the bottom of each is an earthenware pipe about two feet long, the points of which are inserted in a charcoal fire. The mouths of the pots are covered with very pliable leather, loose and well greased; in the centre of each leather covering is an upright stick about four feet long, and the bellows-blower works these rapidly with a perpendicular motion, thus producing a strong blast. The natives are exceedingly particular in the shape of their molotes, and invariably prove them by balancing them on their heads and ringing them by a blow with the finger.

The Latookas being much engaged in preparing for cultivation, I had some difficulty in arranging a hunting party; my men abhorred the idea of elephant hunting, or of anything else that required hard work and included danger. However, I succeeded in engaging Adda, the third chief of Latooka, and several natives, to act as my guides, and I made my arrangements for a stated day.

On the 17th of April I started at 5 A.M. with my three horses and two camels, the latter carrying water and food. After a march of two or three hours through the beautiful hunting-grounds formed by the valley of Latooka, with its alternate prairies and jungles, I came

upon the tracks of rhinoceros, giraffes, and elephants, and shortly moved a rhinoceros, but could get no shot, owing to the thick bush in which he started and disappeared quicker than I could dismount. After a short circuit in search of the rhinoceros, we came upon a large herd of buffaloes, but at the same moment we heard elephants trumpeting at the foot of the mountains. Not wishing to fire, lest the great game should be disturbed, I contented myself with riding after the buffaloes, wonderfully followed on foot by Adda, who ran like a deer, and almost kept up with my horse, hurling his three lances successively at the buffaloes, but without success. I had left the camels in an open plain, and returning from the gallop after the buffaloes, I saw the men on the camels beckoning to me in great excitement. Cantering towards them, they explained that a herd of bull elephants had just crossed an open space, and had passed into the jungle beyond. There was evidently abundance of game; and calling my men together, I told them to keep close to me with the spare horses and rifles, while I sent the Latookas ahead to look out for the elephants: we followed at a short distance.

In about ten minutes we saw the Latookas hurrying towards us, and almost immediately after, I saw two enormous bull elephants with splendid tusks about a

hundred yards from us, apparently the leaders of an approaching herd. The ground was exceedingly favourable, being tolerably open, and yet with sufficient bush to afford a slight cover. Presently, several elephants appeared and joined the two leaders—there was evidently a considerable number in the herd, and I was on the point of dismounting to take the first shot on foot, when the Latookas, too eager, approached the herd; their red and blue helmets at once attracted the attention of the elephants, and a tremendous rush took place, the whole herd closing together and tearing off at full speed. "Follow me!" I hallooed to my men, and touching my horse with the spur, I intended to dash into the midst of the herd. Just at that instant, in his start, my horse slipped and fell suddenly upon his side, falling upon my right leg and thus pinning me to the ground. He was not up to my weight, and releasing myself, I immediately mounted my old Abyssinian hunter, "Tétel," and followed the tracks of the elephants at full speed, accompanied by two of the Latookas, who ran like hounds. Galloping through the green but thornless bush, I soon came in sight of a grand bull elephant, steaming along like a locomotive engine straight before me. Digging in the spurs, I was soon within twenty yards of him; but the ground was so unfavourable, being full of buffalo holes, that I

could not pass him. In about a quarter of an hour, after a careful chase over deep ruts and gullies concealed in high grass, I arrived at a level space, and shooting ahead, I gave him a shoulder shot with the Reilly No. 10 rifle. I saw the wound in a good place, but the bull rushed along all the quicker, and again we came into bad ground that made it unwise to close. However, on the first opportunity I made a dash by him, and fired my left-hand barrel at full gallop. He slackened his speed, but I could not halt to reload, lest I should lose sight of him in the high grass and bush.

Not a man was with me to hand a spare rifle. My cowardly fellows, although light-weights and well mounted, were nowhere; the natives were outrun, as of course was Richarn, who, not being a good rider, had preferred to hunt on foot. In vain I shouted for the men; and I followed the elephant with an empty rifle for about ten minutes, until he suddenly turned round, and stood facing me in an open spot in grass about nine or ten feet high. "Tétel" was a grand horse for elephants, not having the slightest fear, and standing fire like a rock, never even starting under the discharge of the heaviest charge of powder. I now commenced reloading, when presently one of my men, Yaseen, came up upon "Filfil." Taking a spare

gun from him, I rode rapidly past the elephant, and suddenly reining up, I made a good shot exactly behind the bladebone. With a shrill scream the elephant charged down upon me like a steam-engine. In went the spurs. "Tétel" knew his work, and away he went over the ruts and gullies, the high dry grass whistling in my ears as we shot along at full speed, closely followed by the enraged bull for about two hundred yards.

The elephant then halted; and turning the horse's head, I again faced him and reloaded. I thought he was dying, as he stood with trunk drooping, and ears closely pressed back upon his neck. Just at this moment I heard the rush of elephants advancing through the green bush upon the rising ground above the hollow formed by the open space of high withered grass in which we were standing facing each other. My man Yaseen had bolted with his fleet horse at the first charge, and was not to be seen. Presently, the rushing sound increased, and the heads of a closely packed herd of about eighteen elephants showed above the low bushes, and they broke cover, bearing down directly upon me, both I and my horse being unobserved in the high grass. I never saw a more lovely sight; they were all bulls with immense tusks. Waiting until they were within twenty yards of me, I galloped

straight at them, giving a yell that turned them. Away they rushed up the hill, but at so great a pace, that upon the rutty and broken ground I could not overtake them, and they completely distanced me. Tétel, although a wonderfully steady hunter, was an uncommonly slow horse, but upon this day he appeared to be slower than usual, and I was not at the time aware that he was seriously ill. By following three elephants separated from the herd I came up to them by a short cut, and singling out a fellow with enormous tusks, I rode straight at him. Finding himself overhauled, he charged me with such quickness and followed me up so far, that it was with the greatest difficulty that I cleared him. When he turned, I at once returned to the attack; but he entered a thick thorny jungle through which no horse could follow, and I failed to obtain a shot.

I was looking for a path through which I could penetrate the bush, when I suddenly heard natives shouting in the direction where I had left the wounded bull. Galloping towards the spot, I met a few scattered natives; among others, Adda. After shouting for some time, at length Yaseen appeared upon my horse Filfil; he had fled as usual when he saw the troop of elephants advancing, and no one knows how far he had ridden before he thought it safe to look behind him. With

THE LAST CHARGE.

two mounted gun-bearers and five others on foot I had been entirely deserted through the cowardice of my men. The elephant that I had left as dying, was gone. One of the Latookas had followed upon his tracks, and we heard this fellow shouting in the distance. I soon overtook him, and he led rapidly upon the track through thick bushes and high grass. In about a quarter of an hour we came up with the elephant; he was standing in bush, facing us at about fifty yards' distance, and immediately perceiving us, he gave a saucy jerk with his head, and charged most determinedly. It was exceedingly difficult to escape, owing to the bushes which impeded the horse, while the elephant crushed them like cobwebs: however, by turning my horse sharp round a tree, I managed to evade him after a chase of about a hundred and fifty yards. Disappearing in the jungle after his charge, I immediately followed him. The ground was hard, and so trodden by elephants that it was difficult to single out the track. There was no blood upon the ground, but only on the trees every now and then, where he had rubbed past them in his retreat. After nearly two hours passed in slowly following upon his path, we suddenly broke cover and saw him travelling very quietly through an extensive plain of high grass. The ground was gently inclining upwards on either side

the plain, but the level was a mass of deep, hardened ruts, over which no horse could gallop. Knowing my friend's character, I rode up the rising ground to reconnoitre: I found it tolerably clear of holes, and far superior to the rutty bottom. My two mounted gun-bearers had now joined me, and far from enjoying the sport, they were almost green with fright, when I ordered them to keep close to me and to advance. I wanted them to attract the elephant's attention, so as to enable me to obtain a good shoulder shot. Riding along the open plain, I at length arrived within about fifty yards of the bull, when he slowly turned. Reining "Tétel" up, I immediately fired a steady shot at the shoulder with the Reilly No. 10:—for a moment he fell upon his knees, but, recovering with wonderful quickness, he was in full charge upon me. Fortunately I had inspected my ground previous to the attack, and away I went up the inclination to my right, the spurs hard at work, and the elephant screaming with rage, *gaining* on me. My horse felt as though made of wood, and clumsily rolled along in a sort of cow-gallop;—in vain I dug the spurs into his flanks, and urged him by rein and voice; not an extra stride could I get out of him, and he reeled along as though thoroughly exhausted, plunging in and out of the buffalo holes instead of jumping them. Hamed was on my

horse "Mouse," who went three to "Tétel's" one, and instead of endeavouring to divert the elephant's attention, he shot ahead, and thought of nothing but getting out of the way. Yaseen, on "Filfil," had fled in another direction; thus I had the pleasure of being hunted down upon a sick and disabled horse. I kept looking round, thinking that the elephant would give in:—we had been running for nearly half a mile, and the brute was overhauling me so fast that he was within ten or twelve yards of the horse's tail, with his trunk stretched out to catch him. Screaming like the whistle of an engine, he fortunately so frightened the horse that he went his best, although badly, and I turned him suddenly down the hill and doubled back like a hare. The elephant turned up the hill, and entering the jungle he relinquished the chase, when another hundred yards' run would have bagged me.

In a life's experience in elephant-hunting, I never was hunted for such a distance. Great as were Tétel's good qualities for pluck and steadiness, he had exhibited such distress and want of speed, that I was sure he failed through some sudden malady. I immediately dismounted, and the horse laid down, as I thought, to die.

Whistling loudly, I at length recalled Hamed, who had still continued his rapid flight without once looking

back, although the elephant was out of sight. Yaseen was, of course, nowhere; but after a quarter of an hour's shouting and whistling, he reappeared, and I mounted Filfil, ordering Tétel to be led home.

The sun had just sunk, and the two Latookas who now joined me refused to go farther on the tracks, saying, that the elephant must die during the night, and that they would find him in the morning. We were at least ten miles from camp; I therefore fired a shot to collect my scattered men, and in about half an hour we all joined together, except the camels and their drivers, that we had left miles behind.

No one had tasted food since the previous day, nor had I drunk water, although the sun had been burning hot; I now obtained some muddy rain water from a puddle, and we went towards home, where we arrived at half-past eight, every one tired with the day's work. The camels came into camp about an hour later.

My men were all now wonderfully brave; each had some story of a narrow escape, and several declared that the elephants had run over them, but fortunately without putting their feet upon them.

The news spread through the town that the elephant was killed; and, long before daybreak on the following morning, masses of natives had started for the jungles, where they found him lying dead. Accordingly, they

stole his magnificent tusks, which they carried to the town of Wakkala, and confessed to taking all the flesh, but laid the blame of the ivory theft upon the Wakkala tribe.

There was no redress. The questions of a right of game are ever prolific of bad blood, and it was necessary in this instance to treat the matter lightly. Accordingly, the natives requested me to go out and shoot them another elephant; on the condition of obtaining the meat, they were ready to join in any hunting expedition.

The elephants in Central Africa have very superior tusks to those of Abyssinia. I had shot a considerable number in the Basé country on the frontier of Abyssinia, and few tusks were above 30 lbs. weight; those in the neighbourhood of the White Nile average about 50 lbs. for each tusk of a bull elephant, while those of the females are generally about 10 lbs. I have seen monster tusks of 160 lbs. and one was in the possession of a trader, Mons. P., that weighed 172 lbs.

It is seldom that a pair of tusks are alike. As a man uses the right hand in preference to the left, so the elephant works with a particular tusk, which is termed by the traders "el Hadām" (the servant); this is naturally more worn than the other, and is usually about ten pounds lighter: frequently it is broken, as the

elephant uses it as a lever to uproot trees and to tear up the roots of various bushes upon which he feeds.

The African elephant is not only entirely different from the Indian species in his habits, but he also differs in form.

There are three distinguishing peculiarities. The back of the African elephant is concave, that of the Indian is convex; the ear of the African is enormous, entirely covering the shoulder when thrown back, while the ear of the Indian variety is comparatively small. The head of the African has a convex front, the top of the skull sloping back at a rapid inclination, while the head of the Indian elephant exposes a flat surface a little above the trunk. The average size of the African elephant is larger than those of Ceylon, although I have occasionally shot monster rogues in the latter country, equal to anything that I have seen in Africa. The average height of female elephants in Ceylon is about 7 ft. 10 in. at the shoulder, and that of the males is about 9 ft.; but the usual height of the African variety I have found, by actual measurement, of females to be 9 ft., while that of the bulls is 10 ft. 6 in. Thus the females of the African are equal to the males of Ceylon.

They also differ materially in their habits. In Ceylon, the elephant seeks the shade of thick forests at the

rising of the sun, in which he rests until about 5 P.M. when he wanders forth upon the plains. In Africa, the country being generally more open, the elephant remains throughout the day either beneath a solitary tree, or exposed to the sun in the vast prairies, where the thick grass attains a height of from nine to twelve feet. The general food of the African elephant consists of the foliage of trees, especially of mimosas. In Ceylon, although there are many trees that serve as food, the elephant nevertheless is an extensive grass-feeder. The African variety, being almost exclusively a tree-feeder, requires his tusks to assist him in procuring food. Many of the mimosas are flat-headed, about thirty feet high, and the richer portion of the foliage confined to the crown; thus the elephant, not being able to reach to so great a height, must overturn the tree to procure the coveted food. The destruction caused by a herd of African elephants in a mimosa forest is extraordinary; and I have seen trees uprooted of so large a size, that I am convinced no single elephant could have overturned them. I have measured trees four feet six inches in circumference, and about thirty feet high, uprooted by elephants. The natives have assured me that they mutually assist each other, and that several engage together in the work of overturning a large tree. None of the mimosas

have tap-roots; thus the powerful tusks of the elephants, applied as crowbars at the roots, while others pull at the branches with their trunks, will effect the destruction of a tree so large as to appear invulnerable. The Ceylon elephant rarely possessing tusks, cannot destroy a tree thicker than the thigh of an ordinary man.

In Ceylon, I have seldom met old bulls in parties—they are generally single or remain in pairs; but, in Africa, large herds are met with, consisting entirely of bulls. I have frequently seen sixteen or twenty splendid bulls together, presenting a show of ivory most exciting to a hunter. The females in Africa congregate in vast herds of many hundreds, while in Ceylon the herds seldom average more than ten.

The elephant is by far the most formidable of all animals, and the African variety is more dangerous than the Indian, as it is next to impossible to kill it by the forehead shot. The head is so peculiarly formed, that the ball either passes over the brain, or lodges in the immensely solid bones and cartilages that contain the roots of the tusks. I have measured certainly a hundred bull tusks, and I have found them buried in the head a depth of twenty-four inches. One large tusk, that measured 7 ft. 8 in. in length, and 22 inches in girth, was imbedded in the head a depth

of 31 inches. This will convey an idea of the enormous size of the head, and of the strength of bone and cartilage required to hold in position so great a weight, and to resist the strain when the tusk is used as a lever to uproot trees.

The brain of an African elephant rests upon a plate of bone exactly above the roots of the upper grinders; it is thus wonderfully protected from a front shot, as it lies so low that the ball passes above it when the elephant raises his head, which he invariably does when in anger, until close to the object of his attack.

The character of the country naturally influences the habits of the animals: thus, Africa, being more generally open than the forest-clad Ceylon, the elephant is more accustomed to activity, and is much faster than the Ceylon variety. Being an old elephant-hunter of the latter island, I was exceedingly interested in the question of variety of species, and I had always held the opinion that the African elephant might be killed with the same facility as that of Ceylon, by the forehead shot, provided that a sufficient charge of powder were used to penetrate the extra thickness of the head. I have found, by much experience, that I was entirely wrong, and that, although by *chance* an African elephant may be killed by the front shot, it is the exception to the rule. The danger

of the sport is, accordingly, much increased, as it is next to impossible to kill the elephant when in full charge, and the only hope of safety consists in turning him by a continuous fire with heavy guns; this cannot always be effected.

I had a powerful pair of No. 10 polygroove rifles, made by Reilly of Oxford Street; they weighed fifteen pounds, and carried seven drachms of powder without a disagreeable recoil. The bullet was a blunt cone, one and a half diameter of the bore, and I used a mixture of nine-tenths lead and one-tenth quicksilver for the hardening of the projectile. This is superior to all mixtures for that purpose, as it combines hardness with extra weight; the lead must be melted in a pot by itself to a red heat, and the proportion of quicksilver must be added a ladle-full at a time, and stirred quickly with a piece of iron just in sufficient quantity to make three or four bullets. If the quicksilver is subjected to a red heat in the large lead pot, it will evaporate. The only successful forehead shot that I made at an African elephant, was shortly after my arrival in the Abyssinian territory on the Settite river; this was in thick thorny jungle, and an elephant from the herd charged with such good intention, that had she not been stopped, she must have caught one of the party. When within about

five yards of the muzzle, I killed her dead by a forehead shot with a hardened bullet as described, from a Reilly No. 10 rifle, and we subsequently recovered the bullet in the *vertebræ of the neck!*

This extraordinary penetration led me to suppose that I should always succeed as I had done in Ceylon, and I have frequently stood the charge of an African elephant until close upon me, determined to give the forehead shot a fair trial, but I have *always* failed, except in the instance now mentioned; it must also be borne in mind that the elephant was a female, with a head far inferior in size and solidity to that of the male.

The temple shot, and that behind the ear, are equally fatal in Africa as in Ceylon, provided the hunter can approach within ten or twelve yards; but altogether the hunting is far more difficult, as the character of the country does not admit of an approach sufficiently close to guarantee a successful shot. In the forests of Ceylon an elephant can be stalked to within a few paces, and the shot is seldom fired at a greater distance than ten yards: thus accuracy of aim is insured; but in the open ground of Africa, an elephant can seldom be approached within fifty yards, and should he charge the hunter, escape is most difficult. I never found African elephants in good jungle, except once, and on

that occasion I shot five, quite as quickly as we should kill them in Ceylon.

The character of the sport must vary according to the character of the country; thus there may be parts of Africa at variance with my description. I only relate my own experience.

Among other weapons, I had an extraordinary rifle that carried a half-pound percussion shell—this instrument of torture to the hunter was not sufficiently heavy for the weight of the projectile; it only weighed twenty pounds: thus, with a charge of ten drachms of powder, behind a *half-pound* shell, the recoil was so terrific, that I was spun round like a weathercock in a hurricane. I really dreaded my own rifle, although I had been accustomed to heavy charges of powder, and severe recoil for many years. None of my men could fire it, and it was looked upon with a species of awe, and was named "Jenna el Mootfah" (child of a cannon) by the Arabs, which being far too long a name for practice, I christened it the "Baby;" and the scream of this "Baby," loaded with a half-pound shell, was always fatal. It was far too severe, and I very seldom fired it, but it is a curious fact, that I never fired a shot with that rifle without bagging: the entire practice, during several years, was confined to about twenty shots. I was afraid to use it; but

now and then it was absolutely necessary that it should be cleaned, after lying for months loaded. On such occasions my men had the gratification of firing it, and the explosion was always accompanied by two men falling on their backs (one having propped up the shooter), and the "Baby" flying some yards behind them. This rifle was made by Holland, of Bond Street, and I could highly recommend it for Goliath of Gath, but not for men of A.D. 1866.

The natives of Central Africa generally hunt the elephant for the sake of the flesh, and prior to the commencement of the White Nile trade by the Arabs, and the discovery of the Upper White Nile to the 5° N. lat. by the expedition sent by Mehemet Ali Pasha, the tusks were considered as worthless, and were treated as bones. The death of an elephant is a grand affair for the natives, as it supplies flesh for an enormous number of people, also fat, which is the great desire of all savages for internal and external purposes. There are various methods of killing them. Pitfalls are the most common, but the wary old bulls are seldom caught in this manner. The position chosen for the pit is, almost without exception, in the vicinity of a drinking-place, and the natives exhibit a great amount of cunning in felling trees across the usual run of the elephants, and sometimes cutting an

open pit across the path, so as to direct the elephant by such obstacles into the path of snares. The pits are usually about twelve feet long, and three feet broad, by nine deep; these are artfully made, decreasing towards the bottom to the breadth of a foot. The general elephant route to the drinking-place being blocked up, the animals are diverted by a treacherous path towards the water, the route intersected by numerous pits, all of which are carefully concealed by sticks and straw, the latter being usually strewn with elephants' dung to create a natural effect.

Should an elephant, during the night, fall through the deceitful surface, his foot becomes jammed in the bottom of the narrow grave, and he labours shoulder deep, with two feet in the pitfall so fixed that extrication is impossible. Should one animal be thus caught, a sudden panic seizes the rest of the herd, and in their hasty retreat one or more are generally victims to the numerous pits in the vicinity. The old bulls never approach a watering-place rapidly, but carefully listen for danger, and then slowly advance with their warning trunks stretched to the path before them; the delicate nerves of the proboscis at once detect the hidden snare, and the victims to pitfalls are the members of large herds who, eager to push forward incautiously, put their "foot into it," like shareholders

in bubble companies. Once helpless in the pit, they are easily killed with lances.

The great elephant hunting season is in January, when the high prairies are parched and reduced to straw. At such a time, should a large herd of animals be discovered, the natives of the entire district collect together to the number of perhaps a thousand men; surrounding the elephants by embracing a considerable tract of country they fire the grass at a given signal. In a few minutes the unconscious elephants are surrounded by a circle of fire, which, however distant, must eventually close in upon them. The men advance with the fire, which rages to the height of twenty or thirty feet. At length the elephants, alarmed by the volumes of smoke and the roaring of the flames, mingled with the shouts of the hunters, attempt an escape. They are hemmed in on every side—wherever they rush, they are met by an impassable barrier of flames and smoke, so stifling, that they are forced to retreat. Meanwhile the fatal circle is decreasing; buffaloes and antelopes, likewise doomed to a horrible fate, crowd panic-stricken to the centre of the encircled ring, and the raging fire sweeps over all. Burnt, and blinded by fire and smoke, the animals are now attacked by the savage crowd of hunters, excited by the helplessness of the unfortunate

elephants thus miserably sacrificed, and they fall under countless spears. This destructive method of hunting, ruins the game of that part of Africa, and so scarce are the antelopes, that, in a day's journey, a dozen head are seldom seen in the open prairie.

The next method of hunting is perfectly legitimate. Should many elephants be in the neighbourhood, the natives post about a hundred men in as many large trees; these men are armed with heavy lances specially adapted to the sport, with blades about eighteen inches long and three inches broad. The elephants are driven by a great number of men towards the trees in which the spearmen are posted, and those that pass sufficiently near are speared between the shoulders. The spear being driven deep into the animal, creates a frightful wound, as the tough handle, striking against the intervening branches of trees acts as a lever, and works the long blade of the spear within the elephant, cutting to such an extent that he soon drops from exhaustion.

The best and only really great elephant-hunters of the White Nile are the Bagāra Arabs, on about the 13° N. lat. These men hunt on horseback, and kill the elephant in fair fight with their spears.

The lance is about fourteen feet long, of male bamboo; the blade is about fourteen inches long by

nearly three inches broad; this is as sharp as a razor. Two men, thus armed and mounted, form the hunting party. Should they discover a herd, they ride up to the finest tusker and single him from the others. One man now leads the way, and the elephant, finding himself pressed, immediately charges the horse. There is much art required in leading the elephant, who follows the horse with great determination, and the rider adapts his pace so as to keep his horse so near the elephant that his attention is entirely absorbed with the hope of catching him. The other hunter should by this time have followed close to the elephant's heels, and, dismounting when at full gallop with wonderful dexterity, he plunges his spear with both hands into the elephant about two feet below the junction of the tail, and with all his force he drives the spear about eight feet into his abdomen, and withdraws it immediately. Should he be successful in his stab, he remounts his horse and flies, or does his best to escape on foot, should he not have time to mount, as the elephant generally turns to pursue him. His comrade immediately turns his horse, and, dashing at the elephant, in his turn dismounts, and drives his lance deep into his intestines.

Generally, if the first thrust is scientifically given, the bowels protrude to such an extent that the elephant

is at once disabled. Two good hunters will frequently kill several out of one herd; but in this dangerous hand-to-hand fight the hunter is often the victim. Hunting the elephant on horseback is certainly far less dangerous than on foot, but although the speed of the horse is undoubtedly superior, the chase generally takes place upon ground so disadvantageous, that he is liable to fall, in which case there is little chance for either animal or rider.

So savage are the natural instincts of Africans, that they attend only to the destruction of the elephant, and never attempt its domestication.

CHAPTER VIII.

IBRAHIM'S RETURN.

IBRAHIM returned from Gondokoro, bringing with him a large supply of ammunition. A wounded man of Chenooda's people also arrived, the sole relic of the fight with the Latookas; he had been left for dead, but had recovered, and for days and nights he had wandered about the country, in thirst and hunger, hiding like a wild beast from the sight of human beings, his guilty conscience marking every Latooka as an enemy. As a proof of the superiority of the natives to the Khartoumers, he had at length been met by some Latookas, and not only was well treated and fed by their women, but they had guided him to Ibrahim's camp.

The black man is a curious anomaly, the good and bad points of human nature bursting forth without any arrangement, like the flowers and thorns of his own

wilderness. A creature of impulse, seldom actuated by reflection, the black man astounds by his complete obtuseness, and as suddenly confounds you by an unexpected exhibition of sympathy. From a long experience with African savages, I think it is as absurd to condemn the negro *in toto*, as it is preposterous to compare his intellectual capacity with that of the white man. It is unfortunately the fashion for one party to uphold the negro as a superior being, while the other denies him the common powers of reason. So great a difference of opinion has ever existed upon the intrinsic value of the negro, that the very perplexity of the question is a proof that he is altogether a distinct variety. So long as it is generally considered that the negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws and guided by the same management, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every community to which he may unhappily belong. When the horse and the ass shall be found to match in double harness, the white man and the African black will pull together under the same *régime*. It is the grand error of equalizing that which is unequal, that has lowered the negro character, and made the black man a reproach.

In his savage home, what is the African? Certainly bad; but not so bad as white men would (I believe)

be under similar circumstances. He is acted upon by the bad passions inherent in human nature, but there is no exaggerated vice, such as is found in civilized countries. The strong takes from the weak, one tribe fights the other—do not perhaps we in Europe?—these are the legitimate acts of independent tribes, authorized by their chiefs. They mutually enslave each other—how long is it since America and *we ourselves* ceased to be slaveholders? He is callous and ungrateful—in Europe is there no ingratitude? He is cunning and a liar by nature—in Europe is all truth and sincerity? Why should the black man not be equal to the white? He is as powerful in frame, why should he not be as exalted in mind?

In childhood I believe the negro to be in advance, in intellectual quickness, of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand—it promises fruit, but does not ripen; and the negro man has grown in body, but has not advanced in intellect.

The puppy of three months old is superior in intellect to a child of the same age, but the mind of the child expands, while that of the dog has arrived at its limit. The chicken of the common fowl has sufficient power and instinct to run in search of food the moment that it leaves the egg, while the young of the eagle lies helpless in its nest; but the young eagle outstrips the

chicken in the course of time. The earth presents a wonderful example of variety in all classes of the human race, the animal, and vegetable kingdoms. People, beasts, and plants belonging to distinct classes, exhibit special qualities and peculiarities. The existence of many hundred varieties of dogs cannot interfere with the fact that they belong to one genus: the greyhound, pug, bloodhound, pointer, poodle, mastiff, and toy terrier, are all as entirely different in their peculiar instincts as are the varieties of the human race. The different fruits and flowers continue the example;—the wild grapes of the forest are grapes, but although they belong to the same class, they are distinct from the luscious "Muscatel;" and the wild dog-rose of the hedge, although of the same class, is inferior to the moss-rose of the garden.

From fruits and flowers we may turn to insect life, and watch the air teeming with varieties of the same species, the thousands of butterflies and beetles, the many members of each class varying in instincts and peculiarities. Fishes, and even shellfish, all exhibit the same arrangement,—that every group is divided into varieties all differing from each other, and each distinguished by some peculiar excellence or defect.

In the great system of creation that divided races and subdivided them according to mysterious laws,

apportioning special qualities to each, the varieties of the human race exhibit certain characters and qualifications which adapt them for specific localities. The natural character of those races will not alter with a change of locality, but the instincts of each race will be developed in any country where they may be located. Thus, the English are as English in Australia, India, and America, as they are in England, and in every locality they exhibit the industry and energy of their native land; even so the African will remain negro in all his natural instincts, although transplanted to other soils; and those natural instincts being a love of idleness and savagedom, he will assuredly relapse into an idle and savage state, unless specially governed and forced to industry.

The history of the negro has proved the correctness of this theory. In no instance has he evinced other than a retrogression, when once freed from restraint. Like a horse without harness, he runs wild, but, if harnessed, no animal is more useful. Unfortunately, this is contrary to public opinion in England, where the *vox populi* assumes the right of dictation upon matters and men in which it has had no experience. The English insist upon their own weights and measures as the scales for human excellence, and it has been decreed by the multitude, inexperienced in the negro

personally, that he has been a badly-treated brother; that he is a worthy member of the human family, placed in an inferior position through the prejudice and ignorance of the white man, with whom he should be upon equality.

The negro has been, and still is, thoroughly misunderstood. However severely we may condemn the horrible system of slavery, the results of emancipation have proved that the negro does not appreciate the blessings of freedom, nor does he show the slightest feeling of gratitude to the hand that broke the rivets of his fetters. His narrow mind cannot embrace that feeling of pure philanthropy that first prompted England to declare herself against slavery, and he only regards the anti-slavery movement as a proof of his own importance. In his limited horizon he is himself the important object, and as a sequence to his self-conceit, he imagines that the whole world is at issue concerning the *black man*. The negro, therefore, being the important question, must be an important person, and he conducts himself accordingly—he is far too great a man to work. Upon this point his natural character exhibits itself most determinedly. Accordingly, he resists any attempt at coercion; being free, his first impulse is to claim an equality with those whom he lately served, and to usurp a dignity with absurd pre-

tensions, that must inevitably insure the disgust of the white community. Ill-will thus engendered, a hatred and jealousy is established between the two races, combined with the errors that in such conditions must arise upon both sides. The final question remains, Why was the negro first introduced into our colonies—and to America?

The *sun* is the great arbitrator between the white and the black man. There are productions necessary to civilized countries, that can alone be cultivated in tropical climates, where the white man cannot live if exposed to labour in the sun. Thus, such fertile countries as the West Indies and portions of America being without a native population, the negro was originally imported as a slave to fulfil the conditions of a labourer. In his own country he was a wild savage, and enslaved his brother man; he thus became a victim to his own system; to the institution of slavery that is indigenous to the soil of Africa, and that has *not been taught to the African by the white man*, as is currently reported, but that has ever been the peculiar characteristic of African tribes.

In his state of slavery the negro was compelled to work, and, through his labour, every country prospered where he had been introduced. He was suddenly freed; and from that moment he refused to work, and

instead of being a useful member of society, he not only became a useless burden to the community, but a plotter and intriguer, imbued with a deadly hatred to the white man who had generously declared him free.

Now, as the negro was originally imported as a labourer, but now refuses to labour, it is self-evident that he is a lamentable failure. Either he must be compelled to work, by some stringent law against vagrancy, or those beautiful countries that prospered under the conditions of negro forced industry must yield to ruin, under negro freedom and idle independence. For an example of the results, look to St. Domingo!

Under peculiar guidance, and subject to a certain restraint, the negro may be an important and most useful being; but if treated as an Englishman, he will affect the vices but none of the virtues of civilization, and his natural good qualities will be lost in his attempts to become a "white man."

Revenons à nos moutons noirs. It was amusing to watch the change that took place in a slave that had been civilized (?) by the slave-traders. Among their parties, there were many blacks who had been captured, and who enjoyed the life of slave-hunting—nothing appeared so easy as to become professional in

cattle razzias and kidnapping human beings, and the first act of a slave *was to procure a slave for himself!* All the best slave-hunters, and the boldest and most energetic scoundrels, were the negroes who had at one time themselves been kidnapped. These fellows aped a great and ridiculous importance. On the march they would seldom condescend to carry their own guns; a little slave boy invariably attended to his master, keeping close to his heels, and trotting along on foot during a long march, carrying a musket much longer than himself; a woman generally carried a basket with a cooking-pot, and a gourd of water and provisions, while a hired native carried the soldier's change of clothes and ox-hide upon which he slept. Thus the man who had been kidnapped became the kidnapper, and the slave became the master, the only difference between him and the Arab being an absurd notion of his own dignity. It was in vain that I attempted to reason with them against the principles of slavery; they thought it wrong when they were themselves the sufferers, but were always ready to indulge in it when the preponderance of power lay upon their side.

Among Ibrahim's people, there was a black named Ibrahimawa. This fellow was a native of Bornu, and had been taken when a boy of twelve years old and

sold at Constantinople; he formerly belonged to Mehemet Ali Pasha; he had been to London and Paris, and during the Crimean war he was at Kertch. Altogether he was a great traveller, and he had a natural taste for geography and botany, that marked him as a wonderful exception to the average of the party. He had run away from his master in Egypt, and had been vagabondizing about in Khartoum in handsome clothes, negro-like, persuading himself that the public admired him, and thought that he was a Bey. Having soon run through his money, he had engaged himself to Koorshid Aga to serve in his White Nile expedition. He was an excellent example of the natural instincts of the negro remaining intact under all circumstances. Although remarkably superior to his associates, his small stock of knowledge was combined with such an exaggerated conceit, that he was to me a perpetual source of amusement, while he was positively hated by his comrades, both by Arabs and blacks, for his overbearing behaviour. Having seen many countries, he was excessively fond of recounting his adventures, all of which had so strong a colouring of the "Arabian Nights," that he might have been the original "Sinbad the Sailor." His natural talent for geography was really extraordinary; he would frequently pay me a visit, and

spend hours in drawing maps with a stick upon the sand, of the countries he had visited, and especially of the Mediterranean, and the course from Egypt and Constantinople to England. Unfortunately, some long story was attached to every principal point of the voyage. The descriptions most interesting to me were those connected with the west bank of the White Nile, as he had served for some years with the trading party, and had penetrated through the Makkarika, a cannibal tribe, to about two hundred miles west of Gondokoro. Both he and many of Ibrahim's party had been frequent witnesses to acts of cannibalism, during their residence among the Makkarikas. They described these cannibals as remarkably good people, but possessing a peculiar taste for dogs and human flesh. They accompanied the trading party in their razzias, and invariably ate the bodies of the slain. The traders complained that they were bad associates, as they insisted upon killing and eating the children which the party wished to secure as slaves: their custom was to catch a child by its ankles, and to dash its head against the ground; thus killed, they opened the abdomen, extracted the stomach and intestines, and tying the two ankles to the neck, they carried the body by slinging it over the shoulder, and thus returned to camp, where they divided it by

quartering, and boiled it in a large pot. Another man in my own service had been a witness to a horrible act of cannibalism at Gondokoro.

The traders had arrived with their ivory from the West, together with a great number of slaves; the porters who carried the ivory being Makkarikas. One of the slave girls attempted to escape, and her proprietor immediately fired at her with his musket, and she fell wounded; the ball had struck her in the side. The girl was remarkably fat, and from the wound, a large lump of yellow fat exuded. No sooner had she fallen, than the Makkarikas rushed upon her in a crowd, and seizing the fat, they tore it from the wound in handfuls, the girl being still alive, while the crowd were quarrelling for the disgusting prize. Others killed her with a lance, and at once divided her by cutting off the head, and splitting the body with their lances, used as knives, cutting longitudinally from between the legs along the spine to the neck.

Many slave women and their children who witnessed this scene, rushed panic-stricken from the spot and took refuge in the trees. The Makkarikas seeing them in flight, were excited to give chase, and pulling the children from their refuge among the branches, they killed several, and in a short time a great feast was prepared for the whole party. My man, Mahommed,

who was an eye-witness, declared that he could not eat his dinner for three days, so great was his disgust at this horrible feast.

Although my camp was entirely separate from that of Ibrahim, I was dreadfully pestered by his people, who, knowing that I was well supplied with many articles of which they were in need, came begging to my tent from morning till evening daily. To refuse was to insult them; and as my chance of success in the exploration unfortunately depended upon my not offending the traders, I was obliged to be coldly civil, and nothing was refused them. Hardly a day passed without broken guns being brought to me for repair; and having earned an unenviable celebrity as a gun-smith, added to my possession of the requisite tools, I really had no rest, and I was kept almost constantly at work.

One day Ibrahim was seized with a dangerous fever, and was supposed to be dying. Again I was in request; and seeing that he was in a state of partial collapse, attended with the distressing symptoms of want of action of the heart, so frequently fatal at this stage of the disease, I restored him by a very powerful stimulant, and thereby gained renown as a physician, that, although useful, was extremely annoying, as my tent was daily thronged with patients, all of whom

expected miraculous cures for the most incurable diseases.

In this manner I gained a certain influence over the people, but I was constantly subjected to excessive annoyances and disgust, occasioned by the conduct of their party towards the Latookas. The latter were extremely unwise, being very independent and ready to take offence on the slightest pretext, and the Turks, being now 140 strong, had no fear, and there appeared every probability of hostilities. I was engaged in erecting huts, and in securing my camp; and although I offered high payment, I could not prevail on the natives to work regularly. They invariably stipulated that they were to receive their beads before they commenced work, in which case they, with few exceptions, absconded with their advanced payment.

One day a native behaved in a similar manner to the Turks; he was, accordingly, caught, and unmercifully beaten. Half an hour after, the nogara beat, and was answered by distant drums from the adjacent villages. In about an hour, several thousand armed men, with shields, were collected within half a mile of the Turks' camp, to avenge the insult that had been offered to one of their tribe. However, the Turks' drum beat, and their whole force drew up to their flag under arms outside their zareeba, and offered a deter-

mined front. I extract the following entry from my journal. "These Turks are delightful neighbours; they will create a row, and I shall be dragged into it in self-defence, as the natives will distinguish no difference in a scrimmage, although they draw favourable comparisons between me and the Turks in times of peace. Not a native came to work at the huts to-day; I therefore sent for the two chiefs, Commoro and Moy, and had a long talk with them. They said that 'no Latooka should be beaten by common fellows like the traders' men; that I was a great chief, and that if I chose to beat them they would be content.' I gave them advice to keep quiet, and not to quarrel about trifles, as the Turks would assuredly destroy the country should a fight commence.

"At the same time, I told them that they did not treat me properly: they came to me in times of difficulty as a mediator, but although they knew I had always paid well for everything, they gave me no supplies, and I was obliged to shoot game for my daily food, although they possessed such enormous herds of cattle; neither could I procure materials or workpeople to complete my camp. The parley terminated with an understanding that they were to supply me with everything, and that they would put a stop to the intended fight. In the evening a goat was

brought, and a number of men appeared with grass and wood for sale for hut-building."

The following day, some of my people went to a neighbouring village to purchase corn, but the natives insulted them, refusing to sell, saying that "we should die of hunger, as no one should either give or sell us anything." This conduct must induce hostilities, as the Turks are too powerful to be insulted. I am rather anxious lest some expedition may entail the departure of the entire Turkish party, when the Latookas may seize the opportunity of attacking my innocents. The latter are now so thoroughly broken to my severe laws, "thou shalt not take slaves; neither cattle; nor fire a shot unless in self-defence," that they are resigned to the ignoble lot of minding the donkeys, and guarding the camp.

Latooka was in a very disturbed state, and the excitement of the people was increasing daily. Two of my men went into the town to buy grass, and, without any provocation, they were surrounded by the natives, and the gun of one man was wrested from him; the other, after a tussle, in which he lost his ramrod, beat a hasty retreat. A number of the soldiers immediately collected, and I sent to the chief to demand the restoration of the gun, which was returned that evening. I could literally

procure nothing without the greatest annoyance and trouble.

My men, by their mutiny and desertion at Gondokoro, had reduced a well-armed expedition to a mere remnant, dependent upon the company of a band of robbers for the means of advancing through the country. Instead of travelling as I had arranged, at the head of forty-five well-armed men, I had a miserable fifteen cowardly curs, who were employed in driving the baggage animals; thus they would be helpless in the event of an attack upon the road. I accordingly proposed to make a depôt at Latooka, and to travel with only twelve donkeys and the lightest baggage. It was a continual trial of temper and wounded pride. To give up the expedition was easy, but to succeed at that period appeared hopeless; and success could only be accomplished by the greatest patience, perseverance, and most careful tact and management of all parties. It was most galling to be a hanger-on to this company of traders, who tolerated me for the sake of presents, but who hated me in their hearts.

One afternoon some natives suddenly arrived from a country named Obbo with presents from their chief for the Turks, and also for me. Ibrahim received several tusks, while I received an iron hoe (molote), as the news had already extended to that country, "that a

white man was in Latooka, who wanted neither slaves nor ivory." The natives reported, that a quantity of ivory existed in their country, and Ibrahim determined to take a few men and pay it a visit, as the people were said to be extremely friendly. I requested the leader to point out the exact position of Obbo, which I found to be S.W. That was precisely the direction that I had wished to take; thus an unexpected opportunity presented itself, and I determined to start without delay. On the 2d of May, 1863, at 9 A.M., we left Latooka, delighted to change the scene of inaction. I left five men in charge of my camp and effects, begging Commoro the chief to look after their safety, and telling him that I had no fear of trusting all to his care. Savages will seldom deceive you if thus placed upon their honour, this happy fact being one of the bright rays in their darkness, and an instance of the anomalous character of the African.

The route lay across the park-like valley of Latooka for about eighteen miles, by which time we reached the base of the mountain chain. There was no other path than the native track, which led over a low range of granite rocks, forming a ridge about four hundred feet high. It was with the greatest difficulty that the loaded donkeys could be hoisted over the numerous blocks of granite that formed an irregular flight of

steps, like the ascent of the great pyramid: however, by pulling at their ears, and pushing behind, all except one succeeded in gaining the summit; he was abandoned on the pass.

We were now in the heart of the mountains, and a beautiful valley, well wooded and about six miles in width, lay before us, forming the basin of the Kənīēti river that we had formerly crossed at Wakkala, between Ellyria and Latooka.

Fording this stream in a rapid current, we crossed with difficulty, the donkeys wetting all their loads. This was of no great consequence, as a violent storm suddenly overtook us and soaked everyone as thoroughly as the donkeys' packs. A few wild plantains afforded leaves which we endeavoured to use as screens, but the rain drops were far too heavy for such feeble protection. Within a mile of the river we determined to bivouac, as the evening had arrived, and in such weather an advance was out of the question. The tent having been left at Latooka, there was no help for it, and we were obliged to rest contented with our position upon about an acre of clean rock plateau, upon which we lighted an enormous fire, and crouched shivering round the blaze. No grass was cut for the animals, as the men had been too busy in collecting firewood sufficient to last throughout the night. Some fowls that

we had brought from Latooka had been drowned by the rain; thus my Mahommedan followers refused to eat them, as their throats had not been cut. Not being so scrupulous, and wonderfully hungry in the cold rain, Mrs. Baker and I converted them into a stew, and then took refuge, wet and miserable, under our untanned ox-hides until the following morning. Although an ox-hide is not waterproof, it will keep out a considerable amount of wet; but when thoroughly saturated, it is about as comfortable as any other wet leather, with the additional charm of an exceedingly disagreeable raw smell, very attractive to hyenas. The night being dark, several men thus lost their leather bags that they had left upon the rock.

At 6 A.M., having passed a most uncomfortable night, we started, and after a march of about two miles I was made extremely anxious for the donkeys, by being assured that it was necessary to ascend a most precipitous granite hill, at least seven hundred feet high, that rose exactly before us, and upon the very summit of which was perched a large village. There was no help by means of porters; we led our horses with difficulty up the steep face of the rock—fortunately they had never been shod, thus their firm hoofs obtained a hold where an iron shoe would have slipped; and after extreme difficulty and a most tedious struggle, we found our

party all assembled on the flat summit. From this elevated point we had a superb view of the surrounding country, and I took the compass bearing of the Latooka mountain Gebel Lafeet, N. 45° E. The natives of the village that we had now reached had nothing to sell but a few beans, therefore without further delay we commenced the descent upon the opposite side, and at 2.40 P.M. we reached the base, the horses and donkeys having scrambled over the great blocks of stone with the greatest labour. At the foot of the hill the country was park-like and well wooded, although there was no very large timber. Here the grass was two feet high and growing rapidly, while at Latooka all was barren. Halted at 5.20 P.M. on the banks of a small running stream, a tributary to the Kanīēti. The night being fine we slept well; and the next morning at 6 A.M. we commenced the most lovely march that I have ever made in Africa. Winding through the very bosom of the mountains, well covered with forest until the bare granite peaks towered above all vegetation to the height of about 5,000 feet, we continued through narrow valleys bordered by abrupt spurs of the mountains from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high. On the peak of each was a village; evidently these impregnable positions were chosen for security. At length the great ascent was to be made, and for two hours we toiled up a steep

zig-zag pass. The air was most invigorating; beautiful wild flowers, some of which were highly scented, ornamented the route, and innumerable wild grape-vines hung in festoons from tree to tree. We were now in an elevated country on the range of mountains dividing the lower lands of Latooka from the highlands of Obbo. We arrived at the summit of the pass about 2,500 feet above the Latooka valley. In addition to the wild flowers were numerous fruits, all good;—especially a variety of custard apple, and a full-flavoured yellow plum. The grapes were in most promising bunches, but unripe. The scenery was very fine; to the east and south-east, masses of high mountains, while to the west and south were vast tracts of park-like country of intense green. In this elevated region the season was much farther advanced than in Latooka;—this was the mountain range upon which I had formerly observed that the storms had concentrated; here the rainy season had been in full play for months, while in Latooka everything was parched. The grass on the west side of the pass was full six feet high. Although the ascent had occupied about two hours, the descent on the west side was a mere trifle, and was effected in about fifteen minutes—we were on an elevated plateau that formed the watershed between the east and west.

After a march of about twelve miles from the top of the pass, we arrived at the chief village of Obbo. The rain fell in torrents, and, soaked to the skin, we crawled into a dirty hut. This village was forty miles S.W. of Tarrangollé, my head-quarters in Latooka.

The natives of Obbo are entirely different to the Latookas, both in language and appearance. They are not quite naked, except when going to war, on which occasion they are painted in stripes of red and yellow; but their usual covering is the skin of an antelope or goat, slung like a mantle across the shoulders. Their faces are well formed, with peculiarly fine-shaped noses. The head-dress of the Obbo is remarkably neat, the woolly hair being matted and worked with thread into a flat form like a beaver's tail, and bound with a fine edge of raw hide to keep it in shape. This, like the head-dress of Latooka, requires many years to complete.

From Obbo to the S.E. all is mountainous, the highest points of the chain rising to an elevation of four or five thousand feet above the general level of the country; to the south, although there are no actual mountains, but merely a few isolated hills, the country distinctly rises. The entire drainage is to the west and north-west, in which direction there is a

very perceptible inclination. The vegetation of Obbo, and the whole of the west side of the mountain range, is different from that upon the east side; the soil is exceedingly rich, producing an abundance of Guinea grass, with which the plains are covered. This country produces nine varieties of yams, many of which grow

HEAD-DRESS OF OBBO (1) AND SHOGGO (2).

wild in the forests. There is one most peculiar species, called by the natives "Collololo," that I had not met with in other countries. This variety produces several tubers at the root, and also upon the stalk; it does not spread upon the ground, like most of the vines that characterise the yams, but it climbs upon trees or upon any object that may tempt its tendrils. From every bud upon the stalk of this vine springs a bulb, somewhat kidney-shaped; this increases until, when ripe, it attains the average size of a potato.

So prolific is this plant, that one vine will produce about 150 yams: they are covered with a fine skin of a greenish brown, and are in flavour nearly equal to a potato, but rather waxy.

There are many good wild fruits, including one very similar to a walnut in its green shell; the flesh of this has a remarkably fine flavour, and the nut within exactly resembles a horse-chestnut in size and fine mahogany colour. This nut is roasted, and, when ground and boiled, a species of fat or butter is skimmed from the surface of the water: this is much prized by the natives, and is used for rubbing their bodies, being considered as the best of all fats for the skin; it is also eaten.

Among the best of the wild fruits is one resembling raisins;-this grows in clusters upon a large tree. Also a bright yellow fruit, as large as a Muscat grape, and several varieties of plums. None of these are produced in Latooka. Ground-nuts are also in abundance in the forests; these are not like the well-known African ground-nut of the west coast, but are contained in an excessively hard shell. A fine quality of flax grows wild, but the twine generally used by the natives is made from the fibre of a species of aloe. Tobacco grows to an extraordinary size, and is prepared similarly to that of the Ellyria tribe. When

ripe, the leaves are pounded in a mortar and reduced to a pulp; the mass is then placed in a conical mould of wood, and pressed. It remains in this until dry, when it presents the shape of a loaf of sugar, and is perfectly hard. The tobacco of the Ellyria tribe is shaped into cheeses, and frequently adulterated with cowdung. I had never smoked until my arrival in Obbo, but having suffered much from fever, and the country being excessively damp, I commenced with Obbo pipes and tobacco.

Every tribe has a distinct pattern of pipe; those of the Bari have wide trumpet-shaped mouths; the Latookas are long and narrow; and the Obbo smaller and the neatest. All their pottery is badly burned, and excessively fragile if wet. The water jars are well formed, although the potter's wheel is quite unknown, and the circular form is obtained entirely by the hand. Throughout the tribes of the White Nile, the articles of pottery are limited to the tobacco-pipe and the water-jar: all other utensils are formed either of wood, or of gourd shells.

By observation, I determined the latitude of my camp at Obbo to be 4°·02′ N., lon. E. 32° 31′, and the general elevation of the country, 3,674 feet above the sea, the temperature about 76° Fahr. The altitude of Latooka was 2,236 feet above the sea level: thus we were, at

Obbo, upon an elevated plateau, 1,438 feet above the general level of the country on the east of the mountain range. The climate would be healthy were the country sufficiently populated to war successfully against nature; but the rainfall continuing during ten months of the year, from February to the end of November, and the soil being extremely fertile, the increase of vegetation is too rapid, and the scanty population are hemmed in and overpowered by superabundant herbage. This mass of foliage, and grasses of ten feet in height interwoven with creeping plants and wild grape-vines, is perfectly impenetrable to man, and forms a vast jungle, inhabited by elephants, rhinoceros, and buffaloes, whose ponderous strength alone can overcome it. There are few antelopes, as those animals dislike the grass jungles, in which they have no protection against the lion or the leopard, as such beasts of prey can approach them unseen. In the month of January the grass is sufficiently dry to burn, but even at that period there is a quantity of fresh green grass growing between the withered stems; thus the firing of the prairies does not absolutely clear the country, but merely consumes the dry matter, and leaves a ruin of charred herbage, rendered so tough by the burning, that it is quite impossible to ride without cutting the skin from the horse's shins and shoulders. Altogether, it is a most

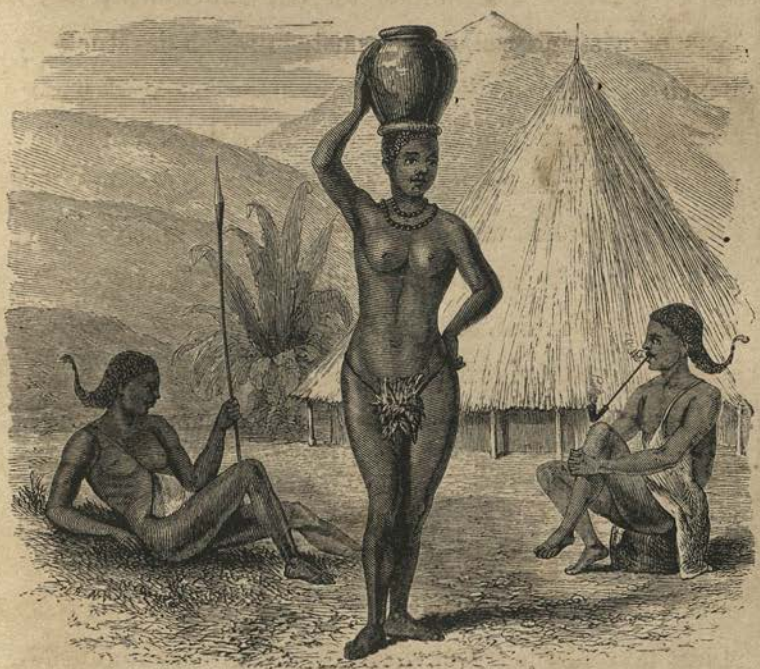
uninteresting country, as there is no possibility of traversing it except by the narrow footpaths made by the natives.

The chief of Obbo came to meet us with several of his head men. He was an extraordinary-looking man, about fifty-eight or sixty years of age; but, far from possessing the dignity usually belonging to a grey head, he acted the buffoon for our amusement, and might have been a clown in a pantomime.

The heavy storm having cleared, the nogāras beat, and our entertaining friend determined upon a grand dance; pipes and flutes were soon heard gathering from all quarters, horns brayed, and numbers of men and women began to collect in crowds, while old Katchiba, the chief, in a great state of excitement, gave orders for the entertainment.

About a hundred men formed a circle; each man held in his left hand a small cup-shaped drum, formed of hollowed wood, one end only being perforated, and this was covered with the skin of the elephant's ear, tightly stretched. In the centre of the circle was the chief dancer, who wore, suspended from his shoulders, an immense drum, also covered with the elephant's ear. The dance commenced by all singing remarkably well a wild but agreeable tune in chorus, the big drum directing the time, and the whole of the little

drums striking at certain periods with such admirable precision, that the effect was that of a single instrument. The dancing was most vigorous, and far superior to anything that I had seen among either Arabs or savages, the figures varying continually, and ending with a "grand galop" in double circles, at a tremendous pace, the inner ring revolving in a contrary



WOMEN OF OBBO.

direction to the outer; the effect of this was excellent. Although the men of Obbo wear a skin slung across their shoulders and loins, the women are almost naked,

and, instead of wearing the leather apron and tail of the Latookas, they are contented with a slight fringe of leather shreds, about four inches long by two broad, suspended from a belt. The unmarried girls are entirely naked; or, if they are sufficiently rich in finery, they wear three or four strings of small white beads, about three inches in length, as a covering. The old ladies are antiquated Eves, whose dress consists of a string round the waist, in which is stuck a bunch of green leaves, the stalks uppermost. I have seen a few of the young girls that were prudes, indulge in such garments; but they did not appear to be fashionable, and were adopted *faute de mieux*. One great advantage was possessed by this costume,—it was always clean and fresh, and the nearest bush (if not thorny) provided a clean petticoat. When in the society of these very simple and in demeanour *always modest* Eves, I could not help reflecting upon the Mosaical description of our first parents, "and they sewed fig-leaves together."

Some of the Obbo women were very pretty. The caste of feature was entirely different to that of the Latookas, and a striking peculiarity was displayed in the finely-arched noses of many of the natives, which strongly reminded one of the Somauli tribes. It was impossible to conjecture their origin, as they

had neither traditions nor ideas of their past history.

The language is that of the Madi. There are three distinct languages—the Bari, the Latooka, and the Madi, the latter country extending south of Obbo. A few of the words, most commonly in use, will exemplify them :—

	Obbo.	*Latooka.*	*Bari.*
Water.	Fee.	Cāri.	Feeum.
Fire.	Mīte.	Nyemé.	Keemang.
The Sun.	T'seān.	Narlong.	Karlong.
A Cow.	Dēeăng.	Nyĕtĕn.	Kittān.
A Goat.	Dēeān.	Nyĕnĕ.	Eddeen.
Milk.	T'sarck.	Nāllé.	Lé.
A Fowl.	Gwēno.	Năkōmē.	Chōkŏré.

The Obbo natives were a great and agreeable change after the Latookas, as they never asked for presents. Although the old chief, Katchiba, behaved more like a clown than a king, he was much respected by his people. He holds his authority over his subjects as general rain-maker and sorcerer. Should a subject displease him, or refuse him a gift, he curses his goats and fowls, or threatens to wither his crops, and the fear of these inflictions reduces the discontented. There are no specific taxes, but he occasionally makes a call upon the country for a certain number of goats and supplies. These are generally given, as Katchiba is

a knowing old diplomatist, and he times his demands with great judgment. Thus, should there be a lack of rain, or too much, at the season for sowing the crops, he takes the opportunity of calling his subjects together and explaining to them "how much he regrets that their conduct has compelled him to afflict them with unfavourable weather, but that it is their own fault. If they are so greedy and so stingy that they will not supply him properly, how can they expect him to think of their interests? He must have goats and corn. "No goats, no rain; that's our contract, my friends," says Katchiba. "Do as you like. I can wait; I hope you can." Should his people complain of too much rain, he threatens to pour storms and lightning upon them for ever, unless they bring him so many hundred baskets of corn, &c. &c. Thus he holds his sway.

No man would think of starting upon a journey without the blessing of the old chief; and a peculiar "hocus pocus" is considered as necessary from the magic hands of Katchiba that shall charm the traveller, and preserve him from all danger of wild animals upon the road. In case of sickness he is called in, not as M.D. in our acceptation, but as "doctor of magic," and he charms both the hut and the patient against death, with the fluctuating results that must attend profes-

sionals even in sorcery. His subjects have the most thorough confidence in his power; and so great is his reputation that distant tribes frequently consult him, and beg his assistance as a magician. In this manner does old Katchiba hold his sway over his savage, but credulous people; and so long has he imposed upon the public that I believe he has at length imposed upon himself, and that he really believes that he has the power of sorcery, notwithstanding repeated failures. In order to propitiate him, his people frequently present him with the prettiest of their daughters; and so constantly is he receiving additions to his domestic circle that he has been obliged to extend his establishment to prevent domestic *fracas* among the ladies. He has accordingly hit upon the practical expedient of keeping a certain number of wives in each of his villages: thus, when he makes a journey through his territory, he is always at home. This multiplicity of wives has been so successful that Katchiba has *one hundred and sixteen children* living—another proof of sorcery in the eyes of his people. One of his wives had no children, and she came to me to apply for medicine to correct some evil influence that had lowered her in her husband's estimation. The poor woman was in great distress, and complained that Katchiba was very cruel to her because she had been unable to make

an addition to his family, but that she was sure I possessed some charm that would raise her to the standard of his other wives. I could not get rid of her until I gave her the first pill that came to hand

KATCHIBA'S ELDEST SON.

from my medicine-chest, and with this she went away contented.

Katchiba was so completely established in his country, not only as a magician, but as "père de famille," that every one of his villages was governed by one of his sons; thus the entire government was a family affair. The sons of course believed in their

father's power of sorcery, and their influence as head men of their villages increased the prestige of the parent. Although without an idea of a Supreme Being, the whole country bowed down to sorcery. It is a curious distinction between faith and credulity; —these savages, utterly devoid of belief in a Deity, and without a vestige of superstition, believed most devotedly that the general affairs of life and the control of the elements were in the hands of their old chief, and therefore they served him—not with a feeling of love, neither with a trace of religion, but with that material instinct that always influences the savage; they propitiated him for the sake of what they could obtain. It is this almost unconquerable feeling, ever present in the savage mind, that renders his conversion difficult; he will believe in nothing, unless he can obtain some specific benefit from the object of his belief.

Savages can be ruled by two powers—"force," and "humbug;" accordingly, these are the instruments made use of by those in authority: where the "force" is wanting, "humbug" is the weapon as a "pis aller." Katchiba having no physical force, adopted cunning, and the black art controlled the savage minds of his subjects. Strange does it appear, that these uncivilized inhabitants of Central Africa should, although devoid

of religion, believe implicitly in sorcery; giving a power to man superhuman, although acknowledging nothing more than human.

Practical and useful magic is all that is esteemed by the savage, the higher branches would be unappreciated; and spirit-rapping and mediums are reserved for the civilized (?) of England, who would convert the black savages of Africa.

Notwithstanding his magic, Katchiba was not a bad man: he was remarkably civil, and very proud at my having paid him a visit. He gave me much information regarding the country, but assured me that I should not be able to travel south for many months, as it would be quite impossible to cross the Asua river during the rainy season; he therefore proposed that I should form a camp at Obbo, and reside there until the rains should cease. It was now May, thus I was invited to postpone my advance south until December.

I determined to make a reconnaissance south towards the dreaded Asua, or, as the Obbo people pronounced it, the Achua river, and to return to my fixed camp. Accordingly I arranged to leave Mrs. Baker at Obbo with a guard of eight men, while I should proceed south without baggage, excepting a change of clothes and a cooking pot. Katchiba promised to take the greatest care of her, and to supply her with all she

might require; offering to become personally responsible for her safety; he agreed to place a spell upon the door of our hut, that nothing evil should enter it during my absence. It was a snug little dwelling, about nine feet in diameter, and perfectly round; the floor well cemented with cow-dung and clay, and the walls about four feet six inches in height, formed of mud and sticks, likewise polished off with cow-dung. The door had enlarged, and it was now a very imposing entrance of about four feet high, and a great contrast to the surrounding hut or dog-kennel with two feet height of doorway.

On the 7th of May I started with three men, and taking a course south, I rode through a most lovely country, within five miles of the base, and parallel with the chain of the Madi mountains. There was abundance of beautiful flowers, especially of orchidaceous plants; the country was exceedingly park-like and well wooded, but generally overgrown with grass then about six feet high. After riding for about fourteen miles, one of the guides ran back, and reported elephants to be on the road a little in advance. One of my mounted men offered to accompany me should I wish to hunt them. I had no faith in my man, but I rode forward, and shortly observed a herd of ten bull elephants standing together about sixty yards from the

path. The grass was high, but I rode through it to within about forty yards before I was observed; they immediately dashed away, and I followed for about a mile at a trot, the ground being so full of holes and covered with fallen trees, concealed in the high grass, that I did not like to close until I should arrive in a more favourable spot. At length I shot at full gallop past an immense fellow, with tusks about five feet projecting from his jaws, and reining up, I fired with a Reilly No. 10 at the shoulder. He charged straight into me at the sound of the shot. My horse, Filfil, was utterly unfit for a hunter, as he went perfectly mad at the report of a gun fired from his back, and at the moment of the discharge he reared perpendicularly; the weight, and the recoil of the rifle, added to the sudden rearing of the horse, unseated me, and I fell, rifle in hand, backwards over his hind-quarters at the moment the elephant rushed in full charge upon the horse. Away went "Filfil," leaving me upon the ground in a most inglorious position; and, fortunately, the grass being high, the elephant lost sight of me and followed the horse instead of giving me his attention.

My horse was lost; my man had never even accompanied me, having lagged behind at the very commencement of the hunt. I had lost my rifle in the

high grass, as I had been forced to make a short run from the spot before I knew that the elephant had followed the horse; thus I was nearly an hour before I found it, and also my azimuth compass that had fallen from my belt pouch. After much shouting and whistling, my mounted man arrived, and making him dismount I rode my little horse Mouse, and returned to the path. My horse Filfil was lost. As a rule, hunting during the march should be avoided, and I had now paid dearly for the indiscrétion.

I reached the Atabbi river about eighteen miles from Obbo. This is a fine perennial stream flowing from the Madi mountains towards the west, forming an affluent of the Asua river. There was a good ford with a hard gravel and rocky bottom, over which the horse partly waded and occasionally swam. There were fresh tracks of immense herds of elephants with which the country abounded, and I heard them trumpeting in the distance. Ascending rising ground in perfectly open prairie on the opposite side of the Atabbi, I saw a dense herd of about two hundred elephants—they were about a mile distant and were moving slowly through the high grass. Just as I was riding along the path watching the immense herd, a Tétel (hartebeest) sprang from the grass in which he had been concealed, and fortunately he galloped across a

small open space, where the high grass had been destroyed by the elephants. A quick shot from the little Fletcher 24 rifle doubled him up; but, recovering himself almost immediately, he was just disappearing, when a shot from the left-hand barrel broke his back, to the intense delight of my people. We accordingly bivouacked for the night, and the fires were soon blazing upon a dry plateau of granite rock about seventy feet square that I had chosen for a resting place. In the saucer-shaped hollows of the rock was good clear water from the rain of the preceding day; thus we had all the luxuries that could be desired—fire, food, and water. I seldom used a bedstead unless in camp; thus my couch was quickly and simply made upon the hard rock, softened by the addition of an armful of green boughs, upon which I laid an untanned ox-hide, and spread my Scotch plaid. My cap formed my pillow, and my handy little Fletcher rifle lay by my side beneath the plaid, together with my hunting knife; these faithful friends were never out of reach either by night or day.

The cap was a solid piece of architecture, as may be supposed from its strength to resist the weight of the head when used as a pillow. It was made by an Arab woman in Khartoum, according to my own plan;—the substance was about half an inch thick of dome palm

leaves very neatly twisted and sewn together. Having a flat top, and a peak both before and behind, the whole affair was covered with tanned leather, while a curtain of the same material protected the back of the neck from the sun. A strong chin strap secured the cap upon the head, and the "tout ensemble" formed a very effective roof, completely sun-proof. Many people might have objected to the weight, but I found it no disadvantage, and the cap being tolerably waterproof, I packed my cartouche pouch and belt within it when inverted at night to form a pillow;—this was an exceedingly practical arrangement, as in case of an alarm I rose from my couch armed, capped, and belted at a moment's notice.

On the following morning I started at daybreak, and after a march of about thirteen miles through the same park-like and uninhabited country as that of the preceding day, I reached the country of Farājoke, and arrived at the foot of a rocky hill, upon the summit of which was a large village. I was met by the chief and several of his people leading a goat, which was presented to me, and killed immediately as an offering, close to the feet of my horse. The chief carried a fowl, holding it by the legs, with its head downwards; he approached my horse, and stroked his fore-feet with the fowl, and then made a circle around him by

dragging it upon the ground; my feet were then stroked with the fowl in the same manner as those of the horse, and I was requested to stoop, so as to enable him to wave the bird around my head; this completed, it was also waved round my horse's head, who showed his appreciation of the ceremony by rearing and lashing out behind, to the great discomfiture of the natives. The fowl did not appear to have enjoyed itself during the operation; but the knife put an end to its troubles, as the ceremony of welcome being completed, the bird was sacrificed and handed to my headman. I was now conducted to the village, It was defended by a high bamboo fence, and was miserably dirty, forming a great contrast to the clean dwellings of the Bari and Latooka tribes. The hill upon which the village was built was about eighty feet above the general level of the country, and afforded a fine view of the surrounding landscape. On the east was the chain of Madi mountains, the base well wooded, while to the south all was fine open pasturage of sweet herbage, about a foot high, a totally different grass to the rank vegetation we had passed through. The country was undulating, and every rise was crowned by a village. Although the name of the district is Farājoke, it is comprised in the extensive country of Sooli, together with the Shoggo and Madi

tribes, all towns being under the command of petty chiefs.

The general elevation of the country was 3,966 feet above the sea-level, 292 feet higher than Obbo.

The chief of Farājoke, observing me engaged in taking bearings with the compass, was anxious to know my object, which being explained, he volunteered all information respecting the country, and assured me that it would be quite impossible to cross the Asua during the rainy season, as it was a violent torrent, rushing over a rocky bed with such impetuosity, that no one would venture to swim it. There was nothing to be done at this season, and however trying to the patience, there was no alternative.

Farājoke was within three days' hard marching of Faloro, the station of Debono, that had always been my projected head-quarters; thus I was well advanced upon my intended route, and had the season been propitious, I could have proceeded with my baggage animals without difficulty.

The loss of my horse "Filfil" was a severe blow in this wild region, where beasts of burthen were unknown, and I had slight hopes of his recovery, as lions were plentiful in the country between Obbo and Farājoke; however, I offered a reward of beads and

bracelets, and a number of natives were sent by the chief to scour the jungles.

There was little use in remaining at Farājoke, therefore I returned to Obbo with my men and donkeys, accomplishing the whole distance (thirty miles) in one day.

I was very anxious about Mrs. Baker, who had been the representative of the expedition at Obbo during my absence.

Upon my approach through the forest, my well-known whistle was immediately answered by the appearance of the boy Saat, who, without any greeting, immediately rushed to the hut to give the intelligence that "Master was arrived."

I found my wife looking remarkably well, and regularly installed "at home." Several fat sheep were tied by the legs to pegs in front of the hut; a number of fowls were pecking around the entrance, and my wife awaited me on the threshold with a large pumpkin shell containing about a gallon of native beer. "Dulce domum," although but a mud hut, the loving welcome made it happier than a palace; and that draught of beer, or fermented mud, or whatever trash it might be compared with in England, how delicious it seemed after a journey of thirty miles in the broiling sun! and the fat sheep and the fowls all looked so luxurious.

Alas!—for destiny—my arrival cut short the existence of one being; what was joy to some was death to a sheep, and in a few moments the fattest was slain in honour of master's return, and my men were busily employed in preparing it for a general feast.

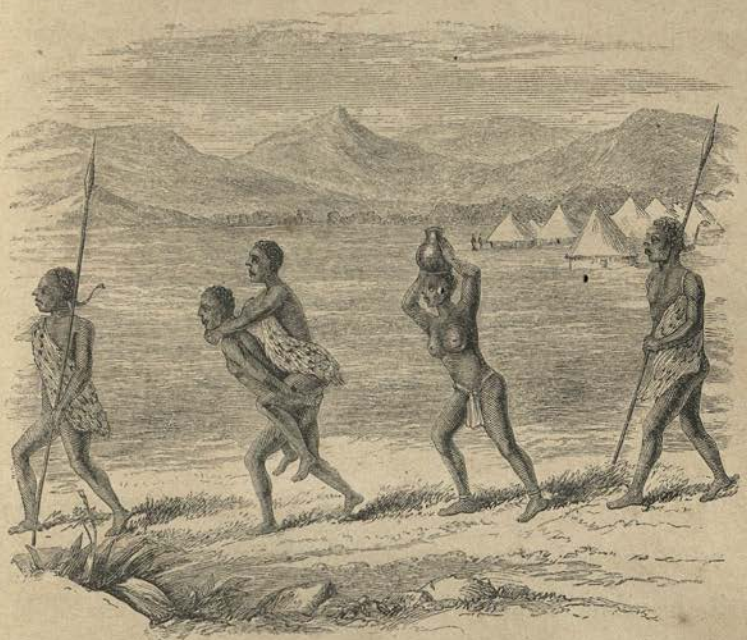
Numbers of people gathered round me; foremost among them was the old chief Katchiba, whose self-satisfied countenance exhibited an extreme purity of conscience in having adhered to his promise to act as guardian during my absence. Mrs. Baker gave him an excellent character; he had taken the greatest care of her, and had supplied all the luxuries that had so much excited my appetite on the first *coup d'œil* of my home. He had been so mindful of his responsibility, that he had placed some of his own sons as sentries over the hut both by day and night.

I accordingly made him a present of many beads and bracelets, and a few odds and ends, that threw him into ecstacies: he had weak eyes, and the most valued present was a pair of sun-goggles, which I fitted on his head, to his intense delight, and exhibited in a looking-glass—this being likewise added to his gifts. I noticed that he was very stiff in the back, and he told me that he had had a bad fall during my absence. My wife explained the affair. He had come to her to declare his intention of procuring fowls for her from some

distant village; but, said he, "My people are not very good, and perhaps they will say that they have none; but if you will lend me a horse, I will ride there, and the effect will impose upon them so much, that they will not dare to refuse me." Now, Katchiba was not a good walker, and his usual way of travelling was upon the back of a very strong subject, precisely as children are wont to ride "pic-a-back." He generally had two or three spare men, who alternately acted as guides and ponies; while one of his wives invariably accompanied him, bearing a large jar of beer, with which it was said that the old chief refreshed himself so copiously during the journey, that it sometimes became necessary for two men to carry him instead of one. This may have been merely a scandalous report in Obbo; however, it appeared that Katchiba was ready for a start, as usual accompanied by a Hebe with a jar of beer. Confident in his powers as a rider across country on a man, he considered that he could easily ride a horse. It was in vain that my wife had protested, and had prophesied a broken neck should he attempt to bestride the hitherto unknown animal; to ride he was determined.

Accordingly my horse Tétel was brought, and Katchiba was assisted upon his back. The horse recognising an awkward hand, did not move a step.

"Now then," said Katchiba, "go on!" but Tétel, not understanding the Obbo language, was perfectly ignorant of his rider's wishes. "Why won't he go?"



KATCHIBA AND HIS HEBE ON A JOURNEY.

inquired Katchiba. "Touch him with your stick," cried one of my men; and acting upon the suggestion, the old sorcerer gave him a tremendous whack with his staff. This was immediately responded to by Tétel, who, quite unused to such eccentricities, gave a vigorous kick, the effect of which was to convert the sorcerer into a spread eagle, flying over his head, and landing

very heavily upon the ground, amidst a roar of laughter from my men, in which I am afraid Mrs. Baker was rude enough to join. The crest-fallen Katchiba was assisted upon his legs, and feeling rather stunned, he surveyed the horse with great astonishment; but his natural instincts soon prompted him to call for the jar of beer, and after a long draught from the mighty cup, he regained his courage, and expressed an opinion that the horse was "too high, as it was a long way to tumble down;" he therefore requested one of the "little horses;" these were the *donkeys*. Accordingly he was mounted on a donkey, and held on by two men, one on either side. Thus he started most satisfactorily and exceedingly proud.

On his return the following day, he said that the villagers had given him the fowls immediately, as he had told them that he had thirty Turks staying with him on a visit, and that they would burn and plunder the country unless they were immediately supplied. He considered this trifling deviation from fact as a great stroke of diplomacy in procuring the fowls.

Six days after the loss of my horse, I was delighted to see him brought back by the natives safe and well. They had hunted through an immense tract of country, and had found him grazing. He was naturally a most

vicious horse, and the natives were afraid to touch him; they had accordingly driven him before them until they gained the path, which he then gladly followed. The saddle was in its place, but my sword was gone.

The rains were terrific; the mornings were invariably fine, but the clouds gathered upon the mountains soon after noon and ended daily in a perfect deluge. Not being able to proceed south, I determined to return to my head-quarters at Latooka, and to wait for the dry season. I had made the reconnaissance to Farājoke, in latitude 3° 32″, and I saw my way clear for the future, provided my animals should remain in good condition. Accordingly, on the 21st of May, we started for Latooka in company with Ibrahim and his men, who were thoroughly sick of the Obbo climate.

Before parting, a ceremony had to be performed by Katchiba. His brother was to be our guide, and he was to receive power to control the elements as deputy-magician during the journey, lest we should be wetted by the storms, and the torrents should be so swollen as to be impassable.

With great solemnity Katchiba broke a branch from a tree, upon the leaves of which he spat in several places. This branch, thus blessed with holy water, was laid upon the ground, and a fowl was dragged

around it by the chief; and our horses were then operated on precisely in the same manner as had been enacted at Farājoke. This ceremony completed, he handed the branch to his brother (our guide), who received it with much gravity, in addition to a magic whistle of antelope's horn that he suspended from his neck. All the natives wore whistles similar in appearance, being simply small horns in which they blew, the sound of which was considered either to attract or to drive away rain, at the option of the whistler. No whistle was supposed to be effective unless it had been blessed by the great magician Katchiba. The ceremony being over, all commenced whistling with all their might; and taking leave of Katchiba, with an assurance that we should again return, we started amidst a din of "toot too too-ing" upon our journey. Having an immense supply of ammunition at Latooka, I left about 200 lbs. of shot and ball with Katchiba; therefore my donkeys had but little to carry, and we travelled easily.

That night we bivouacked at the foot of the east-side of the pass at about half-past five. Ibrahimawa, the Bornu man whom I have already described as the amateur botanist, had become my great ally in searching for all that was curious and interesting. Proud of his knowledge of wild plants, no sooner

was the march ended than he commenced a search in the jungles for something esculent. We were in a deep gorge on a steep knoll bounded by a ravine about sixty feet of perpendicular depth, at the bottom of which flowed a torrent. This was an excellent spot for a camp, as no guards were necessary upon the side thus protected. Bordering the ravine were a number of fine trees covered with a thorny stem creeper, with leaves much resembling those of a species of yam. These were at once pronounced by Ibrahimawa to be a perfect god-send, and after a few minutes' grubbing he produced a basketful of fine-looking yams. In an instant this display of food attracted a crowd of hungry people, including those of Ibrahim and my own men, who, not being botanists, had left the search for food to Ibrahimawa, but who determined to share the tempting results. A rush was made at his basket, which was emptied on the instant; and I am sorry to confess that the black angel Saat was one of the first to seize three or four of the largest yams, which he most unceremoniously put in a pot and deliberately cooked them as though he had been the botanical discoverer. How often the original discoverer suffers, while others benefit from his labours! Ibrahimawa, the scientific botanist, was left without a yam, after all his labour of grubbing up a basketful. Pots were

boiling in all directions, and a feast in store for the hungry men who had marched twenty miles without eating since the morning. The yams were cooked; but I did not like the look of them, and seeing that the multitude were ready, I determined to reserve a few for our own eating should they be generally pronounced good. The men ate them voraciously. Hardly ten minutes had elapsed from the commencement of the feast when first one and then another disappeared, and from a distance I heard a smothered but unmistakeable sound, that reminded me of the lurching effect of a channel steamer upon a crowd of passengers. Presently the boy Saat showed symptoms of distress, and vanished from our presence; and all those that had dined off Ibrahimawa's botanical specimens were suffering from a most powerful "vomi-purgatif." The angels that watch over scientific botanists had preserved Ibrahimawa from all evil. He had discovered the yams, and the men had stolen them from him; they enjoyed the fruits, while he gained an experience invaluable at their expense. I was quite contented to have waited until others had tried them before I made the experiment. Many of the yam tribe are poisonous; there is one variety much liked at Obbo, but which is deadly in its effects should it be eaten without a certain preparation. It is first scraped, and then soaked in a

running stream for a fortnight. It is then cut into thin slices, and dried in the sun until quite crisp; by this means it is rendered harmless. The dried slices are stored for use; and they are generally pounded in a mortar into flour, and used as a kind of porridge.

The sickness of the people continued for about an hour, during which time all kinds of invectives were hurled against Ibrahimawa, and his botany was termed a gigantic humbug. From that day he was very mild in his botanical conversation.

On the following morning we crossed the last range of rocky hills, and descended to the Latooka valley. Up to this point, we had seen no game; but we had now arrived in the game country, and shortly after our descent from the rocks, we saw a herd of about twenty Tétel (hartebeest). Unfortunately, just as I dismounted for the purpose of stalking them, the red flags of the Turks attracted the attention of a large party of baboons, who were sitting on the rocks, and they commenced their hoarse cry of alarm, and immediately disturbed the Tétel. One of the men, in revenge, fired a long shot at a great male, who was sitting alone upon a high rock, and by chance the ball struck him in the head. He was an immense specimen of the Cynocephalus, about as large as a mastiff, but with a long brown mane like that of the lion. This

mane is much prized by the natives as an ornament, He was immediately skinned, and the hide was cut into long strips about three inches broad; the portion of mane adhering had the appearance of a fringe; each strip was worn as a scarf; thus one skin will produce about eight or ten ornaments.

I sent my men to camp, and, accompanied by Richarn, mounted on my horse "Mouse," I rode through the park-like ground in quest of game. I saw varieties of antelopes, including the rare and beautiful maharif; but all were so wild, and the ground so open, that I could not get a shot. This was the more annoying, as the maharif was an antelope that I believed to be a new species. It had often disappointed me; for although I had frequently seen them on the south-west frontier of Abyssinia, I had never been able to procure one, owing to their extreme shyness, and to the fact of their inhabiting open plains, where stalking was impossible. I had frequently examined them with a telescope, and had thus formed an intimate acquaintance with their peculiarities. The maharif is very similar to the roan antelope of South Africa, but is mouse colour, with black and white stripes upon the face. The horns are exactly those of the roan antelope, very massive and corrugated, bending backwards to the shoulders. The withers are extremely high, which give

OVERHAULING THE GIRAFFES.

a peculiarly heavy appearance to the shoulders, much heightened by a large and stiff black mane like that of a hog-maned horse. I have a pair of horns in my possession that I obtained through the assistance of a lion, who killed the maharif while drinking near my tent; unfortunately, the skin was torn to pieces, and the horns and skull were all that remained.

Failing, as usual, in my endeavours to obtain a shot, I made a considerable circuit, and shortly observed the tall heads of giraffes towering over the low mimosas. There is no animal in nature so picturesque in his native haunts as the giraffe. His food consists of the leaves of trees, some qualities forming special attractions, especially the varieties of the mimosa, which, being low, permit an extensive view to his telescopic eyes. He has a great objection to high forests. The immense height of the giraffe gives him a peculiar advantage, as he can command an extraordinary range of vision, and thereby be warned against the approach of his two great enemies, man and the lion. No animal is more difficult to stalk than the giraffe, and the most certain method of hunting is that pursued by the Hamran Arabs, on the frontiers of Abyssinia, who ride him down and hamstring him with the broadsword at full gallop. A good horse is required, as, although the gait of a giraffe appears excessively awkward from the fact of

his moving the fore and hind legs of one side simultaneously, he attains a great pace, owing to the length of his stride, and his bounding trot is more than a match for any but a superior horse.

The hoof is as beautifully proportioned as that of the smallest gazelle, and his lengthy legs and short back give him every advantage for speed and endurance. There is a rule to be observed in hunting the giraffe on horseback: the instant he starts, he must be pressed—it is the speed that tells upon him, and the spurs must be at work at the very commencement of the hunt, and the horse pressed along at his best pace; it must be a race at top speed from the start, but, should the giraffe be allowed the slightest advantage for the first five minutes, the race will be against the horse.

I was riding "Filfil," my best horse for speed, but utterly useless for the gun. I had a common regulation sword hanging on my saddle in lieu of the long Arab broadsword that I had lost at Obbo, and starting at full gallop at the same instant as the giraffes, away we went over the beautiful park. Unfortunately Richarn was a bad rider, and I, being encumbered with a rifle, had no power to use the sword. I accordingly trusted to ride them down and to get a shot, but I felt that the unsteadiness of my horse would render it very

uncertain. The wind whistled in my ears as we flew along over the open plain. The grass was not more than a foot high, and the ground hard;—the giraffes about four hundred yards distant steaming along, and raising a cloud of dust from the dry earth, as on this side of the mountains there had been no rain. Filfil was a contradiction; he loved a hunt and had no fear of wild animals, but he went mad at the sound of a gun. Seeing the magnificent herd of about fifteen giraffes before him, the horse entered into the excitement and needed no spur—down a slight hollow, flying over the dry buffalo holes, now over a dry watercourse and up the incline on the other side—then again on the level, and the dust in my eyes from the cloud raised by the giraffes showed that we were gaining in the race; *misericordia!*—low jungle lay before us—the giraffes gained it, and spurring forward through a perfect cloud of dust now within a hundred yards of the game we shot through the thorny bushes. In another minute or two I was close up, and a splendid bull giraffe was crashing before me like a locomotive obelisk through the mimosas, bending the elastic boughs before him in his irresistible rush, which sprang back with a force that would have upset both horse and rider had I not carefully kept my distance. The jungle seemed alive with the crowd of orange red, the herd

was now on every side, as I pressed the great bull before me. Oh for an open plain! I was helpless to attack, and it required the greatest attention to keep up the pace through the thick mimosas without dashing against their stems and branches. The jungle became thicker, and although I was in the middle of the herd and within ten yards of several giraffes, I could do nothing. A mass of thick and tangled thorns now received them, and closed over the hardly contested race —I was beaten.

Never mind, it was a good hunt—first-rate—but where was my camp? It was nearly dark, and I could just distinguish the pass in the distance, by which we had descended the mountain; thus I knew the direction, but I had ridden about three miles, and it would be dark before I could return. However, I followed the heel tracks of the herd of giraffes. Richarn was nowhere. Although I had lost the race, and was disappointed, I now consoled myself that it was all for the best; had I killed a giraffe at that hour and distance from camp, what good would it have been? I was quite alone, thus who could have found it during the night? and before morning it would have been devoured by lions and hyenas;—inoffensive and beautiful creatures, what a sin it appeared to destroy them uselessly! With these consoling and practical

reflections I continued my way, until a branch of hooked thorn fixing in my nose disturbed the train of ideas and persuaded me that it was very dark, and that I had lost my way, as I could no longer distinguish either the tracks of the giraffes or the position of the mountains. Accordingly I fired my rifle as a signal, and soon after I heard a distant report in reply, and the blaze of a fire shot up suddenly in the distance on the side of the mountain. With the help of this beacon I reached the spot where our people were bivouacked; they had lighted the beacon on a rock about fifty feet above the level, as although some twenty or thirty fires were blazing, they had been obscured by the intervening jungle. I found both my wife and my men in an argumentative state as to the propriety of my remaining alone so late in the jungle; however, I also found dinner ready; the angareps (stretcher bedsteads) arranged by a most comfortable blazing fire, and a glance at the star-lit heavens assured me of a fine night—what more can man wish for?—wife, welcome, food, fire, and fine weather?

The bivouac in the wilderness has many charms; there is a complete independence—the sentries are posted, the animals picketed and fed, and the fires arranged in a complete circle around the entire party—men, animals, and luggage all within the fiery ring;

the sentries alone being on the outside. There is a species of ironwood that is very inflammable, and being oily, it burns like a torch; this grew in great quantities, and the numerous fires fed with this vigorous fuel enlivened the bivouac with a continual blaze. My men were busy, baking their bread. On such occasions an oven is dispensed with. A prodigious fire is made while the dough is being prepared; this, when well moistened, is formed into a cake about two feet in diameter, but not thicker than two inches. The fire being in a fit state of glowing ash, a large hole is scraped in the centre, in which the flat cake is laid, and the red-hot embers are raked over it; thus buried it will bake in about twenty minutes, but the dough must be exceedingly moist or it will burn to a cinder.

On the following day we arrived at Latooka, where I found everything in good order at the depôt, and the European vegetables that I had sown were all above ground. Commoro and a number of people came to meet us.

There had been but little rain at Latooka since we left, although it had been raining heavily at Obbo daily, and there was no difference in the dry sandy plain that surrounded the town, neither was there any pasturage for the animals except at a great distance.

The day after my arrival, Filfil was taken ill and

died in a few hours. Tétel had been out of condition ever since the day of his failure during the elephant hunt, and he now refused his food. Sickness rapidly spread through my animals; five donkeys died within a few days, and the remainder looked poor. Two of my camels died suddenly, having eaten the poison bush. Within a few days of this disaster my good old hunter and companion of all my former sports in the Basé country, Tétel, died. These terrible blows to my expedition were most satisfactory to the Latookas, who ate the donkeys and other animals the moment they died. It was a race between the natives and the vultures as to who should be first to profit by my losses.

Not only were the animals sick, but my wife was laid up with a violent attack of gastric fever, and I was also suffering from daily attacks of ague. The small-pox broke out among the Turks. Several people died; and, to make matters worse, they insisted upon inoculating themselves and all their slaves; thus the whole camp was reeking with this horrible disease.

Fortunately my camp was separate and to windward. I strictly forbade my men to inoculate themselves, and no case of the disease occurred among my people, but it spread throughout the country. Small-pox is a scourge among the tribes of Central Africa,

and it occasionally sweeps through the country and decimates the population.

Among the natives of Obbo, who had accompanied us to Latooka, was a man named Wani, who had formerly travelled far to the south, and had offered to conduct Ibrahim to a country rich in ivory that had never been visited by a trader: this man had accordingly been engaged as guide and interpreter. In an examination of Wani I discovered that the cowrie-shells were brought from a place called "Magungo." This name I had previously heard mentioned by the natives, but I could obtain no clue to its position. It was most important that I should discover the exact route by which the cowries arrived from the south, as it would be my guide to that direction. The information that I received from Wani at Latooka was excessively vague, and upon most slender data I founded my conclusions so carefully that my subsequent discoveries have rendered most interesting the first scent of the position which I eventually followed with success. I accordingly extract, *verbatim*, from my journal the note written by me at Latooka on 26th of May, 1863, when I first received the clue to the Albert N'yanza:—

"I have had a long examination of Wani, the guide and interpreter, respecting the country of Magungo. Loggo, the Bari interpreter, has always described Ma-

gungo as being on a large river, and I have concluded that it must be the Asua; but, upon cross-examination, I find he has used the word 'Bahr' (in Arabic signifying river or sea) instead of 'Birké' (lake). This important error being discovered gives a new feature to the geography of this part. According to his description, Magungo is situated on a lake so large that no one knows its limits. Its breadth is such that, if you journey two days east and the same distance west, there is no land visible in either quarter, while to the south its direction is utterly unknown. Large vessels arrive at Magungo from distant and unknown parts, bringing cowrie-shells and beads in exchange for ivory. Upon these vessels white men have been seen. All the cowrie-shells used in Latooka and the neighbouring countries are supplied by these vessels, but none have arrived for the last two years.

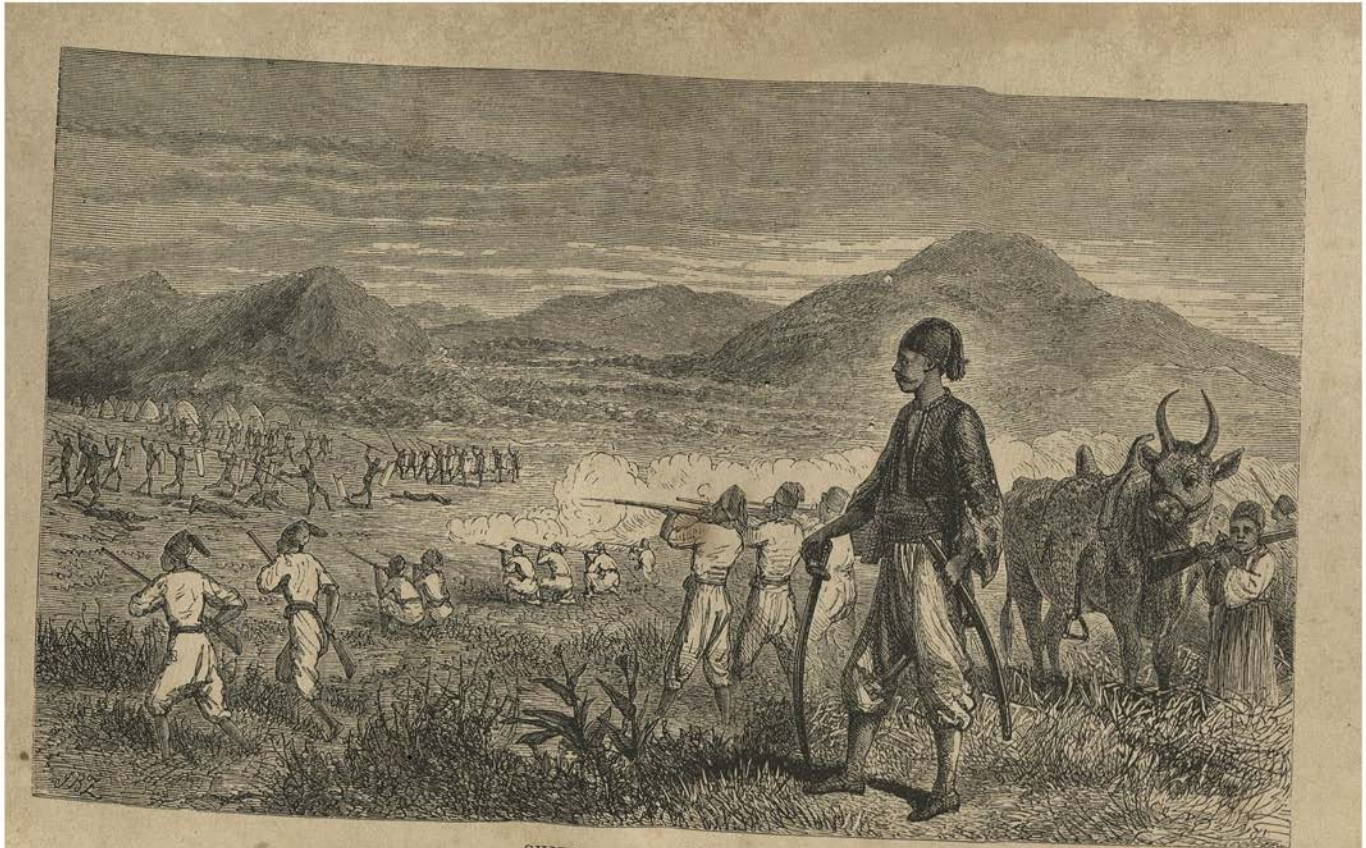
"His description of distance places Magungo on about the 2° N. lat. The lake can be no other than the 'N'yanza,' which, if the position of Magungo be correct, extends much farther north than Speke had supposed. The 'white men' must be Arab traders who bring cowries from Zanzibar. I shall take the first opportunity to push for Magungo. I imagine that country belongs to Kamrasi's brother, as Wani says the king has a brother who is king of a powerful

country on the west bank of the Nile, but that they are ever at war with each other.

"I examined another native who had been to Magungo to purchase Sīmbi (the cowrie-shell); he says that a white man formerly arrived there annually, and brought a donkey with him in a boat; that he disembarked his donkey and rode about the country, dealing with the natives, and bartering cowries and brass-coil bracelets. This man had no firearms, but wore a sword. The king of Magungo was called 'Cherrybambi.'"

This information was the first clue to the facts that I subsequently established, and the account of the white men (Arabs) arriving at Magungo was confirmed by the people of that country twelve months after I obtained this vague information at Latooka.

Arabs, being simply brown, are called *white* men by the blacks of these countries. I was called a *very* white man as a distinction, but I have frequently been obliged to take off my shirt to exhibit the difference of colour between myself and my men, as my face was brown.



SKIRMISH WITH THE NATIVES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TURKS ATTACK KAYALA.

On the 30th May, about an hour before daybreak, I was awoke by a rattle of musketry, which continued sometimes in irregular volleys, and subsided into a well-sustained and steady fire in single shots. On leaving my hut, I found the camp of Koorshid's people almost empty, while my own men were climbing on the roofs of their huts to obtain a view towards the west. Nothing was in sight, although the firing still continued at a distance of about a mile, apparently on the other side of a belt of trees. I now heard that Koorshid's people had started at between three and four o'clock that morning, by Commoro's request, to attack a neighbouring town that had been somewhat rebellious. The firing continued for about two hours, when it suddenly ceased, and I shortly saw with a telescope the Turks' red ensign emerge from the forest, and we heard

the roll of their drum, mingled with the lowing of oxen and the bleating of sheep. Upon nearer approach, I remarked a considerable body of men, and a large herd of cattle and sheep driven by a number of Latookas, while a knot of Turks carried something heavy in their arms. They soon arrived, with about 2,000 head of cattle and sheep; but they had lost one of their men, killed in the fight, and his body they carried home for interment. It happened to be about the best man of the party; really a very civil fellow, and altogether rather a pleasant robber. At Commoro's instigation, the Turks had attacked the town of Kayala; but the Latookas had fought so well, that the Turks found it impossible to capture the town, which was, as usual, protected by iron-wood palisades, upon which their bullets harmlessly flattened. Not only the Latooka men had fought well, but their women broke up their grinding-stones and defended the entrance by pelting their assailants with the fragments; several of the Turks were wounded by the stones thrown with such force by these brawny Amazons that some of the gun-barrels were indented. Many of these brave women had been shot by the dastardly Turks, and one was in the act of being carried off by the "pleasant robber," when a native, running to her rescue, drove his spear through his

chest and killed him on the spot. Unfortunately for the Latookas, some of their cattle had left the town to pasture just before the attack took place; these were captured by the Turks, but not one hostile foot had been able to penetrate their town.

On the following day the party were busily engaged in dividing the spoil, one third belonging to the men as a bonus, while the remainder were the property of the traders' establishment, or "Meri" (government), as they term the proprietor. This portion was to be sent to Obbo as a place of security and good pasturage, and the men were to engage in other razzias in Latooka, and to collect a large number of cattle to be driven south to exchange for ivory. Koorshid's camp was a scene of continual uproar, the men quarrelling over the division of the spoil.

Journal—June 2d.—"The Turks are now busy buying and selling, each man disposing of his share of the stolen cattle according to his wants: one exchanges a cow to the natives for corn and meat; another slaughters an ox, and retails small portions for merissa (beer), fowls, &c., the natives flocking to the camp like vultures scenting flesh; others reserve their cattle for the purpose of purchasing the daughters of the natives for slaves under the name of wives, whom they will eventually sell in Khartoum for from twenty to thirty

dollars each. My men look on in dismay at the happiness of their neighbours: like

> "A Peri weeping at the gate
> Of Eden, stood disconsolate,"

so may they be seen regarding the adjoining paradise, where meat is in profusion, sweetened by being stolen; but, alas! their cruel master does not permit them these innocent enjoyments.

Everything may be obtained for cattle as payment in this country. The natives are now hard at work making zareebas (kraals) for the cattle stolen from their own tribe and immediate neighbours, for the sake of two or three bullocks as remuneration to be divided among more than a hundred men. They are not deserving of sympathy; they are worse than vultures, being devoid of harmony even in the same tribe. The chiefs have no real control; and a small district, containing four or five towns, club together and pillage the neighbouring province. It is not surprising that the robber traders of the Nile turn this spirit of discord to their own advantage, and league themselves with one chief to rob another, whom they eventually plunder in his turn. The natives say that sixty-five men and women were killed in the attack upon Kayala. All the Latookas consider it a great disgrace that the

Turks fired upon women. Among all tribes, from Gondokoro to Obbo, a woman is respected, even in time of war. Thus, they are employed as spies, and become exceedingly dangerous; nevertheless, there is a general understanding that no woman shall be killed. The origin of this humane distinction arises, I imagine, from their scarcity. Where polygamy is in force, women should be too dear to kill; the price of a girl being from five to ten cows, her death is equal to the actual loss of that number.

Fortunately for my party, who were not cattle lifters, there was the usual abundance of game, and I could always supply myself and people with delicious wild ducks and geese. We never were tired of this light food, as we varied their preparation. Sometimes I was able to procure a goat, on which occasion a grand dish was made, the paunch being arranged as a Scotch "haggis" of wild fowls' livers and flesh minced, with the usual additions. My garden was flourishing; we had onions, beans, melons, yams, lettuce, and radishes, which had quickly responded to several invigorating showers; the temperature was 85° in the shade during the hottest hours of the day, and 72° at night.

Salt is not procurable in Latooka; the natives seldom use it, as it is excessively difficult to make it in any quantity from the only two sources that will

produce it; the best is made from goat's-dung; this is reduced to ashes, and saturated; the water is then strained off, and evaporated by boiling. Another quality is made of a peculiar grass, with a thick fleshy stem, something like a sugar-cane; the ashes of this produce salt, but by no means pure. The chief of Latooka would eat a handful of salt greedily that I gave him from my large supply, and I could purchase supplies with this article better than with beads.

On the 4th of June, Ibrahim and eighty-five men started for Obbo in charge of about 400 cows and 1,000 goats.

Shortly after their departure, a violent thunder-storm, attended with a deluge of rain, swept over the country, and flooded the Latooka river and the various pools that formed my game-preserves.

I looked forward to good duck-shooting on the morrow, as a heavy storm was certain to be followed by large arrivals.

On the morning of the 5th, I was out at an early hour, and in a very short time I killed eight ducks and geese. There was a certain pool surrounded by a small marsh within half a mile of my camp, that formed the greatest attraction to the wild fowl. There were two hegleek trees in this marsh; and it was merely necessary to stand beneath the shelter of either

to insure good sport, as the ducks continually arrived at the pool.

I was just entering into the sport with all my heart, when I heard a shot fired in the Turks' camp, followed by loud yells, and I observed a crowd of Latookas rushing from the camp towards their town. In a few moments later, I heard the Turks' drum, and I saw people running to and fro, and the Latookas assembling from the neighbourhood with lances and shields, as though preparing for a fray. I had only two men with me, and being nearly half a mile from camp, I thought it advisable to hasten towards the spot, lest some *contretemps* should take place before my arrival. Accordingly I hurried over the open plain, and shortly reached my camp. I found my wife arranging the men at their posts, fearing a disturbance. They had seen me hastening towards them, and I now went to the Turks' camp, that was close by, and inquired the cause of alarm.

Never was I more disgusted. Already the vultures were swooping in circles above some object outside the camp. It appeared that a native of Kayala (the town lately attacked by the Turks) had visited Tarrangollé to inquire after a missing cow. The chiefs, Moy and Commoro, brought him to the Turks' camp, merely to prove that he had no evil intention. No sooner was it

announced that he was a native of Kayala than the Turks declared he was a spy, and condemned him to be shot. The two chiefs, Moy and Commoro, feeling themselves compromised by having brought the man into such danger unwittingly, threw themselves before him, and declared that no harm should befall him, as he belonged to them. Tearing them away by the combined force of many men, the prisoner was immediately bound, and led forth by his bloodthirsty murderers to death. "Shoot the spy!" was hardly pronounced, when a villain stepped forward, and placing the muzzle of his musket close to his left breast, he fired. The man dropped dead, thus murdered in cold blood. The natives rushed in crowds from the spot, naturally supposing that a general massacre would follow so unprovoked an outrage. The body was dragged by the heels a few paces outside the camp, and the vultures were its sextons within a few minutes of the death.

It was with difficulty that I could restrain my temper under such revolting circumstances. I felt that at an unlooked-for moment I might be compromised in some serious outbreak of the natives, caused by the brutal acts of the traders. Already it was declared unsafe to venture out shooting without ten or twelve armed men as escort.

A mixture of cowardice and brutality, the traders' party became exceedingly timid, as a report was current that the inhabitants of Kayala intended to ally themselves to those of Tarrangollé, and to attack the Turks in their camp. I accordingly strengthened my position by building a tower of palisades, that entirely commanded all approaches to my zareeba.

Latooka was already spoiled by the Turks: it was now difficult to procure flour and milk for beads, as the traders' people, since the attack on Kayala, had commenced the system of purchasing all supplies with either goats, or beef, which having been stolen, was their cheapest medium of exchange. Although rich in beads and copper, I was actually poor, as I could not obtain supplies. Accordingly I allowanced my men two pounds of beads monthly, and they went to distant villages and purchased their own provisions independently of me.

On the 11th June, at 7.20 A.M., there was a curious phenomenon; the sky was perfectly clear, but we were startled by a noise like the sudden explosion of a mine, or the roar of heavy cannon, almost immediately repeated. It appeared to have originated among the mountains, about sixteen miles distant due south of my camp. I could only account for this occurrence by the supposition that an immense mass of the granite

rock might have detached itself from a high mountain, and, in falling to the valley, it might have bounded from a projection on the mountain's side, and thus have caused a double report.

June 13.—I shot ten ducks and geese before breakfast, including one of the large black and white geese with the crimson head and neck. On my return to camp I weighed this—exactly eleven pounds; this goose has on either pinion-joint a sharp, horny spur, an inch in length.

During my morning stroll I met hundreds of natives running excitedly with shields and spears towards Adda's village: they were going to steal the cattle from a village about four miles distant; thus there will be a fight in the course of the day. The Latooka stream is now full, and has the appearance of a permanent river carrying a considerable body of water to the Sobat.

I met with two thieves while duck-shooting this morning—the one an eagle, and the other a native. The beautiful white-throated fish-eagle may generally be seen perched upon a bough overhanging the stream, ready for any prey that may offer. This morning I shot two ducks right and left as they flew down the course of the river—one fell dead in the water, but the other, badly hit, fluttered along the surface for some

distance, and was immediately chased and seized by a fish-eagle which, quite reckless of the gun, had been watching the sport from a high tree, and evinced a desire to share the results. My men, not to be done out of their breakfast, gave chase, shouting and yelling to frighten the eagle, and one of them having a gun loaded with buckshot, fired, and the whirr-r of the charge induced the eagle to drop the duck, which was triumphantly seized by the man.

The other thief was a native. I fired a long shot at a drake; the bird flew a considerable distance and towered, falling about a quarter of a mile distant. A Latooka was hoeing close to where it fell, and we distinctly saw him pick up the bird and run to a bush, in which he hid it; upon our arrival he continued his work as though nothing had happened, and denied all knowledge of it: he was accordingly led by the ear to the bush, where we found the duck carefully secreted.

June 14.—The natives lost one man killed in the fight yesterday, therefore the night was passed in singing and dancing.

The country is drying up; although the stream is full there is no rain in Latooka, the water in the river being the eastern drainage of the Obbo mountains, where it rains daily.

Ibrahimawa, the Bornu man, alias "Sinbad the Sailor," the great traveller, amuses and bores me daily with his long and wonderful stories of his travels. The style of his narratives may be conjectured from the following extracts: "There was a country adjoining Bornu, where the king was so fat and heavy that he could not walk, until the doctors *opened his belly and cut the fat out,* which operation was repeated annually."

He described another country as a perfect Paradise, where no one ever drank anything so inferior as water. This country was so wealthy that the poorest man could drink merissa (beer). He illustrated the general intoxication by saying, that "after 3 P.M. no one was sober throughout the country, and from that hour the cows, goats, and fowls *were all drunk,* as they drank the merissa left in the jars by their owners, who were all asleep."

He knew all about England, having been a servant on a Turkish frigate that was sent to Gravesend. He described an evening entertainment most vividly. He had been to a ball at an "English Pasha's in *Blackwall,*" and had succeeded wonderfully with some charming English ladies excessively "décolleté," upon whom he felt sure he had left a lasting impression, as several had fallen in love with him on the spot, supposing him to be a Pasha.

Such were instances of life and recollections of Ibrahimawa, the Bornu.

On June 16, Koorshid's people returned from Obbo. Ibrahim and a few men had remained there, and distrusting the warlike spirit of the Latookas, he now recalled the entire establishment from Tarrangollé, intending to make a station at the more peaceful country of Obbo. An extract from my journal on that day explains my feelings: "This is most annoying; I had arranged my camp and garden, &c. for the wet season, and I must now leave everything, as it is impossible to remain in this country with my small force alone; the natives have become so bad (since the cattle razzia) that a considerable armed party is obliged to go to the stream for water. It is remarkably pleasant travelling in the vicinity of the traders; they convert every country into a wasp's nest;—they have neither plan of action nor determination, and I, being unfortunately dependent upon their movements, am more like a donkey than an explorer, that is saddled and ridden away at a moment's notice. About sixty natives of Obbo accompanied the men sent by Ibrahim to carry the effects;—I require at least fifty, as so many of my transport animals are dead." Nothing can exceed the laziness and dogged indolence of my men; I have only four

who are worth having,—Richarn, Hamed, Sali, and Taher.

All the men in either camp were discontented at the order to move, as they had made themselves comfortable expecting to remain in Latooka during the wet season. The two chiefs, Moy and Commoro, found themselves in a dilemma, as they had allied themselves with the Turks in the attack upon the neighbouring town, depending upon them for future support; they were now left in the lurch, and felt themselves hardly a match for their enemies.

A few extracts from my journal will close our sojourn at Latooka :—

"*June* 18*th*.—The white ants are a curse upon the country; although the hut is swept daily and their galleries destroyed, they rebuild everything during the night, scaling the supports to the roof and entering the thatch. Articles of leather or wool are the first devoured. The rapidity with which they repair their galleries is wonderful; all their work is carried on with cement; the earth is contained in their stomachs, and this being mixed with some glutinous matter they deposit it as bees do their wax. Although the earth of this country if tempered for house-building will crumble in the rain, the hills of the white ants remain solid and waterproof, owing to the glue in the

cement. I have seen three varieties of white ants—the largest about the size of a small wasp: this does not attack dwellings, but subsists upon fallen trees. The second variety is not so large; this species seldom enters buildings. The third is the greatest pest: this is the smallest, but thick and juicy;—the earth is literally alive with them, nor is there one square foot of ground free from them in Latooka.

"*June 19th.*—Had a bad attack of fever yesterday that has been hanging about me for some days. Weighed all the luggage and packed the stores in loads of fifty pounds each for the natives to carry.

"*June 20th.*—Busy making new ropes from the bark of a mimosa; all hands at work, as we start the day after to-morrow. My loss in animals makes a difference of twenty-three porters' loads. I shall take forty natives, as the bad road will necessitate light loads for the donkeys. I have now only fourteen donkeys; these are in good condition, and would thrive, were not the birds so destructive by pecking sores upon their backs. These sores would heal quickly by the application of gunpowder, but the birds irritate and enlarge them until the animal is rendered useless. I have lost two donkeys simply from the attacks of these birds;—the only remaining camel and some of the donkeys I have covered with jackets made of tent-cloth.

"*June* 21*st*.—Nil.

"*June* 22*d*.—We were awoke last night by a report from the sentry that natives were prowling around the camp;—I accordingly posted three additional guards. At a little after 2 A.M. a shot was fired, followed by two others in quick succession, and a sound as of many feet running quickly was heard passing the entrance of the camp. I was up in a moment, and my men were quickly under arms: the Turks' drum beat, and their camp (that was contiguous to mine) was alive with men, but all was darkness. I lighted my policeman's lantern, that was always kept ready trimmed, and I soon arrived at the spot where the shot had been fired. The natives had been endeavouring to steal the cattle from the Turks' kraal, and favoured by the darkness they had commenced burrowing with the intention of removing the thorn bushes that formed the fence. Unfortunately for the thieves, they were unaware that there were watchers in the kraal among the cattle: it was a pitch dark night, and nothing could be distinguished; but the attention of one of the sentries was attracted by the snorting and stamping of the goats, that evidently denoted the presence of something uncommon. He then perceived close to him, on the other side the hedge, a dark object crouching, and others standing, and he heard the bushes moving as though

some one was at work to remove them. He immediately fired; and the sound of a rush of men in retreat induced both him and the other sentry to repeat the shot. By the light of the lantern we now searched the place, and discovered the body of a native lying close to the fence just above a considerable hole that he had scraped beneath the thorns, in order to extract the stems that were buried in the ground, and thus by drawing away the bushes he would have effected an entrance. He had commenced operations exactly opposite the sentry, and the musket being loaded with mould-shot, he had received the contents at close quarters. Although he had tempted fate and met with deserved misfortune, it was most disgusting to witness the brutality of the Turks, who, tying ropes to the ankles, dragged the body to the entrance of their camp, and wished for amusement to drive their bayonets through the chest. Although dying, the man was not dead: a shot had entered one eye, knocking it out; several had entered the face, chest, and thighs, as he was in a stooping position when the gun was fired. I would not allow him to be mutilated, and after groaning in agony for some time, he died. The traders' people immediately amputated the hands at the wrists to detach the copper bracelets, while others cut off his helmet of beads, and the body was very

considerately dragged close to the entrance of my camp.

"*June* 22*d*.—Finding that the disgusting Turks had deposited the dead body almost at my door, I had it removed a couple of hundred yards to leeward. The various birds of prey immediately collected—buzzards, vultures, crows, and the great Marabou stork. I observed a great bare-necked vulture almost succeed in turning the body over by pulling at the flesh of the arm at the opposite side to that where it stood. I have noticed that birds of prey invariably commence their attack upon the eyes, inner portions of the thighs, and beneath the arms, before they devour the coarser portions. In a few hours a well-picked skeleton was all that was left of the Latooka."

We were to start on the following day. My wife was dangerously ill with bilious fever, and was unable to stand, and I endeavoured to persuade the traders' party to postpone their departure for a few days. They would not hear of such a proposal; they had so irritated the Latookas that they feared an attack, and their captain, or vakeel, Ibrahim, had ordered them immediately to vacate the country. This was a most awkward position for me. The traders had induced the hostility of the country, and I should bear the brunt of it should I remain behind alone. Without

their presence I should be unable to procure porters, as the natives would not accompany my feeble party, especially as I could offer them no other payment but beads or copper. The rains had commenced within the last few days at Latooka, and on the route towards Obbo we should encounter continual storms. We were to march by a long and circuitous route to avoid the rocky passes that would be dangerous in the present spirit of the country, especially as the traders possessed large herds that must accompany the party. They allowed five days' march for the distance to Obbo by the intended route. This was not an alluring programme for the week's entertainment, with my wife almost in a dying state! However, I set to work, and fitted an angarep with arched hoops from end to end, so as to form a frame like the cap of a wagon. This I covered with two waterproof Abyssinian tanned hides securely strapped; and lashing two long poles parallel to the sides of the angarep, I formed an excellent palanquin. In this she was assisted, and we started on 23d June.

Our joint parties consisted of about three hundred men. On arrival at the base of the mountains, instead of crossing them as before, we skirted the chain to the north-west, and then rounding through a natural gap, we ascended gradually towards the south.

On the fifth day we were, at 5 P.M., within twelve miles of Obbo; and we bivouacked on a huge mass of granite on the side of a hill, forming an inclining plateau of about an acre. The natives who accompanied us were immediately ordered to clear the grass from the interstices of the rocks, and hardly had they commenced when a slight disturbance, among some loose stones that were being removed, showed that something was wrong. In an instant lances and stones were hurled at some object by the crowd, and upon my arrival I saw the most horrid monster that I have ever experienced. I immediately pinned his head to the ground and severed it at one blow with my hunting-knife, damaging the keen edge of my favourite weapon upon the hard rock. It was a puff adder of the most extraordinary dimensions. I immediately fetched my measuring-tape from the game-bag, in which it was always at hand. Although the snake was only 5 ft. 4 in. in length, it was slightly above 15 inches in girth. The tail was, as usual in poisonous snakes, extremely blunt, and the head perfectly flat, and about 2½ inches broad, but unfortunately during my short absence to fetch the measure the natives had crushed it with a rock. They had thus destroyed it as a specimen, and had broken three of the teeth, but I counted eight, and secured five

poison fangs, the two most prominent being nearly an inch in length. The poison-fangs of snakes are artfully contrived by some diabolical freak of nature as pointed tubes, through which the poison is injected into the base of the wound inflicted. The extreme point of the fang is solid, and is so finely sharpened that beneath a powerful microscope it is perfectly smooth, although the point of the finest needle is rough. A short distance above the solid point of the fang the surface of the tube appears as though cut away, like the first cut of a quill in forming a pen: through this aperture the poison is injected.

Hardly had I secured the fangs, when a tremendous clap of thunder shook the earth and echoed from rock to rock among the high mountains, that rose abruptly on our left within a mile. Again the lightning flashed, and, almost simultaneously, a deafening peal roared from the black cloud above us, just as I was kneeling over the arch-enemy to skin him. He looked so Satanic with his flat head, and minute cold grey eye, and scaly hide, with the lightning flashing and the thunder roaring around him; I felt like St. Dunstan with the devil, and skinned him. The natives and also my men were horrified, as they would not touch any portion of such a snake with their hands:

even its skin was supposed by these people to be noxious.

Down came the rain; I believe it could not have rained harder. Mrs. Baker in the palanquin was fortunately like a snail in her shell; but I had nothing for protection except an ox-hide: throwing myself upon my angarep I drew it over me. The natives had already lighted prodigious fires, and all crowded around the blaze; but what would have been the Great Fire of London in that storm? In half an hour the fire was out; such a deluge fell that the ravine that was dry when we first bivouacked, was now an impassable torrent. My ox-hide had become tripe, and my angarep being covered with a mat, was some inches deep in water. Throwing away the mat, the pond escaped through the sieve-like network, but left me drenched. Throughout the night it poured. We had been wet through every day during the journey from Latooka, but the nights had been fine; this was superlative misery for all. At length it ceased—morning dawned; we could not procure fire, as everything was saturated, and we started on our march through forest and high reeking grass. By this circuitous route from Latooka we avoided all difficult passes, as the ground on the west side of the chain of mountains ascended rapidly but regularly to Obbo.

On arrival at my former hut I found a great change; the grass was at least ten feet high, and my little camp was concealed in the rank vegetation. Old Katchiba came to meet us, but brought nothing, as he said the Turks had eaten up the country. An extract from my journal, dated July 1, explains the misery of our position.

"This Obbo country is now a land of starvation. The natives refuse to supply provision for beads; nor will they barter anything unless in exchange for flesh. This is the curse that the Turks have brought upon the country by stealing cattle and throwing them away wholesale. We have literally nothing to eat except tullaboon, a small bitter grain used in lieu of corn by the natives: there is no game; if it existed, shooting would be impossible, as the grass is impenetrable. I hear that the Turks intend to make a razzia on the Shoggo country near Farajoke; thus they will stir up a wasp's nest for me wherever I go, and render it impossible for my small party to proceed alone, or even to remain in peace. I shall be truly thankful to quit this abominable land; in my experience I never saw such scoundrels as Africa produces—the natives of the Soudan being worse than all. It is impossible to make a servant of any of these people; the apathy, indolence, dishonesty combined with dirtiness, are

beyond description; and their abhorrence of anything like order increases their natural dislike to Europeans. I have not one man even approaching to a servant; the animals are neglected, therefore they die. And were I to die they would rejoice, as they would immediately join Koorshid's people in cattle stealing and slave hunting;—charming followers in the time of danger! Such men destroy all pleasure, and render exploration a mere toil. No one can imagine the hardships and annoyances to which we are subject, with the additional disgust of being somewhat dependent upon the traders' band of robbers. For this miserable situation my vakeel is entirely responsible: had my original escort been faithful, I should have been entirely independent, and could with my transport animals have penetrated far south before the commencement of the rainy season. Altogether I am thoroughly sick of this expedition, but I shall plod onwards with dogged obstinacy; God only knows the end. I shall be grateful should the day ever arrive once more to see Old England."

Both my wife and I were excessively ill with bilious fever, and neither could assist the other. The old chief, Katchiba, hearing that we were dying, came to charm us with some magic spell. He found us lying helpless, and he immediately procured a small

branch of a tree, and filling his mouth with water, he squirted it over the leaves and about the floor of the hut; he then waved the branch around my wife's head, also around mine, and completed the ceremony by sticking it in the thatch above the doorway; he told us we should now get better, and perfectly satisfied, he took his leave. The hut was swarming with rats and white ants, the former racing over our bodies during the night, and burrowing through the floor, filling our only room with mounds like mole-hills. As fast as we stopped the holes, others were made with determined perseverance. Having a supply of arsenic, I gave them an entertainment, the effect being disagreeable to all parties, as the rats died in their holes, and created a horrible effluvium, while fresh hosts took the place of the departed. Now and then a snake would be seen gliding within the thatch, having taken shelter from the pouring rain.

The smallpox was raging throughout the country, and the natives were dying like flies in winter. The country was extremely unhealthy, owing to the constant rain and the rank herbage, which prevented a free circulation of air, and from the extreme damp induced fevers. The temperature was 65° Fahr. at night, and 72° during the day; dense clouds obscured the sun for many days, and the air was reeking with

moisture. In the evening it was always necessary to keep a blazing fire within the hut, as the floor and walls were wet and chilly.

The wet herbage disagreed with my baggage animals. Innumerable flies appeared, including the Tsetse, and in a few weeks the donkeys had no hair left, either on their ears or legs; they drooped and died one by one. It was in vain that I erected sheds, and lighted fires; nothing would protect them from the flies. The moment the fires were lit, the animals would rush wildly into the smoke, from which nothing would drive them, and in the clouds of imaginary protection they would remain all day, refusing food. On the 16th of July my last horse, Mouse, died; he had a very long tail, for which I obtained *a cow in exchange.* Nothing was prized so highly as a horse's tail, the hairs being used for stringing beads, and also for making tufts as ornaments, to be suspended from the elbows. It was highly fashionable in Obbo for the men to wear such tufts, formed of the bushy ends of cow's-tails. It was also "the thing" to wear six or eight polished rings of iron, fastened so tightly round the throat, as to almost choke the wearer, somewhat resembling dog-collars.

On 18th July, the natives held a great consultation, and ended with a war-dance; *they* were *all* painted in

various patterns, with red ochre and white pipe-clay; their heads adorned with very tasteful ornaments of cowrie-shells, surmounted by plumes of ostrich-feathers, which drooped over the back of the neck. After the dance, the old chief addressed them in a long and vehement speech; he was followed by several other speakers, all of whom were remarkably fluent, and the resolution of the meeting was declared "that the nogaras were to be beaten, and men collected to accompany the Turks on a razzia in the Madi country."

Ibrahim started with 120 armed men and a mass of Obbo people on the marauding expedition.

On the following day Katchiba came to see us, bringing a present of flour. I gave him a tin plate, a wooden spoon, the last of the tea-cups, and a tinsel paper of mother-of-pearl shirt buttons, which took his fancy so immensely, that my wife was begged to suspend it from his neck like a medal. He was really a very good old fellow—by far the best I have seen in Africa. He was very suspicious of the Turks, who, he said, would ultimately ruin him, as, by attacking the Madi tribe, they would become his enemies, and invade Obbo when the Turks should leave. Cattle were of very little use in his country, as the flies would kill them; he had tried all his magic art, but it was of no avail against the flies; my donkeys would all assuredly

die. He said that the losses inflicted upon the various tribes by the Turks were ruinous, as their chief means of subsistence was destroyed; without cattle they could procure no wives; milk, their principal diet, was denied them, and they were driven to despair; thus they would fight for their cattle, although they would allow their families to be carried off without resistance; cattle would procure another family, but if the animals were stolen, there would be no remedy.

Flies by day, rats and innumerable bugs by night, heavy dew, daily rain, and impenetrable reeking grass, rendered Obbo a prison about as disagreeable as could exist.

The many months of tiresome inaction that I was forced to remain in this position, I will not venture to inflict upon the reader, but I will content myself with extracts from my journal from time to time, that will exhibit the general character of the situation.

"*Aug.* 2*d.*—Several of my men have fever; the boy Saat, upon receiving a dose of calomel, asked, 'whether he was to swallow the paper in which it was wrapped?' This is not the first time that I have been asked the same question by my men. Saat feels the ennui of Obbo, and finds it difficult to amuse himself; he has accordingly become so far scientific, that he has investigated the machinery of two of my watches,

both of which he has destroyed. I am now reduced to one watch, the solitary survivor of four that formed my original family of timekeepers. Having commenced as a drummer, Saat feels the loss of his drum that was smashed by the camel; he accordingly keeps his hand in by practising upon anything that he can adapt to that purpose, the sacred kettle inverted, and a tin cup having been drummed until the one became leaky, and the bottom of the other disappeared.

"Saat and the black woman are, unfortunately, enemies, and the monotony of the establishment is sometimes broken by a stand-up fight between him and his vicious antagonist, Gaddum Her. The latter has received a practical proof that the boy is growing strong, as I found him the other day improving her style of beauty by sitting astride upon her stomach and punching her eyes with his fists, as she lay upon the ground furrowing Saat's fat cheeks with her very dirty nails. It is only fair to the boy to say that Gaddum Her is always the aggressor.

"It is absurd to see the self-importance of the miserable cut-throats belonging to Koorshid's party, who, far too great to act as common soldiers, swagger about with little slave boys in attendance, who carry their muskets. I often compare the hard lot of our honest poor in England with that of these scoundrels,

whose courage consists in plundering and murdering defenceless natives, while the robbers fatten on the spoil. I am most anxious to see whether the English Government will take active notice of the White Nile trade, or whether diplomacy will confine them to simple protest and correspondence, to be silenced by a promise from the Egyptian Government to put a stop to the present atrocities. The Egyptian Government will, of course promise, and, as usual with Turks, will never perform. On the other hand, the savages are themselves bad; one tribe welcomes the Turks as allies against their neighbours, and sees no crime in murder, provided the result be 'cattle.' This, of course, produces general confusion.

"*Aug. 6th.*—The difficulties of procuring provisions are most serious: the only method of purchasing flour is as follows. The natives will not sell it for anything but flesh; to purchase an ox, I require molotes (hoes): to obtain molotes I must sell my clothes and shoes to the traders' men. The ox is then driven to a distant village, and is there slaughtered, and the flesh being divided into about a hundred small portions, my men sit upon the ground with three large baskets, into which are emptied minute baskets of flour as the natives produce them, one in exchange for each parcel of meat. This tedious process is a specimen of

Central African difficulties in the simple act of purchasing flour. The Obbo natives are similar to the Bari in some of their habits. I have had great difficulty in breaking my cow-keeper of his disgusting custom of washing the milk-bowl with cow's urine, and even mixing some with the milk; he declares that unless he washes his hands with such water before milking, the cow will lose her milk. This filthy custom is unaccountable. The Obbo natives wash out their mouths with their own urine. This habit may have originated in the total absence of salt in their country. The Latookas, on the contrary, are very clean, and milk could be purchased in their own vessels without fear."

"*Aug.* 8*th*.—Having killed a fat ox, the men are busily engaged in boiling down the fat. Care should be taken to sprinkle a few drops of water in the pot when the fat is supposed to be sufficiently boiled; should it hiss, as though poured upon melted lead, it is ready; but if it be silent, the fat is not sufficiently boiled, and it will not keep.

"Three runaway female slaves were captured by Koorshid's people this morning, two of whom were brutally treated. On the whole the female slaves are well kept when very young, but well thrashed when the black bloom of youth has passed."

"*Aug.* 11*th.*—At this season immense beetles are at work in vast numbers, walking off with every species of dung, by forming it into balls as large as small apples, and rolling them away with their hind-legs, while they walk backwards by means of the fore-legs. Should a ball of dung roll into a deep rut, I have frequently seen another beetle come to the assistance of the proprietor of the ball, and quarrel for its possession after their joint labours have raised it to the level.

"This species was the holy scarabæus of the ancient Egyptians; it appears shortly after the commencement of the wet season, its labours continuing until the cessation of the rains, at which time it disappears. Was it not worshipped by the ancients as the harbinger of the high Nile? The existence of Lower Egypt depending upon the annual inundation, the rise of the river was observed with general anxiety. The beetle appears at the commencement of the rise in the river level, and from its great size and extraordinary activity in clearing the earth from all kinds of ordure, its presence is remarkable. Appearing at the season of the flood, may not the ancients have imagined some connexion between the beetle and the river, and have considered it sacred as the *harbinger* of the inundation?

"There is a wild bean in this country, the blossom of which has a delicious perfume of violets. I regret

that I have not a supply of paper for botanical specimens, as many beautiful flowers appeared at the commencement of the rains. Few thorns and no gums form a strong contrast to the Soudan, where nearly every tree and shrub is armed."

"*Aug.* 13*th*.—I had a long examination of a slave woman, Bacheeta, belonging to one of Koorshid's men. She had been sent two years ago by the king, Kamrasi, from Unyoro, as a spy among the traders, with orders to attract them to the country if appearances were favourable, but to return with a report should they be dangerous people.

"On her arrival at Faloro, Debono's people captured her, and she was eventually sold to her present owner. She speaks Arabic, having learnt it from the traders' people. She declares that Magungo, the place of which I have heard so much, is only four days' hard marching for a native, direct from Faloro, but eight days' for the Turks; and that it is equi-distant from Faloro and from Kamrasi's capital in Unyoro. She had heard of the Luta N'zigé, as reported to Speke, but she knew it only by the name of 'Kara-wootan-N'zigé.'

"She corroborated the accounts I had formerly received, of large boats arriving with Arabs at Magungo, and she described the lake as a 'white sheet as far as the eye could reach.' She particularized it as a pecu-

liar water, that was unlike other waters, as it would 'come up to a water-jar, if put upon the shore, and carry it away and break it.' By this description I understood 'waves.' She also described the 'Gondokoro river,' or White Nile, as flowing into and out of the lake, and she spoke of a 'great roar of water, that fell from the sky.'

"I trust I may succeed in reaching this lake: if not, my entire time, labour, and expenditure will have been wasted, as I throw sport entirely aside for the sake of this exploration. Were I to think of shooting in preference to exploring, I could have excellent sport on the Atabbi river during the dry season, as also on the Kanieti, in the vicinity of Wakkala; but I must neglect all but the great object, and push on to Kamrasi's capital, and from thence to the lake. My great anxiety lies in the conduct of Koorshid's party; should they make razzias south, I shall be ruined, as my men will be afraid to advance through a disturbed country. I *must* keep on good terms with the chief of the party, as I depend upon him for an interpreter and porters.

"My plan is to prevail on Ibrahim to commence an ivory trade in Kamrasi's country that might be legitimately conducted, instead of the present atrocious system of robbery and murder. I like Koorshid, as he is a bold-spoken robber instead of acting the hypocrite

like the other traders of Khartoum; thus, as he was the only man that was civil to me, I would do him a good turn could I establish an honest trade between Kamrasi and himself; at the same time, I should have the advantage of his party as escort to the desired country. The case commercially lies as follows: —

"Kamrasi's country, Unyoro, is a virgin land, where beads are hardly known, and where the king is the despotic ruler, whose word is law. All trade would be conducted through him alone, in the shape of presents, he giving elephants' tusks, while, in return, Koorshid would send him beads and various articles annually. Koorshid would thus be the sole trader with Kamrasi according to White Nile rules, and the abominable system of cattle robbery would be avoided.

"The great difficulty attending trade in a distant country is the want of means of transport, one tribe, being generally hostile to the adjoining, fears to afford porters beyond the frontier. If I can prove that the Lake Luta N'zigé is one source of the Nile with a navigable junction, I can at once do away with the great difficulty, and open up a direct trade for Koorshid. The Lake is in Kamrasi's own dominions; thus he will have no fear in supplying porters to deliver the ivory at a depôt that might be established, either on the lake or at its junction with the Nile. A

vessel should be built upon the lake, to trade with the surrounding coasts, and to receive the ivory from the depôt. This vessel would then descend from the lake to the White Nile to the head of the cataracts, where a camp should be formed, from which, in a few days' march, the ivory would reach Gondokoro.

"A large trade might thus be established, as not only Unyoro would supply ivory, but the lake would open the navigation to the very heart of Africa. The advantage of dealing with Kamrasi direct would be great, as he is not a mere savage, demanding beads and bracelets; but he would receive printed cottons, and goods of various kinds, by which means the ivory would be obtained at a merely nominal rate. The depôt on the Luta N'zigé should be a general store, at which the vessel ascending from the station above the cataracts would deliver the various goods from Gondokoro, and from this store the goods would be disseminated throughout the countries bordering the lake by means of vessels.

"The only drawback to this honest trade would be the general hatred of anything honest by the Khartoumers; the charms of cattle razzias and slave-hunting, with the attendant murders, attract these villanous cut-throats to the White Nile expeditions, and I fear it would be difficult to raise the number of

armed men required for safety, were legitimate trade the sole object of the ivory hunter.

"Even in Obbo, I believe that printed calicoes, red woollen shirts, blankets, &c. would purchase ivory. The elevation of this country being upwards of 3,600 feet, the nights are cold, and even the day is cold during the wet season, thus clothing is required; this we see in the first rudiments of covering, the skins of beasts used by the natives; the Obbo people being the first tribe that adopts a particle of clothing from the Shillook country (lat. 10°) throughout the entire course of the White Nile to this latitude (4° 02′). Kamrasi's tribe are well covered, and farther south, towards Zanzibar, all tribes are *clothed* more or less; thus Obbo is the clothing frontier, where the climate has first prompted the savage to cover himself, while in the hot lowlands he remains in a state of nakedness. Where clothing is required, English manufactures would find a market in exchange for ivory; thus from this point a fair trade might be commenced.

"From Farājoke, in the Sooli country, lat. 3° 33′, up to this date the most southern limit of my explorations, the lake is about nine or ten days' march in a direct course; but such a route is impossible, owing to Debono's establishment occupying the intervening country, and the rules of the traders forbid a trespass

upon their assumed territory. Koorshid's men would refuse to advance by that route; my men, if alone, will be afraid to travel, and will find some excuse for not proceeding; from the very outset they have been an absolute burthen upon me, receiving a monthly allowance of two pounds of beads per head for doing literally nothing, after having ruined the independence of my expedition by their mutiny at Gondokoro."

"*Aug.* 23*d.*—My last camel died to-day; thus all my horses and camels are dead, and only eight donkeys remain out of twenty-one; most of these will die, if not all. There can be no doubt that the excessive wet in all the food, owing to the constant rain and dew, is the principal cause of disease. The camels, horses, and donkeys of the Soudan, all thrive in the hot dry air of that country, and are unsuited for this damp climate.

"Had I been without transport animals, my expedition could not have left Gondokoro, as there was no possibility of procuring porters. I had always expected that my animals would die, but I had hoped they would have carried me to the equator: this they would have accomplished during the two months of comparative dry weather following my arrival at Gondokoro, had not the mutiny thwarted all my plans, and thrown me into the wet season. My animals have delivered

me at Obbo, and have died in inaction, instead of wearing out upon the road. Had I been able to start direct from Gondokoro, as I had intended, my animals would have delivered me in Kamrasi's country before the arrival of the heavy rains.

"There is an excellent species of gourd in Obbo; it is pear-shaped, about ten inches long, and seven in diameter, with a white skin, and warts upon the surface; this is the most delicate and the best-flavoured that I have ever eaten.

"There are two varieties of castor-oil plant in this country—one with a purple stem and bright red veins in the leaves, that is remarkably handsome. Also a wild plantain, with a crimson stem to the leaf; this does not grow to the height of the common plantain, but is simply a plume of leaves springing from the ground without a parent stem."

"*Aug.* 30*th*.—Mrs. Baker and I made a morning call for the first time upon old Katchiba by his express desire. His courtyard was cemented and clean, about a hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by palisades, which were overgrown with gourds and the climbing yam, Collololo. There were several large huts in the inclosure, belonging to his wives; he received us very politely, and begged us to enter his principal residence; it was simply arranged, being the usual

circular hut, but about twenty-five feet in diameter. Creeping on all fours through the narrow doorway, we found ourselves in the presence of one of his wives, who was preparing merissa. The furniture of the apartment was practical, and quite in accordance with the taste of the old chief, as the whole establishment appeared to be devoted to brewing merissa. There were several immense jars capable of holding about thirty gallons: some of these were devoted to beer, while one was reserved to contain little presents that he had received from ourselves and the Turks, including a much-esteemed red flannel shirt; these *recherché* objects were packed in the jar, and covered by a smaller vessel inverted on the mouth to protect them from rats and white ants. Two or three well-prepared ox-hides were spread upon the ground; and he requested Mrs. Baker to sit on his right hand, while I sat upon the left. Thus satisfactorily arranged, he called for some merissa, which his wife immediately brought in an immense gourd-shell, and both my wife and I having drunk, he took a long draught, and finished the gourd. The delightful old sorcerer, determined to entertain us, called for his rababa: a species of harp was handed to him; this was formed of a hollow base and an upright piece of wood, from which descended eight strings. Some time was expended in carefully

tuning his instrument, which, being completed, he asked, 'if he should sing?' Fully prepared for something comic, we begged him to begin. He sang a most plaintive and remarkably wild, but pleasing air, accompanying himself perfectly on his harp, producing the best music that I had ever heard among savages. In fact, music and dancing were old Katchiba's delight, especially if combined with deep potations. His song over, he rose from his seat and departed, but presently reappeared, leading a sheep by a string, which he begged us to accept. I thanked him for his attention, but I assured him that we had not paid him a visit with the expectation of receiving a present, and that we could not think of accepting it, as we had simply called upon him as friends; he accordingly handed the sheep to his wife, and shortly after we rose to depart. Having effected an exit by creeping through the doorway, he led us both by the hand in a most friendly way for about a hundred yards on our path, and took leave most gracefully, expressing a hope that we should frequently come to see him.

"On our return home we found the sheep waiting for us; determined not to be refused, he had sent it on before us. I accordingly returned him a most gorgeous necklace of the most valuable beads, and gave the native who had brought the sheep a present for himself

and wife; thus all parties were satisfied, and the sheep was immediately killed for dinner.

"The following morning Katchiba appeared at my door with a large red flag, made of a piece of cotton cloth that the Turks had given him; he was accompanied by two men beating large drums, and a third playing a kind of clarionet: this playing at soldiers was an imitation of the Turks. He was in great spirits, being perfectly delighted with the necklace I had sent him."

"*Oct. 6th.*—I have examined my only remaining donkey! he is a picture of misery—eyes and nose running, coat staring, and he is about to start to join his departed comrades; he has packed up for his last journey. With his loose skin hanging to his withered frame he looked like the British lion on the shield over the door of the Khartoum consulate. In that artistic effort the lion was equally lean and ragged, having perhaps been thus represented by the artist as a pictorial allusion to the smallness of the Consul's pay; the illustration over the shabby gateway utters, 'Behold my leanness! 150*l.* per annum!'

"I feel a touch of the poetic stealing over me when I look at my departing donkey. 'I never loved a dear gazelle,' &c.; but the practical question, 'Who is to carry the portmanteau?' remains unanswered. I do

not believe the Turks have any intention of going to Kamrasi's country; they are afraid, as they have heard that he is a powerful king, and they fear the restrictions that power will place upon their felonious propensities. In that case I shall go on without them; but they have deceived me, by borrowing 165lbs. of beads which they cannot repay; this puts me to much inconvenience. The Asua river is still impassable according to native reports; this will prevent a general advance south. Should the rains cease, the river will fall rapidly, and I shall make a forward move and escape this prison of high grass and inaction."

"*Oct.* 11*th*.—Lions roaring every night, but not visible. I set my men to work to construct a fortified camp, a simple oblong of palisades with two flanking projections at opposite angles to command all approaches; the lazy scoundrels are sulky in consequence. Their daily occupation is drinking merissa, sleeping, and strumming on the rababa, while that of the black women is quarrelling—one ebony sister insulting the other by telling her that she is as 'black as the kettle,' and recommending her 'to eat poison.'"

"*Oct.* 17*th*.—I expect an attack of fever to-morrow or next day, as I understand from constant and painful experiences every step of this insidious disease. For some days one feels a certain uneasiness

of spirits difficult to explain; no peculiar symptom is observed until a day or two before the attack, when great lassitude is felt, with a desire to sleep. Rheumatic pains in the loins, back, and joints of the limbs are accompanied by a sense of great weakness. A cold fit comes on very quickly; this is so severe that it almost immediately affects the stomach, producing painful vomiting with severe retching. The eyes are heavy and painful, the head hot and aching, the extremities pale and cold, pulse very weak, and about fifty-six beats per minute; the action of the heart distressingly weak, with total prostration of strength. This shivering and vomiting continues for about two hours, attended with great difficulty of breathing. The hot stage then comes on, the retching still continuing, with the difficulty of breathing, intense weakness and restlessness for about an hour and a half, which, should the remedies be successful, terminate in profuse perspiration and sleep. The attack ends, leaving the stomach in a dreadful state of weakness. The fever is remittent, the attack returning almost at the same hour every two days, and reducing the patient rapidly to a mere skeleton; the stomach refuses to act, and death ensues. Any severe action of the mind, such as grief or anger, is almost certain to be succeeded by fever in this country. My stock

of quinine is reduced to a few grains, and my work lies before me; my cattle are all dead. We are both weakened by repeated fever, and travelling must be on foot."

END OF VOL. I.

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